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COLOR IN THE COURT OF HONOR AT THE FAIR.

AN international exhibition like that at Chicago is nothing if not an occasion for the increase of understanding between nations. Instruction is the primary object of the Fair, and it is tacitly demanded of every one who comes to it that he take his pleasure seriously. Certainly there is an abundance of data in Jackson Park from which to draw conclusions as to the development of this or that art or industry in this or that country. There is so much, in fact, that one is fairly stupefied by the mere magnitude of things before one has begun to search for sympathetic walks through the labyrinth. I suppose the surest clue to these walks is natural taste. It is curious, the way in which the specialist or even the man with a fad is guided to the object of his interest by a kind of instinct. But it is characteristic of crowds, which ought to progress as though from an impulse of irresistible logic, to drift with a delightful lack of purpose. This apparent aimlessness may be fatal to the statistician who is endeavoring to tabulate the relative powers of attraction of each industry represented within the limits of the Fair, but it is a source of satisfaction to any one in whom the taste for that which is picturesque predominates. To him the supreme charm of the Fair is that it is a pageant. It is a pageant in which the elements of beauty are not only infinite in number, but, as a rule, national in character.

I wonder to what humorist the introduction of the gondola to the waterways of the Fair is to be attributed? If there is one thing for which the Fates presiding over the evolution of the Fair are to be thanked, it is that a pseudo Venice was not devised by the architects to whom the designing of the buildings and grounds was intrusted. There are several bodies of water lying along the lake front, to be sure, and one of them is called the Lagoon, while others are described as canals; but these are generic terms, and they need imply nothing necessarily Venetian. As well call the Fair an American Venice because it has a few canals and gondolas, as call Holland the Northern Venice, a confusion of ideas which it is to be hoped does not succeed in imposing upon persons who have seen neither Venice nor Holland. I have observed with express interest the absence of any Venetian motives in the large architectural effect of the Fair, because those are exactly the motives which would produce a jarring note in the background prepared for the pageant which the life of the exhibition affords. There are few more interesting subjects for study in Jackson Park — few of an esthetic nature, I mean — than this background considered as such. I have thought it worth while for the present purpose to analyze the most important section of it — the Court of Honor — as an essential part of the pageant itself. In-

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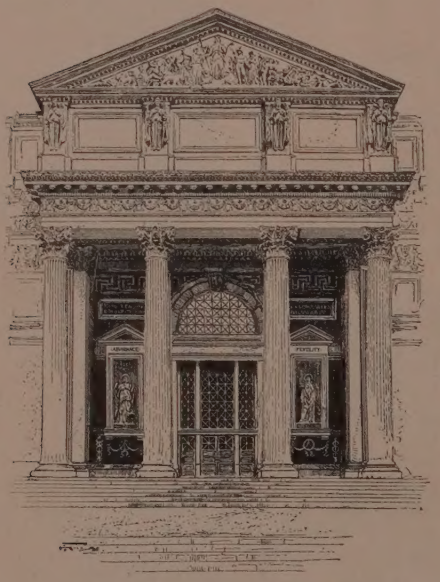
consistently enough, I have been tempted to draw a parallel between the court and a beautiful Venetian background, that which the Piazza di San Marco furnishes for the evening promenade of the natives, the throng of tourists who sit at the little tables outside Florian's and the other cafés, eating ices and watching the scene, and the military band which stands on an elevated circular platform in the center. However, a temptation of this sort is specious, and easily resisted. There are resemblances of proportion between the Venetian piazza and the Court of Honor at the Fair, and there are points of contact to be noted in connection with the arcades running around both quadrangles; but to say nothing of the Gothic and



PORTICO OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Byzantine influences which dominate the piazza, and virtually all Venice, there is the question of color to be disposed of, and this is the crucial point. There can be no comparison whatever between the color of an Italian and that of an American scene. It is not alone that the scale in the one case touches the highest possible notes, while the normal pitch in the other is raised to nothing like the same extent. The pervasive hue of the sky, which determines everything by day or night, is one thing in Venice and in Chicago quite another. The pictures of the island in the Lagoon, and a wing of the canal flowing across the head of the basin in the Court of Honor, show conclusively the specifically northern tone which prevails at the Fair.

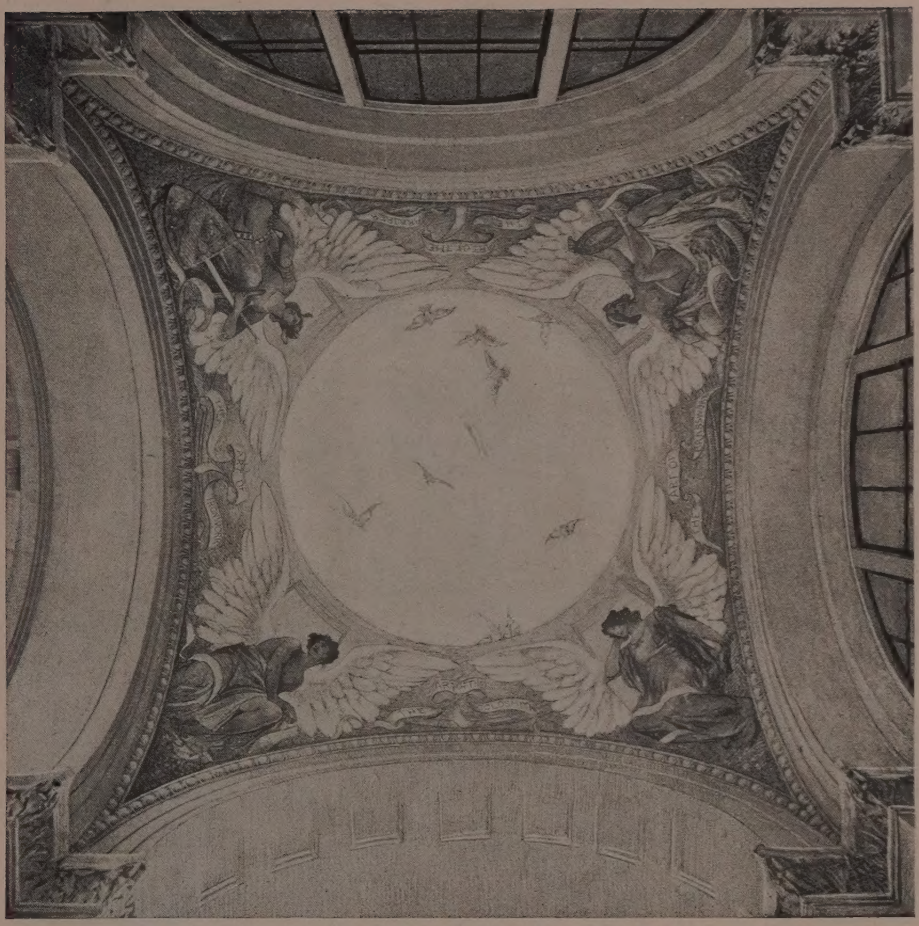
A northern tone is bound to be temperate, and the peculiar merit of the coloration of the court is that it is not too warm. I have seen the buildings under conditions which seemed to require more brilliant passages of color here and there in the scheme — to make it more alive — than were anywhere visible. Under a cloudy winter sky, beautiful but excessively somber, the addition of a few vivid decorative effects would have modified acceptably the severity due to the classic style of architecture which has been chiefly used in the buildings. But the Fair is an institution of summer, and under sunshine the decorations of the buildings are warm enough. I speak, of course, of such decorations as serve to accent the delicate white which has been applied to most of the buildings. The choice of an "off-white" for the basis of the decorative plan of the Fair was in the last degree felicitous, — primarily because it offers the best field for the animating wizardry of the sun, and because it shows to the best advantage the beauties of architectural and sculptural ornament with which the buildings have been enriched, but also because it gives better relief than any other tone could give to the flaunting gonfalons on the cornices, to the turf, to the floral decorations everywhere, to the vegetation in the Lagoon, and, finally, to the stream of pedestrians which moves ceaselessly beneath the shadow of the mammoth buildings. Just because it does give such strong relief to any darker tints coming into contact with it, it is important for such of the latter as are comprehended in the painted decoration to be manipulated with taste. I think they have been, in the main, in the buildings on the Court of Honor. In that one of them, for example, which stands as the head and front of the exhibition, — the Administration Building, — the glimpses of color caught between the columns of the loggia in the second stage of the composition are of a character to heighten perceptibly the effect of the tonal scheme, and yet remain in the subordinate position which belongs to the recessed wall on which the decoration is laid. This wall is painted a dull red. Seen from the ground, the roof of the loggia throws a deep shadow behind the columns supporting it; but so large in scale is the building, that even at a distance the color actually counts, and is as distinct a factor in the beauty of the structure as are the white surfaces from the ground to the wall above the loggia, or the gilded splendor which thence up to the crown of the dome is the most dazzling mark on the horizon.

On the picturesque side of the Fair, Mr. Hunt's building grows in significance as it is studied. In the way in which its structural lines, its masses, and even its details are han-

PANELS OF SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN IN THE PORTICO OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING. PAINTED BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC" (FOUNTAIN BY FREDERIC MACMONNIES).



DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

dled, it is no less academic, I should say, than the Agricultural Building or the Fine Arts Building, both much more classic designs; but for all its formalism, it is brilliantly pictorial, and is really the central point in the panorama of the Fair. Circumstances combine to give it this preëminence. The design has a magnificence of its own, and the banners and gilded dome reinforce its sumptuous, festive effect; but in addition, the stately plaza before it is the busiest space in the grounds, and this, finally, is rendered more decorative by the fountain which riots at its edge. In the sketch of "The Triumph of the Republic," the barge is seen from the plaza, but it is not difficult to imagine the scene reversed, as in the drawing of the Administration Building, and the nervous composition by Mr. MacMonnies, yielding a still more picturesque effect through the noisy sparkling water, brings into the base of the structure behind it the flamboyant motive which the gilding brings into the dome. The Fair is truly a spectacle, and nowhere is it so theatrical as at the entrance.

There is some decorative painting on both the buildings which immediately flank Mr. Hunt's. There is some in the enormous niche through which entrance is gained to the court end of the Electricity Building — decoration which strikes notes of pale blue and yellow in the chord. And there is some that is very artistic in the loggia of the Machinery Hall, which also gains a great deal, by the way, from the fashion in which the inscriptions and some other details have been picked out in gold. But the finest decoration of all that enters into a bird's-eye view of the court in its color significance, is that on the Agricultural Building, painted by

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

Mr. George W. Maynard. Some conception of the charm of his figures, and of the conventional ornament inclosing them, may be gathered from the three panels reproduced in detail; but the value of his work is better understood from the little sketch of the porch of the Agricultural Building. This sketch indicates the chief virtue of his decoration— its architectural character. It would not tell as well as it does in a view of the Agricultural Building taken, say, from across the basin in the Court of Honor, if it were not resolutely deprived of strictly independent character, and treated mainly as an element in an architectural design. To have accomplished this may not seem to be a very serious thing, but the fact is that few decorative painters know how to do it. The key to good mural painting is a sense of relation, and what makes Mr. Maynard's decoration fine is that there is so sure a balance maintained in it between the requirements of the subjects he set out to illustrate and the spaces he was given to cover with his paintings. It is always easy to tell too much. He eliminates superfluous details, and though there is vitality in his allegorical figures, they belong more to the domain of convention than to that of positive realism. The simple treatment of the backgrounds as so much tone, relieved above each figure by a little ornament, helps to preserve this condition. There is nothing restless or forced in the decoration, and as one surveys the building from end to end across the moving people on the pathways, under the arcades, and in the porticos and pavilions, the panels do not detach themselves as pictorial entities, but fall into the scheme for which they were designed as unaggressively as do the lovely works of plastic

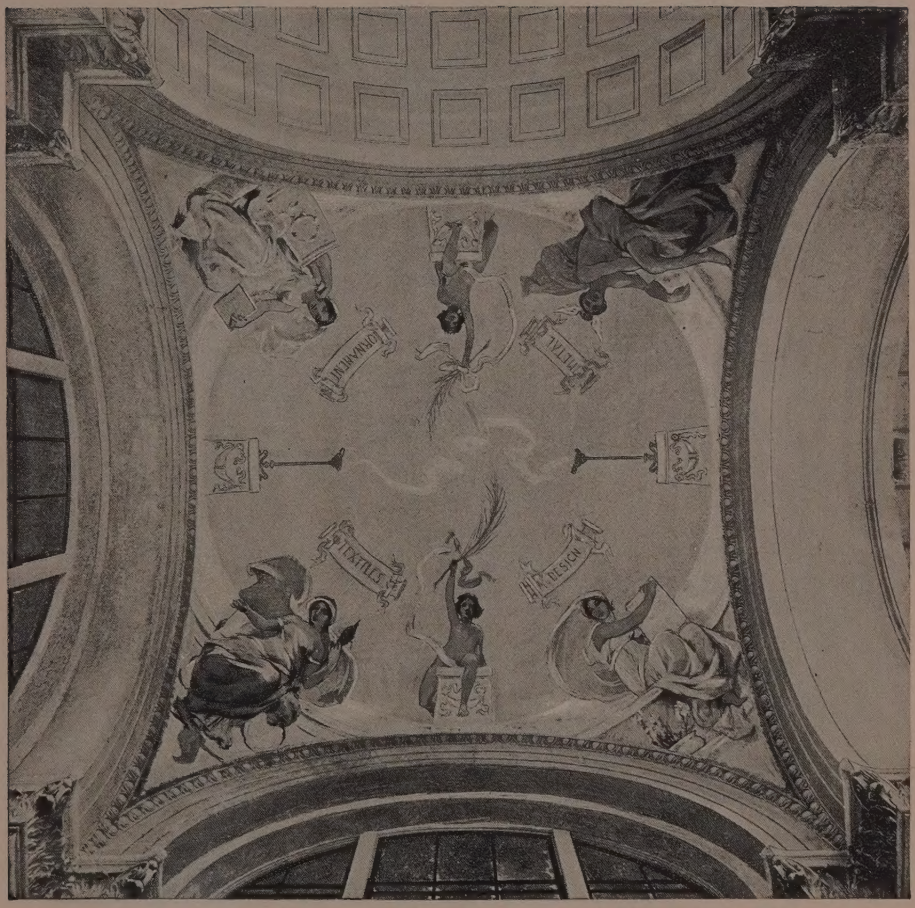
DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY KENYON COX.

art modeled for the building by Mr. Martiny. In the portico, the panels of "Abundance" and "Fertility" are done in light tones, with yellows and whites playing leading parts, and on the side walls of the same member of the building there are two beautiful panels depicting, in golden chariots, Cybele and Triptolemus respectively, and combining dark draperies with salmon backgrounds. But in the corner pavilions, the large panels with their figures in various subdued shades, and in the arcades of the building, the panels left covered with body-color and nothing more, bring a rich tawny Venetian red to assist the shadows in vivifying the long white façades.

The principal painted decoration on the exterior of the Liberal Arts Building does not, like that on the Agricultural Building, join with the white walls, the sky, the natural growths about the grounds, and the kaleidoscopic mass of human beings to produce a spectacular effect; but in the search for all sources of color in the constructions of the court, the ceilings of the entrance-domes of the Liberal Arts Building are speedily encountered, and they do not soon release the attention. There is a great deal of color in them. Yet if they have one merit more than another, it is that none of them is overloaded, or has the "holes," as artists call them, which dark tones and brilliant chiaroscuro are apt to produce unless the man who handles them is a consummate master, and which the painters of these decorations have all eschewed. The color in the domes is generally light. I have not been able to trace a very coherent system of symbolism through the series as a whole, the subjects for the typifying figures in each dome having been chosen with no reference to any

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY C. S. REINHART.

other decoration about the building. On the other hand, the artists seem to have been unanimous enough in the method of distributing their figures, putting one in each pendentive, and leaving the centers of the domes bare of them, though not always of other ornamentation. The domes, as they stand, are extremely interesting as experiments in a field to which America has not thus far contributed many workers. In a way they are more interesting than the very successful work on the Agricultural Building,—not because they are better paintings, which is most decidedly not the case, but because they are attempts at solving more difficult problems. Mr. Maynard has had to deal with level surfaces involving no eccentricities of perspective. The decorators of the domes of the Liberal Arts Building have had to paint on curved surfaces to be seen from beneath, and they have been met by difficulties, such as those of complicated foreshortening, which, it may be presumed, few American artists have been accustomed to attack under similar circumstances. If a lesson may be learned in the course of an inspection of the decorative side of the court, it is that science is of immense importance in mural painting — science, that is to say, of the sort which makes Paul Baudry's ceiling in the *foyer* of the Paris Opéra as wonderful a performance for its time as the work of Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco is for the sixteenth century. It is possibly a shade too clearly in evidence in Baudry's work, and comes into the foreground sometimes when the beauty of his form and color should alone be apprehended. It might not unfairly be said that Tintoretto is every inch as puissant, and yet leaves the spectator unconcerned as to the



DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY ROBERT REID.

means whereby his effects were gained. But the artist is never unconcerned in this way. On the contrary, he profits, obviously, by an understanding of the mechanism of a work of art, and it is probable that Baudry would do an American mural painter of to-day vastly more good than Tintoretto would, simply for the reason that there is more instruction, expressed in singularly modern terms, in the mechanism of his decoration — mechanism that is of extraordinary rightness. Among the painters of the domes, Mr. Cox has some of this science, and so has Mr. Blashfield. Mr. Cox has a share of that mastery of draftsmanship and the laws of perspective which puts something into a picture that goes through it like an electric shock. Immediately the figure painted by a man with this gift lifts up its head, as it were, and has a being on the surface which has received it. Mr. Cox's figures have vitality, and they owe it to the fact that technically they are sound. But what also proves him a mural painter from whom much is to be expected if he is given other opportunities in the future, is the thoroughness with which he has done all his work. In decoration of this sort a shabby architectural background or a slovenly scroll will go far to weaken the entire effect. The balustrades and the bands for the legends in Mr. Cox's dome are drawn with a delightful firmness. Mr. Blashfield's dome is not distinguished by remarkable draftsmanship, but in a purely decorative way he has accomplished much. There was wisdom in leaving the domes free of form in the center, or only conventionally decorated there, as in Mr. Simmons's dome. Mr. Reinhart's graceful figures lose nothing from rising into an unbroken tone, nor do the

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY EDWARD E. SIMMONS.

figures by Mr. Cox require more decoration above them than they have in the inscribed ribbons. But Mr. Blashfield has shown that with a discreet management of the space every foot of it can be made expressive. I have not seen more deft and artistic touches of design in the decoration of the Fair than those which are embodied in his dome. By spreading the wings against it, the thick wall of mosaic before which his figures are placed is prevented from giving heaviness to the work, and then the open space which the wall surrounds is given point and liveliness by the scattering of a few birds in the blue. This is a good specimen of what mural design ought to be. The ceiling retains its architectural character, the proprieties of construction are not violated, and at the same time the painting has flexibility in the composition, and a certain amount of the pictorial interest which is a characteristic of easel-painting that comes quite as much within the province of artists working on larger surfaces. Indeed, the larger the surface the wider the possibilities of thoughtful, even imaginative, composition. There are degrees of largeness, of course, which for all the purposes of *genre* might just as well be more restricted, actually, than they appear to be. Confined to comparatively small domes,— small as these things go,— the artists working on the Liberal Arts Building sought to do no more than depict a number of isolated figures with such accessories as might symbolize certain of the industrial and fine arts; and in this they were undoubtedly right.

Inside the Administration Building Mr. W. L. Dodge has been privileged to project a number of more than life-size figures upon the ceiling of the great dome. I say privileged,

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

for I fancy there can be nothing pleasanter for a painter with a feeling for mural decoration, nothing more eagerly desired by him or more highly prized when secured, than an opportunity to cover a space of fairly unstinted dimensions. Then there need be no limit to his vivacity in respect to composition. He has *carte blanche* both as a matter of fact and of art. Mr. Dodge has had such an opportunity, and has risen to it. The executive accomplishments which are Mr. Cox's are his also — draftsmanship and good construction; and there is a virility in his work which makes it stirring. The procession before the throne of Apollo which he calls a "Glorification of the Arts and Sciences" is striking in arrangement and color, in its details and its general effect, and is a very clever piece of mural painting; but it enters into the background of the Fair militant even less than the domes of the Liberal Arts Building. The lantern of the Administration Building's dome is nearly three hundred feet above the level of the pavement, so there is naturally very little coöperation between the color-values of Mr. Dodge's painting and those of the crowd which surges beneath it. One is struck first of all by the exquisite adaptation of a classic setting to a modern scene. The explanation, I take it, is to be discovered in the modernity of the Fair's architectural classicism; for the dress, nay, the carriage, the attitude, of the nineteenth century may never be expected to fall naturally into harmony with the accent of authentic antiquity. Nothing will ever reconcile the tall hat, the tailor-made gown, and the cab, those three products of latter-day civilization, to Bernini's colonnade before St. Peter's, for instance, or to the Loggia dei Lanzi. There they are discordant. The last word of modernity is to be

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

found at the Fair, if anywhere; but there is no quarrel between it and the antique temper of the buildings on the Court of Honor—a temper which seems to have been modified by every possible expedient without having lost any of its native character, its equability. The buildings are classic, but they are illuminated at numberless points by picturesqueness and animation, by color and lightness. Taken in one comprehensive view, they have also something peculiarly modern in a sky-line full of graceful modulations and abrupt, telling transitions: this in spite of the practical uniformity of the cornice height. The latter is not disturbed; it is made, if anything, more effective by the soaring dome of the Administration Building, the lower but equally graceful roofs of Machinery Hall, which are given further variety by little turrets on the pavilions at the corners of the building, and by the beautiful line which indicates the curve of the rotunda ceiling in the Agricultural Building. There is charm in the outline and in the mass, a mingling of dignity with piquancy in the Court of Honor as it is seen from the top of the Administration Building. The charm is there when the vision is directed over the Machinery and Agricultural buildings, the former alive with winged Victories on its roofs, the latter crowned with the Diana of Mr. St. Gaudens. It is there when the eye travels straight down the center of the court, and sees between the majestic façades Mr. French's noble statue of the Republic, and behind it the peristyle bearing above its massive columns the Columbus quadriga, a triumphal group looming superbly against the summer sky.

Royal Cortissoz.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

THE GHOST-FLOWER.

"SING again, George."

"George has sung."

"I say sing again."

"All good."

George sang again, if a nasal droning broken by barks and bird-trillings could be called singing. The singer had doubtless learned his music in the school of the Chippewas. Henry heard it in the cavern underneath, and knew what figures were sitting on the top of the rock among gnarled pines and tangled growths.

"That will do, George. That ought to wake the Englishman if he is ever going to wake. I am tired of sending you down to look at him."

"Pretty man in the cave," observed George.

"The English all look well enough, but they are a bad people. I do not like them."

"Not like George?" remonstrated her companion, with a whine. "George all English boy."

"You great baby, can you not be sure I like you when I am making you a pair of new moccasins? You belong to the island. But the English—they are quite another sort; though I am glad I learned their language in the convent, since you can never speak French."

The sweet contralto voice, using his mother-tongue with an accentuation which he had often called "frog-eater's brogue," and using it to denounce his nation, made Henry smile in the cave. He was in need of amusement. As he tried to move himself on the uneasy lumps of his rock mattress, a shudder ran through him. Daylight penetrated far enough into the cavern to show him that he was lying on human skulls. Bald, narrow frontal bones and eyeless sockets stared through the drift of old leaves. Henry crawled over these specter faces toward the entrance. There he found a roasted bird and some venison on a birch dish.

His movement was heard by the two overhead, and they scrambled off the rock. The girl's voice hissed a low warning. "Monsieur must not come out of this cave until he is permitted."

Henry stopped, and the boy, tearing through bushes, appeared in front of him as a guard. He rolled his head at Henry, and enforced the uttered mandate by adding, "All good."

The look of eternal infancy on his idiot face was most touching by daylight. Stunted to a grotesque broadness and knottiness of figure, he moved like a little bear on its hind feet, and his dress bore out the resemblance. It was all in one piece, a bifurcated apron made of a dark blanket, which fastened at the back, and was drawn by a cord around the neck. His eyebrows and hair were of a sandy tint, and his skin maintained a raw pinkness. His single eye had the penetrating stare, and probably the microscopic power, of a bird's.

Henry leaned forward, and looked around the edge of the cave for the white islander. She stood hidden among the trees, but promptly repeated:

"Monsieur must not come out."

"But, mademoiselle, there are skulls in this rock."

"They are nothing but the heads of good Indians. Does monsieur find them very bald?"

"Quite so, mademoiselle."

"Monsieur's skull will soon be as bald as they are if he ventures out before it is safe. The chief commanded that he should lie still."

"When did you see Wawatam?"

"About dawn he met us as he turned back to Michilimackinac."

"You came up from the beach behind us, then?"

"Yes, monsieur. Eat your supper and be quiet."

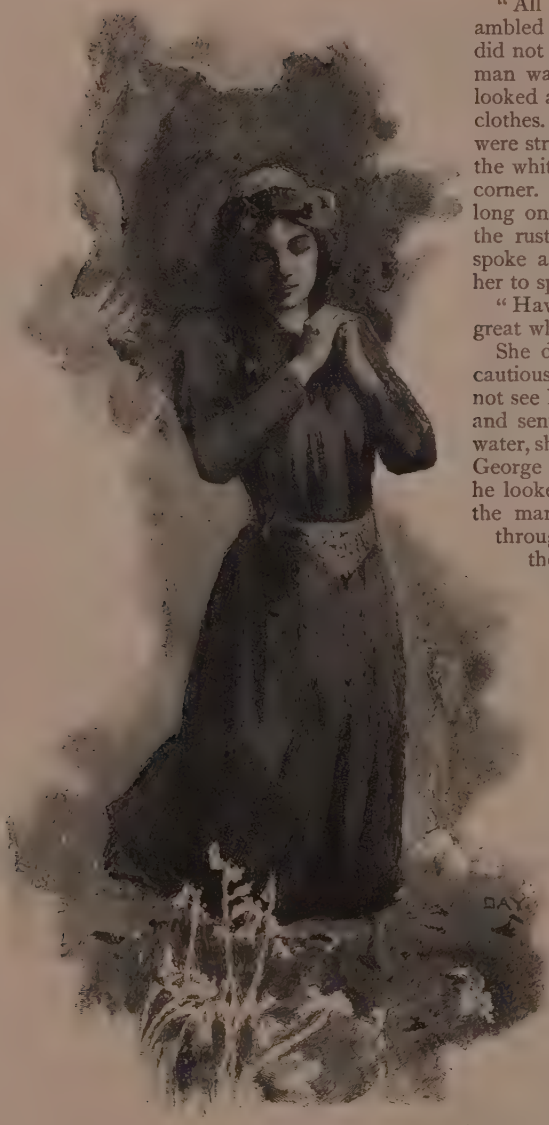
"My supper? Is it evening?"

"Nearly evening. The light yet slants through the woods."

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for your care of me."

"It is nothing."

"But I heard you say you were tired of waiting for me to wake."



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THEY ARE MY OWN FLOWER."

"Because the chief said you must be told to stay in the cave. George and I have waited since noon to tell you."

"I will obey every word you say," promised Henry. "May I add to the trouble I am giving you, and ask for some water?"

"George has been three times for water, but we threw it out as it grew tepid. Go again, George, and fill the gourd, and bring it quickly."

"Thank you, George," said the trader.

"All good," responded George. He ambled away, in what direction Henry did not notice. Hungry as the Englishman was, he did not begin to eat, but looked at his hands and weather-stained clothes. The instincts of civilization were stronger in him because he thought the white islander yet stood at the cave corner. Her appendage, the boy, was long on his errand. Henry could hear the rustling noises of the woods. He spoke again, having waited in vain for her to speak.

"Have you lived on this island a great while, mademoiselle?"

She did not answer. Henry looked cautiously out, though he knew he could not see her. Having given her message, and sent George for the fresh supply of water, she had gone her own way. When George at length handed in the gourd, he looked uneasily around instead of at the man who took it. He struck off through the woods as true as a dog on the trail, and Henry ate and drank, hid the food which was left, and crept back among the bones. He thought of himself with contempt, skulking in a hole and giving a woman the care and labor of feeding him. To act and to dare were natural to him, rather than to burrow and to wait.

He lay a long time thinking what he could do for himself. His goods were confiscated. Supplies which were on the way from Detroit to him would probably be seized, also, and his various clerks robbed as they returned from trading in the interior. There was literally no help for him except in the friendship of Wawatam. His only relative in America, Sir William Johnson, was too far away to know of the fort's loss soon, except by guessing it from commotions among the Indians eastward; and his friend, Monsieur Cadotte, at Sault Ste. Marie, might be unable to keep the Lake Superior tribes from rising.

Henry regretted dropping Pani's blanket in the attic. When he dropped it he expected to leave his body also. There had been no urgent need of it until he tried to make a bed in the cave. He had slept well on bones before he knew they were there; but as darkness filled the woods, and pressed their company on him,

the pulses of his body made them creep and palpitate under him. Yet he forced himself to lie still in the unendurable place, until a human shape darkened the entrance, whispering to him.

"What is the matter?" inquired the startled Englishman.

"Come with us instantly, monsieur, and be as silent as you can."

Glad that it was necessary to change his place of concealment, he obeyed. His moving hand touched the remnants of his supper.

"Shall I bring the gourd and dish with me? They may be found here."

"Bring them? Yes. George will hide them."

Putting the things past herself, the French girl drew Henry by the arm. He stood up outside the cave, stretching the cramp from his joints. The bushes were shaking where George disappeared. It was not a dark night like the stormy one which followed the massacre, but a white one, lacing the ground with every little twig. The moon in her first quarter already rode high. This dense island forest was a world of magic. Henry felt its spell as he followed between walls of foliage. There must have been a path, but to him it was a submerged struggle through leaves. His guide parted the way easily, as a fish goes; a shorter and broader body had passed through before her. The trader did not know who might be following behind. He reveled in this swimming of the wilderness. He had capacities for woodcraft. It gave freedom to a repressed and manly part of him, and in the darkness of the buried path he breathed largely. Sweet pine, bruised by hurried treading, gave out a tea-like fragrance. The rank, loamy breath of moss, that night prayer of wooded lands, made itself stronger than any sensation of danger. Sometimes through a break in the foliage he could see spacious chambers of the woods hung with hemlock tapestry, to which the moon wedged an entrance. A man must cut his way to such a spot, and Henry thought one of them might be his destination. But the French girl led him out of the tangle, and he saw through a great arch of stone the clear surface of the lake. It startled his pulses to come out of the new world's heart facing this old ruin, the water-carven mimicry of a gigantic castle gate.

His leader took him again by the wrist, and drew him away from the stone arch and down into the growths on the cliff. A path descended toward the lake, so narrow that one person had barely foot-room, but partly hedged by trees and bushes along its outer edge. To miss footing here was to tumble into unmeasured depths. Henry followed, steadying himself by a hand on trees, or by clutching roots and the stone ribs of the island. This thread of a path went down to a slab of rock which glaciers had cut out and canopied for a seat. George was already resting in a corner of the niche in the bluff side, and the other two sat down beside him, and waited in silence for what was to happen. The girl leaned forward, watching the path.

The lake's irregular rush upon its beach could be heard below, and a thousand cries of little living things which make populous the wilderness sounded far and near. No crackle or stealthy swish of steps overhead could be detected.

Henry contrasted the figure at his left hand and the English boy at his right, the high intelligence and the gentle brute, dependent on each other for companionship. It was a satisfaction to sit beside the woman. She whom he was to let alone had unusual influence upon him. None of the rawness of girlhood appeared in her face. She was his mother for the time, taking care of him. The trader noticed her dress. It was not the plumage which he thought he had seen in the beach kitchen, but a garment of dark-brown wool, made of a blanket, like George's pinafore. A cap of birch bark, having a rosette of curly fibers, was tied over her hair.

The twig and leaf tracery in front of them was as black as ebony against the silver air above the lake. All the world glistened with dew, though their shelter was dry. There was a rift in the trees towering up from the beach, through which they could see the moon's track on the water, spread broadly with cloth of gold.

"Is that your brudder?" George inquired, leaning forward, and touching the French girl to make her look at him. He turned his thumb back at Henry.

"Yes," answered Henry; "I am her brother. I promised Wawatam to treat her as my sister."

"All good," said George.

"What is her name, George?"

"My name is Marie Paul," she herself answered, relaxing from her vigilance over the path. She looked at the Englishman. He was distinct enough in that filtered light, and she thought him the best-made man she had ever seen.

"George and I saw a strange canoe in the bay," she explained, guarding the pitch of her voice.

"Perhaps Wawatam has come back," said Henry.

"We know his canoe."

"Did you see who was in it?"

"There was one person paddling, but it was not Wawatam."

"I might have taken my chances with one Indian."

"Not while you slept. The Skull Rock may be known to all the Chippewas; but this place is known only to George and me. We made the path to it."

Henry's heart swelled because she had brought him to a place known only to George and her.

"Then even Wawatam knows nothing about this cave?"

"No," said Marie.

"Why did you go to the bay in the night?"

"To watch it."

"But you were up watching last night."

"One does n't mind that here on the island."

"Have you lived on the island long?"

"It is two years," answered Marie; "for I was past fifteen the first time I confessed to the priest at L'Arbre Croche."

"Was the priest at L'Arbre Croche willing for you to live here among Chippewas? Why does n't he send you back to your own people?"

"How can he, monsieur, when my family are all dead?"

"Then you have no relatives?"

"Nobody but the old Indian woman that I call grandmother."

The French predilection for Indians made Henry smile. "Would n't you rather live among whites?"

"Monsieur, I could not live away from this island. When you have been here awhile you will understand. It bewitches you. There can be no place like it. The chief took us one winter to St. Ignace, because there was once the missionary village, and we could be warmer. I watched the island by night and day across the ice. Its white breast was my mother's breast. In the spring I was thin, and my eyes were hollow with longing for it. You cannot live away from the island, monsieur, when it has once taken hold of you."

"You are happy?"

"Everything is happy. What is there to make one miserable? George and I have found the place for your lodge, monsieur."

"I can stay here," said Henry.

"No, monsieur; this will not do: you must have a lookout as well as a hiding-place. To-morrow, if that canoe is gone, the grandmother will give us mats, and you shall come and help us build it."

"I shall be glad to," said Henry. His large eyes were watching her with interest.

"You are not like the other English I have seen," observed Marie. "You have gentle manners. It is beautiful in a man to be gentle and obedient."

"The English do not generally obey the French," said Henry, smiling.

"No; they love to drive us, to seize what is ours. I have heard it said that is why the English have just been killed at Fort Michilimackinac."

"Who was there on the island to say that?"

"It was the Chippewa grandmother."

"I will not drive the French, nor seize what is theirs," promised Henry.

She laughed, showing white teeth. The trader wondered how a girl nurtured by the Chippewa grandmother could keep an exquisite person.

"You must stay here the rest of the night, and until we come for you."

"I will."

George was asleep in his corner, and as Marie passed in front to wake him, the trader turned himself to the same task.

"You must be very careful; he might make a noise."

In her anxiety she barred Henry back. The touch of her firm, healthy hand tingled through him.

"All good," said George, when stood upon his feet and warned to be quiet. He took hold of Marie's wool frock for the ascent.

Henry also stood, and drew aside some bushes which were in their way. His other hand went out solicitous to help her, but was withdrawn with a self-restraint which she keenly admired.

"I suppose you won't let me go up to the top of the cliff with you?"

"No; stay here. It is after midnight. Good morning, monsieur."

"Good morning, mademoiselle."

SUNRISE brought a perfect day. So transparent was the dazzling air that from the bay one could see distinctly strips of meadow and woods, and the white French houses on the mainland, and bars of sand edging the water there. A narrow pink cloud floating in that part of the sky made the lake blush in a long line under it. On the high ridge of the island were open, sun-flecked woods, inhabited by white birches with broad, gray girdles around their waists; and scattered around their feet lay the parchments they had dropped. Henry climbed these slopes as wilfully as a truant, Marie guarding his horizon, and George traveling sturdily at his heels. They had two loads of mats to carry to his lodge site, as well as his provisions. These goods waited under the bushes while they all loitered. The suspension of peril causes a greater rebound than its removal.

Great blossoms of pink and yellow fungus spotted the ground. Their fleshy beauty was dry to the hand, and, broken, they showed sound hearts. Daisies and blush-colored bell-shaped flowers were thick in grassy stretches; and the maples were uncrumpling their very last web

leaves of unripened red. The evergreens were full of small brown-crimson cones like luxuriant bloom, and perfect top tassels snapped thumb and finger at the sky. In the open woods ancient beds of leaves had been beaten down to mold, forming a neutral-tinted background on which delicate etchings of foliage were traced by the sun. Henry looked around this lucent green world, feeling that he could never forget it—its transparent shadows, the scattered light upon the ground. They followed a deer-path up the ridge, which Marie said was the usual trail to the lodges.

"Because the strange canoe is gone, we must not think there is no danger at all," she repeated.

Henry smiled at care for his life, or his goods, or his future. The present was to him the prime moment of existence. All his days had led up to this one, the beginning of some golden period unknown to men who lived in anxiety and toil.

"The island has bewitched me," he said.

"I knew it would," she answered, looking him through with clear gray eyes, glad that he was made to own its influence. She was always handling the material of life with joy and wonder.

A distant gleam in the woods, unseen by any one else, startled her from the path. She ran over the quaking and rustling forest pavement, and dropped upon her knees.

"Ghost-flower," observed George, halting, and he brought his face about for the concentration of his eye on the distant object. He followed her, tumbling at full length once, and striking the leaf-dust from himself when he arose.

Marie beckoned to the new inhabitant of the island. She was sure there could be no rapture like the first finding of Indian-pipes. Her breath paused on her lips as she pushed dead leaves aside and showed the bunch. Their glistening white stems, on which the lucent scales were as delicate as gauze, stood in a family perhaps fifty strong, closely and affectionately holding their waxen heads together. Through some of them flushed a faint pink, but the majority palpitated with a spirit of lustrous whiteness in every part, strangely purified from color.

"Look at them," said Marie, impressively. "They are my own flower."

Henry knelt down and looked at them. He looked also at her face in its birch cap, her wide brows, the rounded chin and beautiful throat, and the braids hanging down over the swell of her young breasts. She lifted her eyelids, and shared the great pleasure of the Indian-pipes with him.

"You may take these. But as soon as you touch them they will begin to change. Does n't it seem impossible they can turn black?"

"Do they turn black?"

"Quite black, if they are handled. But left in the woods, they go away like spirits."

Henry did not touch them. If he had not been there she would have sat a long time by the ghost-flowers, watching the glistening wonder of their open cups. She broke off a handful of them, and gave them to him as a queen confers an order. The trader said within himself that he did n't know what to do with the things, but he readily cumbered one hand with them. Marie then took some for herself, and looked George over to see if he were fit to hold any. The poor fellow began to settle in his clothes and to seek the pockets which a white boy has a right to find in his trousers, but which Marie would not sew into his since he tore them out with agates and quartz. She had herself tied his drawing-string, but her practised eye caught his neglected points, and she put the flowers behind her.

"George will have to go to the lake and wash before he can have some. We must all turn back before it grows any later. Monsieur's lodge is to build. Monsieur," inquired Marie, "what are you called?"

The trader answered that his name was Alexander Henry. She heard it without approval.

"That may do for Fort Michilimackinac and other parts of the world, but here you are Félix and Amédée. In the morning you will be Félix, and in the afternoon you will be Amédée."

The Englishman accepted this French christening with a flush of satisfaction. "Why not Amédée in the morning, and Félix in the afternoon?"

"I do not know, except that it is the other way."

They moved back through the light woods over delicate traceries of foliage shadow, and scrambled down a steep part of the ridge, holding by mossy hummocks to keep from falling, and came to the bushes where the mats were concealed. Henry and George took the loads, and Marie led on the path she wished them to follow. There was no marked footway, but a parting of the forest let them into a large open space from which could be seen the high plateau of the island. Morning lodge-smoke ascended in blue, expanding streamers from Wawatam's hidden camp. Marie knew the old grandmother was trotting about those upper woods, engaged in the slave work of an Indian woman.

Pale-green juniper spread its ropy branches on the ground in every direction, but she piloted her stumbling carriers through the thinner snares. Then they entered once more that world

of pines and cedars which guarded the coast, and were long making their way among boughs, though the ground here was as smooth and clean as hard clay to the foot. Everlasting twilight checked the little growths of the woods, and pine-needles made an aromatic soil of their own.

Henry's blond face was flushed with the tramp and portage when he pushed through a tangle of vines and young oaks to where Marie finally waited. George ambled close behind, enjoying the world and his usual occupation. It was nothing for George to tramp the length and breadth of the island, only to fish or find agates at certain points. His one eye saw the happy side of life. Had he watched the massacre at Michilimackinac it must have typified to him some bliss bestowed on the victims. He would have said, "All good."

"This is the place, is it not, George?" asked Marie.

They looked down into an amphitheater padded with moss and curtained from the lake by bushes. It was really one amphitheater over another, irregularly broken with cushioned ledges and hidden rocks. Little trees were massed together around it. A smell of loam as sweet as roses came up from the place. George focused his eye, and nodded.

"I was sure of it," said Marie, "though we never came through the woods before. Our canoe is hid on the beach down there. You cannot see this cove from the beach. It is surprising that we ever parted the bushes and found it. I see the rock for your table, and the tree for your tent-pole."

This world of velvet greenness was different from anything Henry had seen. It was a cascade of moss forever in the act of falling down a mountain-side. The distant horizon could be traced, bounding the lake. Far off the blue water shaded to grass-green stripes betwixt zones of purple. He had a speechless feeling that he was in the hand of some mighty spirit that changed Nature and him from moment to moment.

"Where are we?" he inquired.

"On the eastern side of the island, beyond that arch of stone that you saw in the night."

"Then we cannot see the mainland from here?"

"No; but you can watch the strait."

They let themselves from rock to rock into the lower amphitheater, and laid down their loads. George and Henry cut poles. They varied his dwelling little from the common Chippewa lodge of conical shape, with rain-proof mats bound about it for shingles. The forenoon was spent when it was done, and its door-flap curled back, showing the snug interior. Marie had it closed around the top because its occupant would dare build no fire within. He did not know how far she searched for arm-loads of sweet pine to make him a mattress. They all worked at overlapping and fastening the mats. The flat rock she called his table stood near his tent entrance. Marie lifted from the cove side a fleece of branched moss which nearly covered her, and spread it over his table. Dry, fragrant bits stuck to her wool gown. Her eyes were happy. She had never felt before in such harmony with all things. You could scarcely hear the water lap the beach. There was no intrusion of sound as it rippled.

But a pair of eyes which were not happy came stealthily to a rocky buttress, where they could watch as from an upper window the beautiful court below. Their dark and piteous brooding lasted out the afternoon.

Many of the Indian-pipes had come to camp headless, the slim decapitated necks reproaching their bearers. Marie brought wet sand from the lake, and made a mound for the surviving ones to stand in beside the head of Henry's green couch. She took George to the water's edge, and washed his reluctant face and hands. He whined; the fervor of her lodge-building had given him reason to hope she would forget his face and hands all day, and perhaps until the hour of driving him to that hated spot where she made him bathe.

"Now dry yourself in the sun," said Marie.

"Poor George!" complained the English boy. "Why brudder not wash too?"

"He is older than you," explained Marie. "He knows when to wash without being told."

"Poor George! Water so cold."

His closed eyelid had always a touching expression of trying to help his single eye plead with any persecutor, and Marie stroked him tenderly, picking bark and moss branches off his clothes.

"I will go with you to fill the gourd," she promised, and all his distressed creases instantly reversed themselves.

Henry came out with the gourd. The beach was made of round stones, which rolled under the foot, and turned walking into a toil, if not a danger. The high sun beat upon Marie's cap, and her hair clung to her moist forehead, but she drove the Englishman back.

"Monsieur Amédée, you must not come out here."

"There is n't a canoe on the lake anywhere. No one can see me."

"I won't permit you to come out, Monsieur Amédée."

"She queen," said George, turning his thumb back at Marie. "Brudder better mind her; George does. Chief does, too."

Henry laughed, not at the undisputed autocrat, but at his own squawhood. His pliancy to her wishes was what most pleased Marie in the task she had undertaken. The tall lean-

ing saplings laced themselves undisturbed betwixt him and the outer world. At first he sat down in the abundant moss, wishing for a good pipe of Indian tobacco; and then he thought of opening his provisions and spreading out the dinner. The earth was silent, for here he missed even the chirping of insects. It seemed so still one could hear a pine-needle fall; so still the soul's motion could be heard. The sweet, elastic air of the island filled him with vigor. He wondered that this waste of his vigor in a hidden depression of the cliff did not annoy him more.

Henry was on one knee arraying the vivid green tablecloth with his bark dishes, when a gathering rustle of the lake startled him. It was a hiss and a rush like the disturbance made by many canoes, though without the dip of paddles. He parted the bushes, and looked anxiously out. Often from Fort Michilimackinac he had seen white butterfly-wings of sails blowing across the water or making broken glimmers far off; but now not a thing could be discovered on the strait. The round island opposite, wooded to its edge except that spit of sand which stretched a grappling-hook westward, was by all tokens a deserted place. There was no perceptible change or increase of wind. Henry noticed, however, a roller forming in mid-channel, and sweeping as though tipped toward him. It broke hissing on the pebbles, and the little disturbance was over. Once more the lake was a sapphire pavement scarcely crinkled with iridescent spots. This commotion was merely its trick in the straits, beginning and ending without apparent cause.

When Henry had set the table, he climbed the broad track, carpeted with ferns, which led up the amphitheater. Half way up were three trees sheltering a natural chair of rock, amply carved, and high backed. He carried much dry, vivid-colored moss, and padded it, the drapery overflowing to a foot-rest below. Cups and little trees and branching tendrils of the moss were wonders of beauty. Henry enjoyed them as a barbaric embroidery which he could heap on Marie's chair. The rocky balcony was directly over him, and jealous eyes watched this preparation; watched his neglected golden beard and mustache and clustering hair, and the solicitude and sensitive motions of his fingers. Dirty buckskin would not have spoiled the Englishman's supple presence. His dress was substantial and rich, and, in spite of hard usage during his escape and hiding, it remained the dress of a gentleman.

Marie and George came to the broad, thin layer of waterfall which they sought; which ran first over a bed of moss, then threaded downward in inch-wide channels, dripped from rocky shelves upon a terrace, and found ways between rifted rocks to the lake. Dense woods stood above it. And here a sucking and gurgling of the water through pot-holes made Marie lift her hand and George wrinkle himself in apprehension. They both knew what this jerky and fantastic booming was; but she loved the superstition, and the boy frightened himself with it.

"Giant fairies!" whispered George.

"Yes; they 'll catch us," said Marie, and he bellowed as she seized him to run.

Tribute being thus paid to the giant fairies, George straightway forgot them, pulled off his moccasins, and rolled up his trousers, to wade up the steep to the clear tap which he knew Marie preferred.

She held the brimming gourd while he sought a flat stone for a seat. One moccasin was tied when her outcry of discovery brought him erect.

"O George, you are almost sitting on gull's eggs!"

Three pale-green eggs, spotted with brown, lay on the open beach. They both stooped down and handled the pretty things, holding them up to the sun.

"We will roast them," decided Marie, balancing the gourd. "Take this, George. It is I who will carry the eggs."

She packed them with leaves in the pouch hanging from her girdle, a brilliant piece of embroidery done in pink and yellow quills by the grandmother.

Henry heard the voices of his camp-makers approaching, and the crush of revolving pebbles, and the girl's scream. She was supporting herself on her hands when he ran to her, and George stood fixed, holding the gourd in a trustworthy grip. The boy was trying to see what distress on the lake made Marie weep, and drive to the canoe that very Englishman she had been so anxious to keep under cover. The Englishman found the boat, and flung it unhelped across the beach. A fish-hawk was dragging a robin through the water to drown it. Marie saw the hawk drop like a stone with its prey, and she stumbled as she ran for the canoe. The fish-hawk, beaten off by the paddle, left the red-breasted bird, and soared away, indignant at killing prey for big unfeathered creatures, yet satisfied that its work was well done. The robin was past fluttering when Henry lifted it out of the water. It was drowned, and its neck was broken. He laid it in the canoe, feeling that this was a tragedy which grosser sights had robbed him of the power to mourn as he should.

And it was a delight to be floating on liquid air. Sunshine lay on the bottom of the lake. Pebbles were glistening money. The shining bed rose deceitful to the very hand, until you

dipped a paddle to touch it, and found it was fathoms below. That pale blue medium clarified these depths which dazzles us in the sun-warmed air overhead. Such transparent sky-born water could be no kin to the frothy surge through which he had paddled for his life two nights before. When Henry drew the canoe on the beach he saw that Marie was painfully trying to stand. He hurried with the robin in his hand, and put one arm around her to support her.

"I can walk," she declared, her face strained by the effort. "Run in, Monsieur Amédée, and leave me alone."

"You are hurt. I wish I had let the robin go. The fish-hawk drowned it before I could reach it, anyhow."

"Let me have the poor thing. O little bird, how it pained me to see you dragged through the water!"

She stood on one foot, and held the robin against her shoulder, smoothing its wet feathers.

"You must let me help you," said Henry.

"I have only bruised my knee. A girl who lives with Chippewas does n't mind that. George has gone for leaves to put on it, and to-morrow it will be well."

Marie limped a step or two, and physical anguish whitened her lips. Without further parley Henry lifted her in his arms.

"O Monsieur Amédée, you will break the gull's eggs! We want to roast them for our dinner."

"Birds and eggs are nothing to me," said the Englishman.

He blamed the dead robin; but Marie held it and her pocket up, and guarded them from the boughs. He set her down in the lodge, and turned his back upon the little homestead, feeling disturbed as by a catastrophe in his family, until George ran whimpering in with some healing plant, and Marie finished her surgery. She looked out of the lodge when free to announce it, and called:

"The gull's eggs are safe."

"Now I breathe," mocked Henry. "I have kicked about a great deal of moss on account of the gull's eggs."

"Oh, but Monsieur Amédée," Marie laughed, "this is not a serious hurt, indeed. It will heal in a few days. You should have seen George's sprained foot. Father Jonois, the priest from L'Arbre Croche, had it in clay, and made him lie still for a week."

George stooped down and felt of both his feet. When he identified the one which had been sprained, he crumpled his face with an expression of great suffering, and offered it to Henry to look at.

"Give it rest, my son," said Henry, paternally, and the boy sat down in literal obedience, and took it upon his knee until something else attracted his light attention.

Marie crept out of the lodge. The jealous eyes in the balcony saw her lifted again, laughing and startled, but confident in the gentle strength of her bearer, and put in the mossy chair. Her spirit came and went in her face, eagerly remembering mother-fondlings and mother-care, and wistfully looking forward to some unrealized good. Her little ears, the shadings of her skin, and the soft rounding of her features, tempted as a child's cheek tempts. The island shyness was in her withdrawal from Henry when he would have placed her more to his satisfaction in her chair. But this day, to which two had come from partial isolation in the wilderness, was more effectual than months of ordinary meeting and parting.

"We must now build the oven, George," directed Marie. So George brought pebbles from the beach, and he and Henry scraped a hollow in the moss and lined it with them. The driest bits of wood from drift washed high, and bleached in the sun, were put into the hollow. George knew how to start a fire by the Indian method, but when the spark answered his efforts, and was sheltered with cedar boughs, both he and Henry were at much trouble to keep the fire clear so that little smoke would rise to betray the spot. Red coals were soon fading to ashes, and the eggs, wrapped in wet leaves, put under them. It was a long meal, as protracted as some culminating feast, and accompanied by guarded talk and laughter. Trivial things were no longer trivial; they had become intensified life. George, unconscious of his chaperonage, sat picking his egg-shell beside the table. But the Englishman sat near Marie's feet, and told her parts of his experience; concealing, as men do, some of it which direct-gazing eyes like hers might not look at. Yet he had the virginal innocence of young and beautiful manhood. This day hinted to him possible harmonies in the dumb instrument of life which he could not interpret. To make wealth had been his best understanding of living; to brave danger and exchange his youth for money. There might, however, be a perfection of existence for which there was no equivalent.

A young balsam-fir, small and tough, and as straight as a needle, grew near the table. Marie selected this for a staff, and Henry cut it down and peeled it, carefully removing the branches, which grew in circles around the stem.

"George and I will have to take the canoe," she said regretfully. "We brought it here for you; but the trail from the bay will be easier for me."

"Let me help you to the lodges," urged Henry.

"No; George will help me. The chief left word that you must not risk being seen about the lodges."

"When is Wawatam coming back?"

"I do not know. We will feed you with the best we have. George and I have a garden in the open land at the other side of the island. There may soon be vegetables for you. My salad was out of the ground last week, and I have a bed of little herbs."

Henry pictured the boy and girl working in their garden, and felt a homesick desire to follow them to the spot, and see again the plants which answer civilized culture.

"I wish I could dig."

"Perhaps you may if that strange canoe is really gone, and no other comes."

George gathered the fragments of blackened egg-shell and put them into the oven, and covered the pit of ashes with fir twigs. The day was nearly spent when he held the canoe to the beach and the other two came halting toward it, Marie looking abroad on the lakes and feeling the influence of late afternoon. Accustomed as she was to their changes and misty effects, they gave her beauty at this gazing which they had before withheld. She stood still between her staff and Henry, and loved them anew. The sun was already behind cliffs, but not swallowed by the water. His warning was bringing stray island birds home. The evening colors were not yet created; only a fore-glow hinted what they might be when sunset was complete.

The Englishman owned no hat to take off, but he raised his hand to uncover his head as the boat moved away. He and the French girl both smiled, and she admonished him afresh, so he went back through the curtain into the loneliness of his little world. The day spent in the Skull Rock seemed an experience at the beginning of life. He felt sure Wawatam could not send him to Detroit. Savage living meant irregular meals and wild diet, and animal wariness in going about; yet he wondered if he would be domesticated at the lodges when Wawatam came back, and if they should pass the winter on the island.

His camp was becoming a pit of gloom, and he thought of putting his provisions in the lodge where he could keep them from small night prowlers. He found rolled up in the pack a deerskin bag holding an entire set of dressing-tools which he had once given his brother Wawatam, who hung them up unused. The joy of a civilized man in brushes overbalanced all Henry's losses. He stood with the bag in his hand, blessing the fraternal impulse which had made him attempt to groom his brother, when the top of the green amphitheater populated itself to his dilating sight. Pani, the Indian girl who had concealed him in Langlade's attic, stood up from creeping on her hands and knees. She had appeared as silently in the time of Henry's peril at the fort, and he glanced sharply in every direction, his blood leaping at that peculiar swell and gush of the lake which he knew must be only a ripple.

Pani stepped as deftly as a cat down the irregular slope, keeping her eyes on the ground she trod. Nor did she look up when the Englishman met her, asking in haste:

"Are the Chippewas coming, Pani?"

The Indian girl shook her head. Her arms hung humbly by her sides.

"Do you bring news from Michilimackinac?"

She again shook her head.

"Did you come here by yourself?"

Pani nodded. The toe of her right moccasin worked back and forth in the moss.

"Then it was your canoe they saw in the bay: and you paddled over alone from the mainland? That 's not an easy task, and you took many risks. What made you do such a thing?"

She lifted her eyes, and gave him a look which confused his speech. He felt ashamed that his strongest conscious desire was to have this squaw, who saved his scalp, back in Fort Michilimackinac.

"I have wished for your blanket, Pani,—the one I dropped in the attic,—more than once since I came to the island."

"I brought it," spoke Pani in imperfect French.

"You are a good girl. But I don't need it now. Wawatam's family have built me a lodge, and made me very comfortable."

Henry noticed the bronze of her arms in their trinkets of whiter metal, and the coarse, strong threads of her hair. The language of her attitude embarrassed him. He swung the deerskin sack in an uncertain hand, and turned partly away from her, wondering what he should do. Pani spoke again, and the guttural fact which she uttered made him color.

"The ghost-flower girl, Wawatam's."

"I understand all that, Pani," said the Englishman. "Sit down, will you? You must be tired." No heart could feel more gratitude than his felt; but the droll dismay of a man who unexpectedly finds himself too attractive appeared in his face, and Marie saw it.

The wash of her returning canoe he had taken for the ripple. Henry understood why the white children came back in such haste and silence. Behind Marie's face was George's. Her lips were parted to give warning.

She was not conscious of spying on the other woman, but studied Pani's errand intently, leaning her head sidewise to get a better view betwixt the bushes. This barbaric figure, though coming from the settlement, bore the stamp of the wilderness; as Marie, though in-

habiting a wild island, had still the undescribed air of the women of France. The difference between them was more than a difference of race; it was a difference of spirit. But the white girl took no thought of herself in contrast with this newcomer. The cruel amusement of youth appeared in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. She resented vaguely as in her own person the drooping humility of the Indian girl.

Henry exclaimed with too much eagerness when he met her eye:

"Mademoiselle. Pani has come over from the fort. This is Pani, the only friend I had when the garrison was killed. She hid me in Langlade's attic."

"Does she bring word that any Chippewas are coming?" inquired Marie.

"No; she knows of none."

"Did the chief send her with any message?"

"Did he, Pani?" said the Englishman, passing the inquiry on. But the reticent envoy made no reply.

"I am afraid she has been about the island hungry since yesterday, for it must have been her canoe you saw."

"That is true, monsieur, for we have just found it again."

"Can't you take her to the lodges with you?" asked Henry, feeling his brain emit the proposition in a flash.

"Certainly," answered Marie with sincere readiness. "The grandmother will make her very welcome."

"Go, then, with mademoiselle, Pani. It was good of you to remember me, and come so far to see if I were safe."

"Let us go, Pani," said the French girl's persuasive contralto. "The sun is setting. It will soon be dark in the woods."

Pani gave her a slighting glance. The southern Indian's shape rose, the shoulders drawing backward and the aboriginal features rearing themselves; and turning her head toward Henry, she scorned his tame care with the bitterest look he ever encountered.

The three Europeans watched her supple back as she mounted the ascent of rocks and ferns. Even George dumbly felt her hurt, and would have restrained her. His one eye remained focused on the pines which closed after Pani until Marie pulled him to the canoe. Reluctantly handling his paddle, he sent the boat out on a pink sheen, reflecting sunset. Rose-colored air softened near cliffs and distant islands. Eastward there was no horizon line, but a concave hemisphere with little parallel lines of pink vapor drawn across it. A triangular ripple was broken in the motionless lake by the canoe. Already the arch of rock with its avalanche of waste below was a savage ruin, framing darkness.

Henry called once after the boat, but got no reply. He thought of the night woods and an Indian's skulking; and then he felt ashamed of himself for imagining that a gentle and merciful creature like Pani could do harm to any other woman.

He sat down in the lodge door, his aimless hand encountering the drowned robin, which Marie had left there. He took it up and stroked the wet feathers, for its little plumes still lay penciled close against its breast; and while he stroked it, his own breast rose and fell with the strong sigh of a man who suffers unconfessed pain.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE GALAXY.

(SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.)

LUMINOUS archipelago of heaven!
Islands of splendor sown in depths of night!
Most glorious brothers in the fold of light!
Say, are ye stars, and not the spotless seven
That hymn before Him in the halls of even —
Lamps of the Living Source, eternal, bright?
Glow — glow with radiance in your upward flight,
Chariot of God to awful zeniths driven!

Ah, throbbing ecstasy, my weak lids fail,
And my soul shudders as I earthward turn,
Lest I, perchance, have on his glory pored —
Unhallowed urged through space my daring sail,
And watched the censers in his presence burn
On heights by the archangels unexplored.

Charles J. O'Malley.

The Most Picturesque Place in the World.

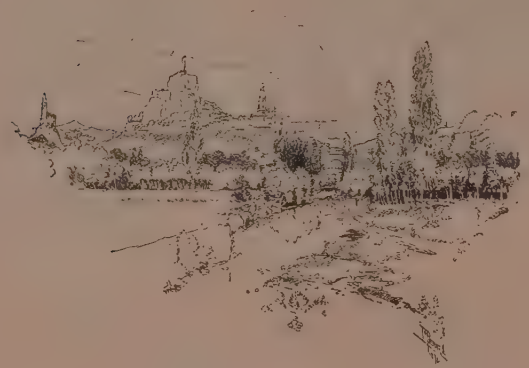
WE had always been hunting for it. We had always felt sure that somewhere, some day, we should find the perfect place which was to combine the charm of the middle ages with the comfort of the nineteenth century — the Albert Dürer town which could be reached in a railway-train, with medieval streets through which the dinner-bell would make a pleasant sound, where there would be plenty of picturesque dirt in other people's houses, plenty of fresh water and clean rooms in our own hotel. Perhaps this is a *bourgeois* idea. But, then, that is our affair.

There were times when we thought we had found it, but again and again we were disappointed. Rocamadour, Assisi, Fritzlar came very near satisfying us. But then, in Rocamadour our landlady forced us to fast on Fridays, which was much too middle-aged a custom to please us; in Assisi the discomfort, in a large measure, followed us into the hotel; in Fritzlar dinner was served at noon, a practice which savored of barbarism. Then there was far Segesvar, the German fortress-town in the heart of the Carpathians; Elbogen, castle-crowned, among the Bohemian hills; Meissen, high above the Elbe where it flows through Saxony. But it was always the same: the medievalism might leave almost nothing to be desired; there was sure to be something wanting on the modern side.

Eight years of wandering had brought us no closer to our undiscovered country when, last summer, as we were traveling in the mountains of — but no! why should we tell the name? Why break the serenity of its hilly streets with the rush of personally conducted parties, or of easel-laden artists? Why turn it into another Barbizon or Laguerre's, another Chester or Nuremberg? Besides, we have exploited so many places in our day; we have, in our recklessness, presented the painter, the illustrator, the magazine-writer with more motives than they can exhaust in a generation; we have, by our enterprise, developed the cycling trade to an incalculable extent, and, by our praise, made the fortune of half the hotel-keepers of Provence. And the result for us? Not a cycle manufacturer would give us a machine if we asked for it, not a landlord would throw us a crust were we starving, not an art-student would find a spare moment to thank us. No; the name of the most picturesque place in the world we shall keep to ourselves. It is foolish deliberately to court the fate of Columbus or Stanley.

We were riding, then, among the hills of a land that shall be nameless, bound on a mission which, as yet, need be nobody's business but our own, when, one bright sunny afternoon, as we came over the top of the high pass, suddenly we looked down upon this landscape:

It might have been a picture by one of the Primitives—every feature in it sharply defined, the composition well-balanced and carefully composed, the whole effect artificial, theatrical, impossible. The engineer and the capitalist had been there before us, and a railroad makes its way through the hills. From the train, as it rushed out of a long tunnel, our eyes rested upon another oddly composed view, no less Düreresque and incredible.



It was still more delightful to find, in this town that a middle-aged painter might have created, a hotel as perfect as only a sanitary engineer and an experienced *chef* could make it; spotless, airy bedchambers, with dressing-room and bath of the most improved pattern attached, exquisite little breakfasts, and no less excellent dinners served in the evening, at the one reasonable hour for dining. We can rough it if necessary. Many a day have we eaten bread and cheese for our dinner, many a night slept in a peasants' inn and shared our room with other travelers, many a morning made our toilet at the pump or the nearest stream. But never by preference; we don't like it, and when it comes to settling down for work, why, then we insist upon being comfortable.

And we were comfortable, even luxuriously so, in the most picturesque place in the world. "A deal of high living" we enjoyed there. And the charm of contrast was added when, fresh from the morning plunge in the cool spring-water of our bath, we loitered upon picturesque bridges watching the washerwomen at work in the rocky bed of the thin stream, or rambled into the narrow, smelly streets, where pictorial old ladies, practising an almost forgotten handicraft, were sitting at the doors of Rembrandt-like cellars, with their feet in undrained gutters.

To flee civilization for longer than from breakfast to dinner would have exceeded the limit of our ambition. We liked to know that our daily post would never fail us; that we were not cut off from the outer world; that we could read the latest news, if we chose, over our morning coffee. But, on the other hand, our pleasure in these things was doubled because of the cer-

tainty that, whenever we wished, we could leave the prosaic cares and interests of the present, and lose ourselves in these absurdly fantastic reminders of the past.

We did not have to go into church or museum, in the usual fashion, to hunt for our medievalism. It was everywhere about us. The landscape was as rich in strong contrasts as our daily life. It was always primitive, always like a background borrowed from an old woodcut or altar-piece; but it had its degrees of strangeness and beauty. Its effects were ever varying. There were hours when it was more fantastic, more dramatic, than others. At sunset the hillside, with its climbing houses and campanili, fairly shone.

We used to feel that, thus transfigured into a golden city, it was so great a marvel that, by comparison, all the other impressions it might have in store for us would seem commonplace. And then, not so much later, when the short twilight had faded and night had come, we were quite as ready to believe that nothing, absolutely nothing, could exceed the wonder of this deep, dark mass, with

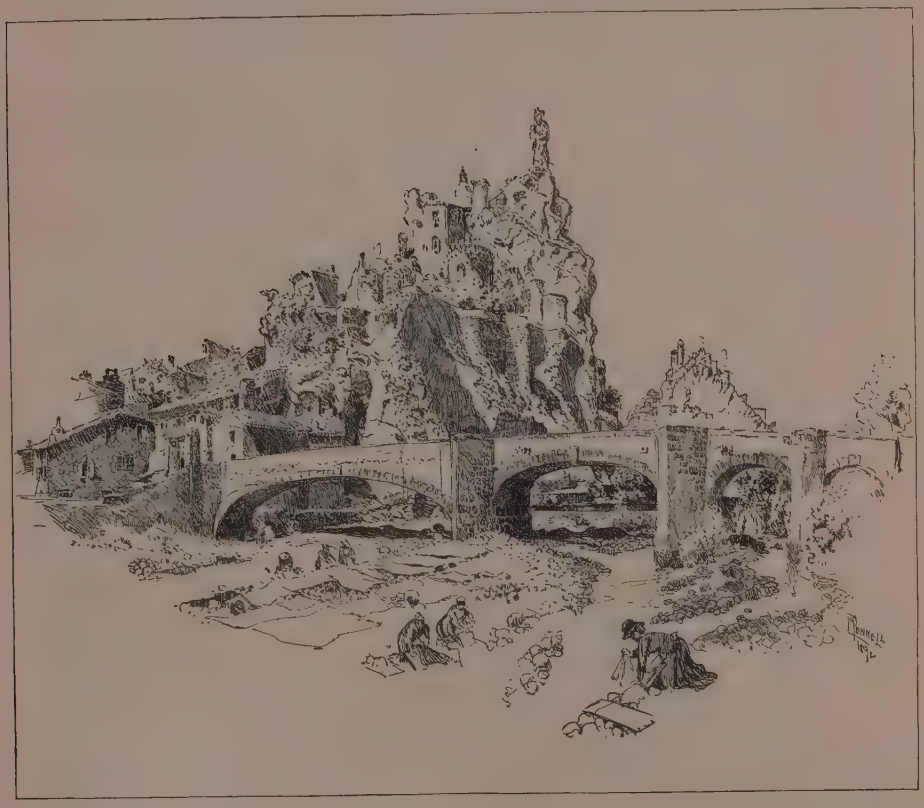
> The mysterious distances, the glooms
> Romantic, the august and solemn shapes.

Indeed, we never came so near being romantic in our lives. There was, of course, less mystery in the clear, pure light of early morning, less fantasy in the bright afternoon sunshine. But these new differences, these new changes, lent added zest to our enjoyment. And, after all, the most matter-of-fact effects could never be ordinary in so extraordinary a land.

But the country did not depend upon the mere contrasts between day and night, between dawn and sunset, for its variety. It had numberless resources of its own. We could not walk through the streets of the town, we could not venture beyond the houses, without its considerately arranging itself into a new and original composition for our benefit. At every turn peaks and plain, river and road, churches and houses, came together in a new way to make a new picture for us. And the best of it was that we never missed the harmonious proportions, the well-balanced arrangement, the conventional emphasizing of detail, which had so struck us in the first of the long series of designs our undiscovered country spread out before us. Now it was that we chanced upon so telling and impressive a subject as this of the rocky peak with flying buttresses of natural rock, and surmounted by the colossal statue of the Virgin and Child.

Again, when, in search of still another point of view, we went wandering into the hills, from the path winding upward we saw, like a map below, this wonderful grouping of natural and artificial elements:

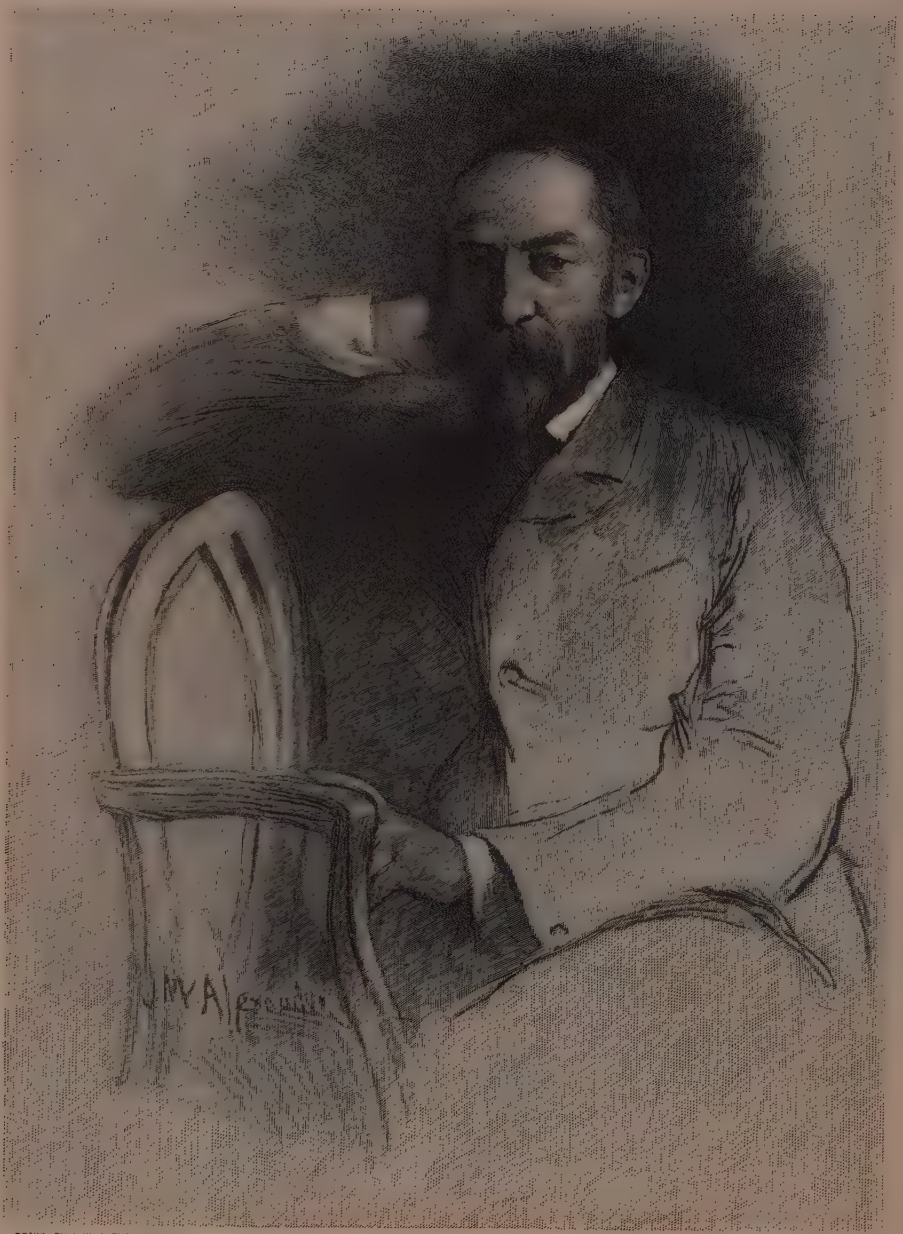
No matter whether we kept to the plain or to the mountains, no matter in which direction we followed, there was always new and irresistible material to be had. Nor did we begin to exhaust it, though we stayed in that enchanted world day after day, week after week, month after month. Mountains, plain, cliffs, towers, bridges, streams—the "motives" were without end.



Town and country, then, were perfection, and the hotel was no less irreproachable. And yet all these advantages cost us no more than life in exploited Barbizon or artist-ridden Concarneau. Within easy reach were two large busy towns; the capital was not much further away, though to tell its name would be to put the envious on the trail. On each side of the hills two great railways connected important commercial centers. We were in the very heart of a prosperous country, but at the same time entirely out of the world, and in a town that seemed unknown to any one save the natives. Indeed, the chances are that we would run small risk of its discovery should the editor of THE CENTURY see fit, as we humbly suggest, to offer a prize—but not at our expense—to the first reader of the magazine who could name the locality.

The place does exist, though we ourselves certainly would never have believed in it without seeing. We have not between us the imagination to invent a scene so unreal, so melodramatic, so nearly grotesque. The drawing is the purest realism. We will give no hints, geographical or geological, statistical or social, historical or humanitarian, mechanical or moral, political or intellectual, as to the site of the city forgotten by Cook, neglected by Murray. We will only ask triumphantly, tantalizingly, "Do you not wish you knew where to find the most picturesque place in the world?"

J. and E. R. Pennell.



DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER IN 1885. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

THOMAS HARDY.

THOMAS HARDY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," and the rest of that remarkable company of novels,[1] had afforded, up to the time of the full publication of his latest book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a striking example of the half-appreciated writer. He has had a well-established and tolerably wide reputation. He has even had a small following in England who contested on his behalf the modest pre-eminence among the living authors of English fiction which is claimed by a larger number for Mr. George Meredith. Yet his greatest qualities of all — the creative imagination, and the power of picturesque expression, by virtue of which he is really very great indeed, and worthy to rank with the few consummate masters of English prose romance, have obtained hitherto only scant and languid recognition.

As a mere story-teller he has his own peculiar vein, rather narrow, but under his ingenious management yielding richly, and one which has led him from year to year into ever deeper and stranger places among the hidden things of human nature. He finds humble folk, upon the whole, more remunerative, dramatically, than their so-called betters, and the whole series of his tales, from the almost forgotten "Desperate Remedies" to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" inclusive, constitute something like a complete epic of that remote rural county — a portion of the ancient Wessex — which on the maps of modern England is written Dorsetshire.

I have named "Far from the Madding Crowd" first among his books, not because it is the best, but because, for some reason or other, it seems always the best known. It was, in fact, the first which won anything like a wide popularity. "Desperate Remedies" proved a desperate venture, and as for that joyous idyl, "Under the Greenwood Tree," it was far too exclusively rustic to appeal to any but a highly sophisticated literary taste. It was as certain to be "caviare to the general," as that corresponding triumph of verdancy in the culinary art, a French *maigre* soup. Nevertheless, it was "Under the Greenwood Tree" that Mr. Hardy found his vein, for here was first produced that wonderful chorus of Shaksperian clowns destined to figure more or less in all the subsequent books, and to charm the *ennui* of the world by their archaic aspect and accent, their blundering wisdom and buoyant folly, their innocent mixture of piety and blasphemy, and their broad and beautiful misuse of our mother tongue. It was at first conjectured — and the Shaksperian title of "Under the Greenwood Tree" gave color to the notion — that the precious dialect of these West Country clowns was a purely imaginary reproduction of Elizabethan English, as it may have lived upon the lips of the clodhopper. Later it came to be understood that Mr. Hardy emphatically disclaimed the honors of such an invention; and that if any one wanted to see in the flesh the unmitigated English peasant of the sixteenth century, he had only to pay a visit to the heathery solitudes and seaward slopes of Dorset and East Devon. There remained, therefore, with the observant author, as with Shakspere himself in the case of Bottom, Dogberry, and the grave-diggers, only the responsibility for the reflex and seemingly involuntary wit of passages like the following:

"His sermon was well enough; — a very excellent sermon enough, only he could n't put it into words and speak it. That 's all was the matter wi' his sermon! He had n't been able to get it past his pen."

"Well, aye, the sermon might be good enough, for ye see the sermon of old Ecclesiastes himself lay in old Ecclesiastes' ink-bottle afore he got it out!"

"Well, now, that coarseness that 's so upsetting to Ann's feelings, is to my mind a recommendation, for it do always prove a story to be true. And for the same reason I like a story wi' a bad moral. My sonnies, all true stories have a coarseness or a bad moral, depend upon 't. If the story-tellers could ha' got decency and good morals from true stories, who 'd ha' troubled to invent parables?"

Note the last remark, for it contains the germ of one of two or three fixed ideas or theories which have remained with Mr. Hardy throughout a literary life of some five-and-twenty years, growing with his growth and

1 "Desperate Remedies," 1867; "Under the Greenwood Tree," 1872; "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 1873; "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874; "The Hand of Ethelberta," 1876; "The Return of the Native," 1878; "The Trumpet-Major," 1880; "A Laodicean," 1881; "Two on a Tower," 1882; "The Mayor of Casterbridge," 1886; "The Woodlanders," 1888; "A Group of Noble Dames," 1891; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," 1892.

strengthening with his strength as a writer. We shall find these self-same theories determining the main lines of every one of his rustic pieces, guiding their seemingly naïve and irregular action, and giving them a certain moral unity which corresponds with the unity of scene already noted.

In "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which followed the "Greenwood Tree," the scene is permitted to shift as far as Cornwall, and the actors are taken from a somewhat higher social rank than is common with Mr. Hardy. It reckons as one of his slighter efforts, thanks chiefly, I believe, to a suspicion of undue sentimentality in the title; but it has its importance in a review of the whole series, because it was here that Mr. Hardy first diffidently essayed a theme to which he was destined to give a tremendous development later on; namely, the capacity for headlong and devouring passion of an innocent but ardent woman, the capacity for sheer brutality of a baffled and angry man, and the helpless slavery to circumstance of them both. Here, too, we meet the first clear confession of our author's own broad and simple pantheism, his belief in something like an integral and sentient life pervading the whole mass of physical phenomena, his power at intervals almost of identification, at all times of free communication, with that life, and of partly translating into the petty speech of men the generalized expressions and vast symbolism of its extra-human language. Let the reader turn to the passage in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" which describes Knight's sensations when he had slipped half over the beetling cliff, and hung suspended by his arms, while Elfride arranged the ingenious device whereby she was to effect his rescue. The sensibilities of the man are naturally exalted to the utmost, and, his attention being arrested by a bit of a fossil sticking in the gravel underneath his eye, immediately there arise and sweep across his mind in vivid procession all the immense geological periods implied by the presence of the stony little corpse. And the author actually describes these in detail while his hero's fate hangs on a hair,—to the length, if I remember rightly, of several pages; and yet so concentrated is the expression, so complete the transfusion of the immanent life of nature into the imperiled life of the individual, that we are not impatient, or aware of any infraction of the rules of art. No time seems to be occupied by the passage of the cosmic vision.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" opens innocently on the same note as the "Greenwood Tree," but the tone deepens fast, and the covert satire of the title soon becomes apparent. The honest shepherd in the lambing-hut, one of the best of Mr. Hardy's homely heroes, regulates his humble midnight doings by the march of the great constellations. The heroine, who is introduced in the undignified act of studying her own charms in a small looking-glass while she progresses, on the top of a load of household furniture, from one domicile to another, becomes one whose character can be fairly summed up by her biographer in these epigrammatic words: "She was of the stuff of which great mothers are made; indispensable to high generation, feared at tea-parties, hated in shops, and beloved at crises." And yet how weak, how fickle, how all but wanton, had not that heroine displayed herself before the supreme moment in her history at which she behaved so as fully to deserve this singular eulogium!

The judgment which Mr. Hardy seems always threatening to denounce against universal womankind will be found in most cases to be scrupulously tempered by mercy,—one might almost say by remorse,—but his attitude toward the weaker sex is, upon the whole, more chivalrous than flattering.

In "Far from the Madding Crowd" he also began to show us the full measure of his remarkable power of devising new, strange, and intensely dramatic incident; untoward situations, almost oppressive in their significance; chance moments, half revealed in passing as very ganglionic centers of fate. Such are the wild throbbing of poor Fanny Robins's fevered pulses, detected in the darkness by the accidental contact of Gabriel's hand with hers; the lop of the leering gargoyle on the old church tower, which results in the prompt effacement of Troy's meretricious attempts at gardening around his victim's grave; the truly extraordinary scene where that same infamous Troy performs the sword-exercise round the slight, immovable figure of the enslaved Bathsheba in the ferny dell. Alone, almost, among modern writers outside of Russia, Hardy has an easy mastery of the true grotesque. Witness the quasi-comic incidents attending the passage of the pauper funeral in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and the irony of accident which determines the place of its midnight halt. We shall find the same quality taking on a positively uncanny development in "The Return of the Native," where Venn and Wildeeve gamble on the heath, at midnight, by the light of glow-worms; and the adders wink, out of the frying-pan of their torture, at the poor victim poisoned by their venom.

The catastrophe of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was, I remember, stigmatized at the time as "too sensational" by readers who rather piqued themselves on the possession of that acquired taste which alone could enable a man thoroughly to appreciate "Under the Greenwood Tree." But what, it may be asked by the

way, renders an event too sensational in fiction? Not its essential impossibility, for there is no such thing. No imagination, not even Thomas Hardy's, can contrive more horrible concatenations of circumstance, more blasting calamities, than actually occur — nay, even than some which have come within the personal knowledge of most of us. And yet the phrase has a meaning; the censure points to an undeniable artistic fault, an error of disproportion or incongruity, an incident too big for the canvas, too black for the general scheme of color. The painful infatuation of Boldwood, for example, his open assassination of Troy, and the fatal sanity of his subsequent self-surrender to justice, belong to the class of incidents usually described as high tragedy; and the too prompt critics of "Far from the Madding Crowd" made the mistake of supposing that Mr. Hardy's muse was bound to decline such themes, and that, as a belated pupil of Rousseau and St. Pierre, he had intended to portray the supposed regular association of virgin innocence of soul with agricultural simplicity of manners. What he really did intend, we now know very well, was to illustrate the solemn unity of human fate; the momentous fact that the organic instincts and primitive passions of men, and emphatically also of women, are the same in all ranks and on every stage, and that the prophetic "besom of destruction" is an instrument far too thoroughly wielded for any neglect of the world's out-of-the-way corners. "It was one of those sequestered spots," says Mr. Hardy, after accurately mapping out the scene of one of his later tales, "outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more passivity than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premises, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, no less than in other places, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein."

Yet, as a man who feels that he has been charged with a tale almost too sad for the telling may dally with his grim message for a time, and digress to gossip, and even to chaff, quite as much for the sake of staying his own nerves as of sparing those of his audience, so before singing "The Return of the Native," Mr. Hardy undertook to divert our minds by the amusing but tolerably preposterous history of the fortunes of Ethelberta. "If you like social satire and an artificial environment," he appeared to say, "I can give you these too"; and some of the satire in "Ethelberta" is in its way extremely good, although it is impossible to care very deeply for Mr. Hardy's ladies and gentlemen as such. Moreover, we felt all the while that our *raconteur* was trifling. The Ancient Mariner trod hard upon the heels of the Wedding Guest; and no sooner was the hand of the adventurous butler's daughter finally and most unromantically bestowed, than we were gravely summoned back to another order of spectacle.

By this time we were tolerably well acquainted with the main divisions and chief settlements, as well as with the more prominent natural features, of the remote and primitive county where the action of Mr. Hardy's tales almost invariably centers. Weatherbury we knew by name, and Budmouth, and Overcombe, and Melchester, and Casterbridge, and the general trend and chief divagations of the highways and byways connecting them. But now we were informed that in the heart of this comparative solitude there was a deeper solitude still — so very sparsely populated, indeed, by odd refugees and remnants of humanity, that large spaces of it had been unfurrowed and almost untrodden since the days of the aboriginal tribes. In all recent literature, whether of prose or verse, I know of no passage more profoundly poetic, fuller of unearthly and ineffable suggestion, — in Goethe's word, more *dæmonic*, — than the picture, with which the "Native" opens, of Egdon Heath at twilight, under a sallow November sky, rapidly and greedily absorbing the blackness of the approaching night.

It was the good fortune of the present writer, on a certain warm September afternoon in the year 1886, to explore, under Mr. Hardy's own guidance, a portion of that extensive tract of common land which figures as Egdon Heath in the Dorsetshire "cycle." It is no longer, as it was twenty years ago, continuous common for a stretch of many miles. Various bits, here and there, have been reclaimed, inclosed, and planted, so that the general aspect of the region, as our party entered it first from the direction of the mossy hamlet which Mr. Hardy calls Weatherbury, was less eery and solitary than one had expected. But, as the evening shadows lengthened, the spell of the place began to work. The seer, in his character of cicerone, imparted to the aliens from over seas more and more of his own power of inner vision, until at last, when after a short, sharp climb we caught from the top of Eustacia's barrow the first flash of the evening star, I can testify to having seen with my own eyes the curious natural phenomenon so effectively described in the weird overture to the "Native": not the *fall* of night from the twilight skies, "as a feather is wafted downward," but the *rising* of night out of the ground, like an ebon exhalation coming at a given moment, suddenly suffusing and hiding, as beneath a

level velvet pall, the trifling inequalities of the wide plain below, while the air around and the sky above were still bright. "I suppose," said Mr. Hardy, characteristically, as we followed his voice down the steep slope of the barrow (for there was absolutely no seeing where to set one's steps), "that yours are the very first feet from the New World which ever passed over this grave of our common ancestor."

It was easy now to picture the actors in the saddest of all our friend's dramas except the last, creeping silently forth from the furzy thickets, and over the immemorial burial-mounds, and casting long shadows in the appropriate light of Guy Fawkes's annual fires. Here came Eustacia Vye with her gloriously beautiful person, and her perfectly elementary soul, "the raw material of divinity"; and Wildeeve, that favorite weak villain of our author, who is yet not quite all a villain; and gentle Thomasin, and magnanimous Venn, and that ill-starred exile from a more civilized world,—the most distressingly *real* of all his women,—loving, exacting Mrs. Yeobright; and, last of all, the visionary Clym, overtopping the rest alike in character and aspiration, and a sure mark for the lightning, by the same token. The familiar chorus of clowns appeared to flounder and gibber about the footsteps of the homespun company as they walked unsuspecting into the toils of doom. The loud-voiced insects of the early autumn night might have been singing in one multitudinous chorus that strangely mocking stanza which figures as motto to "The Return of the Native":

> To Lady Sorrow
> I bade good-morrow,
> And thought to leave her far-away behind;
> But cheerly, cheerly,
> She loves me dearly,
> She is so constant to me, and so kind!
> I would deceive her,
> And so leave her,
> But, ah! she is so constant and so kind!

For plain and unadulterated tragedy, complete but symmetrical, and in no wise overdone, throwing deep contempt upon man's free agency, and suggesting the ascendancy over all things in heaven and earth of some absolutely unintelligible power, there has been, I think, with the one exception of the tale of "The Master of Ravenswood," nothing in English literature since "Lear" to compare with "The Return of the Native." It requires some nerve even to re-read the book, in cold blood, from the beginning; but it should be done by any one who would fairly measure Mr. Hardy's caliber. In this tale, and in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and in "Tess," he is positively epic. Without evident intention on his part, or any consciousness on their own, his homely creatures take their natural rank with the sons of the house of Atreus and the house of Volsung. They become spokesmen with the Eternal, and scapegoats for the entire race. Their author himself seems to stand off from them at the end, regarding, with consternation and awe, the ruthless grinding of the supernatural machinery his own hand has set in motion.

> He did sometimes think [is Mr. Hardy's last word concerning the Native] that he had been ill used by fortune so far as to say that to be born is a palpable dilemma, and that instead of men aiming to advance in life with glory, they should calculate how to retreat out of it without shame. But that he and his had been sarcastically and pitilessly handled in having such irons thrust into their souls, he did not maintain long. It is usually so, except with the sternest of men. Human beings, in their generous endeavor to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a First Cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own, and even while they sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, invent excuses for the oppression which prompts their tears.

Fortunately for the novel-reader's peace of mind and tolerable content with the universe, Mr. Hardy is not always at this level. It was indeed a considerable drop to that of the "Laodicean," which is merely a pleasant story rather cleverly told. "The Trumpet-Major" is far more, being in fact the most tenderly conceived and, in its limited way, perhaps the most exquisitely proportioned of all the author's romances. The reproduction of the speech, fashions, and general atmosphere of an interesting time only a little while gone by is effortless and complete; the slight heroine is, for once, a perfectly maidenly and candid creature, and though in the strife of magnanimity between the two generous brothers who loved her it is naturally the more entirely noble who is worsted, yet John Loveday goes to a soldier's death with so chivalrous a smile upon his lips, and so fine an air of unbroken manliness, that the heart-break does not seem a cruel one.

This temperate, wholesome, and beautiful tale was followed by one conceived in a spirit so startlingly the reverse that Mr. Hardy's truest admirers must wish most heartily that he had left it untold. "True stories," he had made his sententious clodhopper say in "Under the Greenwood Tree," "have a coarseness or a bad moral." In "Two on a Tower" our author may be said faithfully to have tried the effect of combining the two. The wit of the text, though rather *risqué* at times, is exceptionally keen; but the intrigue, disagreeably implied in the very title, is—let us take courage to say

it—insufferably low. The character of Lady Constantine is, properly speaking, a pathological study, fit only for a professional book, and Felice Charmond, in "The Woodlanders," to which we shall presently recur, is another case for the same ward.

But again, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the successor of "Two on a Tower," Mr. Hardy was found fully to have recovered his graver and greater manner. This moving monograph, accurately, if somewhat cynically, described in its subtitle as the "Life and Death of a Man of Character," is one which fairly defies abridgment. The Mayor, like the Native, should be sought out and accompanied, step by step, in his dim pilgrimage, upon his own rough and weary ground. These two are denizens of the same haunted country; and when, after the swift vicissitudes of his rise and fall, the self-exiled Henchard sets his foot upon the same venerable roadway along which the self-accusing Boldwood once marched to judgment, and especially when he crosses the ominous boundary of Egdon Heath, whose "imperturbable countenance, having defied the cataclysmal onset of centuries, reduced to insignificance, by its seamed and antique features, the wildest turmoil of a single man," we know instantly what we have to expect, and that the time for authentic tragedy is once more fully come. The figure of the forsaken Mayor now takes on colossal proportions; and if the strangely equal conflict between the principles of good and evil within the man had been analyzed with a scientific exactitude which is all of to-day, his final defeat through the mustering of sinister outside forces, which no man can calculate or measure, is related in such a manner as to give the victim rank in the reader's imagination with Œdipus and Siegfried. The essential heathenism of Mr. Hardy's own creed strikes the reader less as a matter of reasoned acceptance than of historic, or rather mythologic, instinct, an intimate perception of that everlasting paganism of the *rerum natura*, which darkly underlies and threatens to outlast all its ephemeral religions. There are reminiscences in these essentially modern pages, not of Lucretius and Heraclitus merely, but of the sanguinary pieties of those Druid priests who ministered for no man knows how long amid the scenery of these ingenious fables.

Yet Christianity too has passed this way, and one of the least of those whom Henchard had carelessly benefited in his prosperous hour dogs his "wambling" footsteps when he goes out to die, and ministers to him in his agony. And let us not fail to notice the more than honorable *amende* which Mr. Hardy makes to womanhood in the beautiful character of Elizabeth. She, who "had early learned the lesson of resignation, and was as familiar with the wreck of each day's wishes as with the diurnal setting of the sun," is the first to offer company and consolation to the man whom all the world abandons; and there is something soothing, upon the whole, in the parting glimpse given us of this noble woman during the quiet afternoon of her days, when her strange experience is summed up for us by her biographer in the bitter-sweet words which follow:

> Her position was, indeed, one that, in the common phrase, afforded much to be thankful for. That she was not demonstratively thankful was no fault of hers. . . . But her strong sense that neither she nor any other human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate, she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded in the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.

In "The Woodlanders" likewise the unabashed and irresponsible animalism of Mrs. Charmond is offset by the girlish, if somewhat mawkish, innocence of Grace, and the rare union of crystalline fineness and flawless purity in the character of Marty South. Honest Marty, with her daily business of self-extinction, and her fine peasant pride, and faithful, tender, manly Giles Winterbourne are so evidently the counterparts of each other, that they could not, of course, in Mr. Hardy's system of things, be permitted to come together. But they are both intensely and most pathetically human, and who but Mr. Hardy could ever have given us that final glimpse of Marty beside the grave of the man whom she had humbly and hopelessly loved?

> As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight, slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attitude of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.
>
> "Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I —whenever I get up I 'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I 'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I 'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider-wring, I 'll say none

could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven. But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!"

And then what scene-painting we have in "The Woodlanders"! What a sylvan atmosphere, and universal suffusion with the dim, green light that comes sifted through a canopy of luxuriant leafage! What shrewd guesses at forest secrets, and endlessly patient rendering of forest sights and scents and sounds! What vegetative people, and what human trees! It recalls the Forest of Arden,—that ideal Arden of one's own youthful imagination, which is neither the Bois de la Cambra nor the crude, conventional Arden of the actual stage. And what is yet more curious, here, as indeed everywhere in his latter-day bucolics, Mr. Hardy shows himself exactly as familiar with agricultural industries and processes and implements of all kinds as with the general aspect of the sylvan scene. In this respect he is more, or at all events earlier, than Shaksperian; he is Vergilian, and those exquisite vignettes, in the Georgics, of the thrifty peasant who used to sit by the fireside of a winter evening, sharpening his torches, while his wife skimmed with dry vine-leaves her throbbing kettle of must, and of the sweet old man among his bees and flower-beds under the walls of Tarentum, are the only pictures I know fit to set beside this of Giles Winterbourne with his traveling cider-press:

He looked and smelled like autumn's very brother, his face being sun-burned to wheat-color, his eyes blue as corn-flowers, his boots and leggins dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among orchards.

After the publication of "The Woodlanders," which, in spite of the rich poetry of passages like the one just quoted, was never, and for good reason, a very popular novel, Mr. Hardy's Vergilian muse took a long rest. We suspect now, since the appearance of his latest and in some respects his profoundest work, that during these five years of seeming inactivity he was constantly brooding over a single theme. The outline sketches which he made from time to time, and certain of which he afterward collected and published as "A Group of Noble Dames," were many of them strikingly powerful, but all hard and bald, and some positively repulsive. He had, however, an ulterior design in view, and these preliminary studies and broad bits of charcoal practice were subservient to its execution. Hitherto Mr. Hardy had appeared to the world as an artist merely. If he glanced now and then at moral and social problems, he begged us to observe that it was in the interests of art he did so, that he disclaimed the didactic and emphatically waived discussion. But now, after these many years of labor as the most curious and conscientious of dilettanti, his attitude is abruptly changed. He comes down into the arena, proclaims a purpose, and adopts a cause. If in the few words we shall have space to say concerning "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" we consider it in the light of a tract rather than of a tale, it is because we are openly invited to do so by the novelist himself. In the subtitle, "A Pure Woman Faithfully Portrayed," he distinctly announces a Tendenz-Roman, and asks our assent or our objection to the pitying yet despairing theory of woman's place in the universe so passionately portrayed therein. His manner, which, as we have already seen, always rises with the seriousness of his subject, was never greater than here. The tale of Tess is told with a simple distinction of style not to be matched by any living writer of English, and hardly even in France, where the men who write well in these days are apt to be distressingly preoccupied with their own manner. The singular but perfectly plausible *donnée* of the story is clearly unfolded in the opening paragraph, and a visionary glimpse is afforded even there of the peculiarly tragic possibilities which it involves. The catastrophe of Tess's early fall is described with the utmost delicacy, leaving the reader as fully persuaded of her essential innocence as her biographer can ever have desired. From this point onward, through the nobly accepted humiliation of her first, almost superfluous, penance, through the insidious temptations of that idyllic life upon the dairy farm, through the cruel shock of her husband's contemptuous rejection, and the long drudgeries and manifold dangers encountered by the deserted wife, he bears her safely, reverently, all but triumphantly. The goal is close at hand where, in Mr. Hardy's own striking words concerning the Native, the fairest child of his fancy may grasp the supreme boon of *retreating from life without shame*. We are actually beginning to thank him for an enlarged perception of the moral possibilities of primitive womanhood. The interest of the narrative has been breathless all along; now, at its final crisis, our pulses begin to throb as though we were on the eve of some stupendous revelation. Has our pantheist and pessimist of other days, we ask, been transformed into the most powerful and penetrating of all the preachers of Neo-Christianity? Are we about to be told, at last, what the words were which Jesus "stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not"—the mystic import of

the divine sentence, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more"?

Alas! nothing of the sort. Mr. Hardy's conversion is no more authentic than Alec D'Urberville's own. Just when his noble work lacks naught but the finishing touch, he is seized by what looks like a paroxysm of blind rage against his own creation, and with one violent blow he destroys irreparably both its symmetry and its significance. There was no need to condemn the finest of his creations to an after-life of bourgeois security and prosperity as the wife of Angel Clare. That would have been at once too bad for her and too good for him. But surely a kindly, compassionate, natural death might have rescued Tess from her sharp dilemma at any one of the later turnings of her hunted way! Or, if not, she had still the last remedy in her own hand, and the daughter of the D'Urbervilles would never have lacked the courage to apply it. But from the moment when, despite the dreadful illumination of her experience, and the painfully acquired habit of heroic resistance, Tess yields a second time to the importunities of her first and now doubly repulsive seducer, the claim put forth for her by her historian upon his title-page is stultified; and artistically, no less than morally, his work lies in ruin. To call Tess "pure," after this, is a ferocious sarcasm. The first stain had been effaced by a purgatory of suffering; the second is indelible. The ghastly incidents crowded into the last pages of the book avail nothing. The murder and the scaffold are mere vulgar horrors, gratuitously insulting to the already outraged feelings of the deeply disappointed reader. They exceed the proper limit of tragedy, exciting neither "pity" nor "terror," but simply repugnance. No writer of our own gloomy time — I say it regretfully, and even resentfully — has grasped for one moment, only to wantonly fling away, a more sublime opportunity than Mr. Hardy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE OFFICIAL DEFENSE OF RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

A REPLY TO "A VOICE FOR RUSSIA."

HITHERTO, except for some unauthorized exploits in Parthian archery by the notorious "O. K.," official Russia has received in dogged silence the remonstrant appeals that have been made by the whole civilized world against Russia's treatment of her Jewish subjects. Since she first entered on the retrograde movement, some twelve years ago,— and vast have been the strides toward Torquemada in the interim,— Russia has pursued her path of more than medieval intolerance, unmoved either by the plaintive cries of her Jewish victims, or by the indignant protests of her Christian neighbors. But at last she has spoken. M. Pierre Botkine, signing as "Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington," has given, in his article "A Voice for Russia," in THE CENTURY for February, 1893, the official explanation why Russia has recently treated her Jews with barbarous cruelty, depriving them of all means of livelihood, hunting them like wild beasts from localities where they had previously an express or implicit right to dwell, closing all means of a liberal education or a professional career to them, and in general treating them as social pariahs without the common rights of humanity. M. Botkine's article explains at least one thing — the wisdom of the Russian officials in hitherto refraining from defending the indefensible. Even his skill in presenting his views cannot disguise the inherent weakness, or rather the utter vacuity, of his case. If official Russia has no better defense for her treatment of her Jews than M. Botkine's, we that defend the cause of justice and the Jews cannot wish anything better than that his wish may be fulfilled and "the other side be heard." Its presentation is its own condemnation, and it will need but few words of mine to deal adequately, if summarily, with each of M. Botkine's points, to which I entirely confine myself on the present occasion.

M. Botkine prefaces his defense with a general reference to the friendly relations between Russia and the United States. The international amenities of two states separated by some thousands of miles from each other are not likely to be disturbed, and are at best Platonic, while it is difficult to see how they bear on the question whether Russia has been harsh and unjust to her subjects. But M. Botkine can scarcely be said to flatter his American readers if he thinks to influence them by the quite unfounded assertion that Russia was "the first state to extend to the United States a brotherly hand." A secretary of legation should surely know that Catherine II. refused to recognize

the independence of the United States until almost all the states of Europe had done so. It does all the more credit to the inhabitants of the States that they have forgiven and forgotten their early rebuff, or did not let it affect their philanthropic readiness last year to assist the famine-stricken inhabitants of Russia with food. They would doubtless be gratified to be assured by M. Botkine that the portion of their gift that was allowed to reach its objects by the officials was not then used as a means of religious persecution by being denied to starving Catholics, Protestants, Stundists, and Jews until orthodox cravings had been stayed. But let this pass, together with the statements that the Russian peasantry are prospering under autocratic rule, and that there are fewer anarchists in Russia than anywhere else!

M. Botkine strikes the key-note of the official defense of Russian persecution with the statement that "the Hebrew question in Russia is neither religious nor political; it is purely an economical and administrative question." Political it certainly is not, though the fact that the Jews in Russia came to it as a "heritage from Poland" has not been without effect on their disabilities. But how can M. Botkine deny that these disabilities are religious ones, when by the mere process of conversion to the Orthodox Church they are each and every one of them removed? Is the law that allows a Jewish convert to desert his Jewish wife and marry again[1] economic or administrative? Are the special taxes on religious ceremonials merely economic? The Moscow Synagogue, one of the handsomest buildings in the city, has been closed by order of the governor, and its gates sealed and barred. Can it be contended by M. Botkine that this intolerant act has any esoteric economic motive? If the restrictive enactments against the Jews were against their economic pursuits, why are they not directly applied to all who pursue them in an undesirable manner? Even if the restrictions were for purely "economical and administrative" purposes, the mere fact that they are directed against Jews alone would constitute a gross violation of religious toleration.

At the end of his article M. Botkine repeats the astounding assertion that Russia offers complete religious toleration to all creeds except dissenters from the Orthodox Church; it would have been too barefaced to deny the persecution of the Stundists, which has thrilled Europe with horror. He points as proof to various synagogues and churches allowed to exist in St. Petersburg. He has, however, nothing to say of the way in which the Koran has been mutilated by the censors, and the protests of the Mohammedans against the indignity. He discreetly omits reference to the man-hunts of the Buddhists in Siberia, who are literally hounded into becoming Orthodox Christians. Why have Lutheran families been expelled from Kiev by hundreds on refusing to join the state religion, and German Protestants expelled in a similar manner from the Baltic provinces? Why have Roman Catholic convents been arbitrarily closed, and Roman Catholic priests prevented from preaching, if not for the purposes of a religious propagandism in favor of the Orthodox Church? The persecution of the Jews in Russia is only part of a general attack on all religions outside the state one, and is only more severe because the Jews are the most unprotected by public opinion or external allies. It is a matter of historical fact that the treatment of the Jews in the Czar's dominions varies directly with the degree of religious fanaticism prevalent among the ruling classes.

The persecution of the Jews by Russia — he grants the persecution — is not a religious one, says M. Botkine; it is directed against "Hebrew tendencies." The Jew, according to him, is "without a faculty for adapting himself to sympathy with people of the other race which surrounds him." "Que MM. les assassins commencent," as the wit replied to the plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Let Russia show some sympathy with her Jews, and she can count upon their loyalty and devotion as much as England and the United States can count upon the loyalty of English and American Jews. Russia cannot expect complete assimilation from men whom she treats with exceptional rigor, to whom she has devoted a whole code of restrictive laws, which fills a volume of 291 pages. Where the Jews are treated on equal terms, they soon show themselves ready to become in everything similar to the races that surround them, except only in the way in which they worship their Maker. Only two generations have elapsed since the rest of Europe removed from Jews similar restrictions, and there are nowadays thousands and thousands of Jews who are indistinguishable from the rest of their fellow-citizens in culture, in ideals, in devotion to the national welfare — in all except the fact that they attend synagogues on Saturdays instead of churches or chapels on Sundays.

Experience has thus shown the falsity of M. Botkine's contention of the want of assimilation in the Jewish character. Curiously enough, he himself affords us a further example of the same. In defending his country from the charge of cruelty in connection with the Siberian prisons, he uses the quaint argument that an English traveler found there, along with the

[1] Code of Civil Laws of the Russian Empire (ed. 1887), Part I, § 81.

political prisoners of both sexes, ruffians who would not have been suffered to exist in any other country of the world. I am not concerned with the argument, but with the English traveler, Mr. Julius M. Price, whose testimony M. Botkine quotes, obviously without being aware that Mr. Price is an English Jew of much distinction as a journalist and traveler. It is clear that Mr. Price has very successfully assimilated the English character, a possibility which M. Botkine denies while he quotes an English Jew as a typical Englishman. And so it is with thousands of other English and American Jews, descendants very often of Jews from Russia who found it impossible to endure the combined tyranny and intolerance of the Russian régime. If the Czar and his advisers followed the example of the rest of Europe, the next generation would see hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews as fully in sympathy with Russian ideals as Mr. Price is with English ones. I have shown elsewhere ("Studies in Jewish Statistics," 1890) that if Russia had been as tolerant to her Jewish subjects as the rest of Europe, she might have had some two hundred Jewish celebrities during the past century, including three or four of the caliber of Heinrich Heine or Lord Beaconsfield.

But what are the Hebrew qualities which the Russians find so unalterable and so objectionable that they have to take measures to prevent their becoming prominent in the empire? The only qualities he refers to are those of being "better educated and more thrifty" than the peasantry, and he can scarcely complain of these. He vaguely refers to "the Jewish influence becoming everywhere oppressive" to the peasantry, and he implies that the restrictive measures have been taken to prevent this state of things. Now, as a matter of fact, the vast majority of Russian Jews are hard-working artisans who do not come into contact with the peasantry at all. The oppression of the peasantry comes from the excessive taxation of the Government rather than from the village usurers, whether Jewish or Christian; and the Russian peasant, who is not so simple as he seems, prefers the Jew to the Christian money-lender. And statistics have amply proved that there is less drunkenness, crime, and misery generally in the provinces of Russia where Jews are forced to reside than in those where they are not allowed to contaminate the peasant by their presence. The recent famine, for example, was in districts far remote from the pale of Jewish settlement.[1]

It is indeed only an attempt to throw dust into the eyes of the American public to suggest that the recent expulsions were due to the benevolent desire of the Russian government to protect the peasantry from the oppression of the Jews. That could not have been the reason why they were heartlessly driven forth from Moscow in the bitter cold of the winter of 1891–92, when even soldiers were not allowed to drill in the open air. Nor could that have been the reason why the permission granted them by ex-Ministers Markoff and Tolstoy was withdrawn, and they were driven from the towns outside the pale of Jewish settlement to towns within it: peasants do not dwell in towns. Nor could the protection of the peasant be the reason why Jews are not allowed to become shareholders in commercial companies. The recent restrictions on Jewish education cannot be of much avail to protect the peasantry.

If it had been the purpose of the Czar and his advisers to assimilate the Jew and the peasant, they would not recently have put obstacles in the way of the Jews becoming agriculturists in separate colonies, where they could not interfere with the peasantry. Many thousands of these Jewish agriculturists exist in southern Russia, and have prospered and shown aptitude for agricultural pursuits for three generations.[2] It might have been thought that their rulers, who complain of their sole addiction to commercial pursuits, would have encouraged and promoted these colonies. Instead of any such encouragement, the following enactments show that the Russian government is determined to prevent the Jews from following any other pursuit than commerce:

> All laws which encourage Jews to follow agriculture are abolished, and special facilities have been given them for leaving the agricultural classes and entering others. The deduction of money from the Meat Tax for the emigration of agricultural Jews is stopped. The Jewish Agricultural Fund, which was deposited at the Chief Treasury by the Minister of Imperial Domains, and in the Odessa Treasury by the Kherson and Bessarabian Office of Imperial Domains, has been transferred to the Imperial Treasury. Settlement in Siberia for agriculture is prohibited to Jews.[3]

It is further suggested by the secretary of the Russian legation that the recent restrictive measures were taken as much in the interests of the Jews themselves as of the peasantry. The peasantry hunger for the blood of their oppressors, and the benevolent Government

[1] Jews are allowed to reside in only about one tenth of Russia — the fifteen governments that have been taken from Poland and Turkey. This is called the "pale of Jewish settlement."

[2] See W. N. Nikitin's "Jews as Agriculturists" (in Russian). St. Petersburg, 1887.

[3] Article 833, Part 2, Vol. 2, "Laws relating to Foreigners," published in 1886; Note 2 to Article 1, Appendix to Article 281, "Laws relating to Taxes"; Article 553, No. 62, "Law Code," published in 1887; and Article 978, Vol. 9, "Laws relating to Property."

has therefore thought it right, in the interests of both parties, to separate them by driving young Jewish maidens and little children through the snow and away from the towns where they had dwelt all their lives. So at least seems to run M. Botkine's argument. Now it is a fact that the peasants live on very good terms with the Jews, and do not need to be prevented from flying at their throats. There have recently been very few riots against the Jews, and when they occurred at Balta, Saratoff, and Starodub last year the authorities, far from repressing them, encouraged the rioters, if they did not actually initiate the riots. Thus at Balta the police urged on the people by telling them the Government had handed over the Jews' property to them, while the soldiery shared in the plunder. If the protection of the Jews were the object of the recent expulsions, why were they not resorted to twelve years ago, in 1881, when, owing to the culpable laxity of the Russian authorities, no fewer than 167 towns and villages of southern Russia were the scenes of violent attacks on Jewish life and property, and worse still, on the honor of Jewish women. The Government did nothing then to stop these outrages, till a meeting at the Mansion House in London drew the attention of all Europe to the criminal apathy of the Russian government.

M. Botkine quotes a recent law (December 9, 1891) by which a violent assault on a Jew is punished by exile to Siberia. It may be presumed that a violent attack on any one else is punished with equal severity, so that all the law proves is that previous to eighteen months ago such an attack on a Jew was not punished by Siberia. This accounts for the impunity with which the rioters of 1881 went about their work. It also confirms the apathy of the Russian officials, who let ten years pass before remedying the law. Thus the very example M. Botkine adduces to prove the paternal interest of the Russian government in its Jewish subjects proves quite the contrary. The whole attitude of his Government toward the Jews is enough to arouse ill-will against them. By making them out a separate class, the way is prepared for popular contempt and hatred—passions that are responsible for all the attacks made upon the unfortunate Israelites.

The official defender finally throws up the defense by declaring in so many words, "If we choose to treat our Jews so, it is no business of yours." It is "an interference with the internal affairs of another country." It is surely no breach of the comity of nations to point out cases of injustice which come under the notice of the other country, as they do by thousands in the United States. When one country treats some portion of its subjects so vilely that they are obliged to flee for refuge to another country, the latter has surely the right of inquiry, if not of protest. That the United States claims and exercises this right is proved by the harrowing report issued by the United States Commissioners on the causes which incite immigration to the United States, the chief cause being the intolerance of the Russian government.[1]

M. Botkine must indeed have little respect for the intelligence or knowledge of the American people if he thinks by arguments such as these to induce them to believe that the Russian persecution of the Jews is anything different from the stereotyped form of medieval religious intolerance. It is the brutal logic of such intolerance to degrade men by isolating them, by shutting to them the *carrière ouverte*, by marking them out for all men's scorn, and then to complain of the degradation they have themselves produced. It is the aim of such intolerance to produce a monotonous uniformity of belief and practice instead of the free development of individuality. All such attempts to cramp the human soul are foredoomed to failure. Unless the whole of the civilized world is at fault, unless all the lessons history has given of religious persecution and religious wars are at fault, Russia will never succeed in making her Jews Orthodox Christians, and can only inflict countless misery for no purpose, and with a prescience of its inutility.

In her attempts to crush the independence of the Hebrew, in her attempts to prevent the Russian Jew from worshiping his God after the dictates of his reason, Russia can find no sympathy in the United States. The germ of that mighty realm which now spreads peace and plenty from the Atlantic to the Pacific was formed by men who left their native country in order to preserve their liberty of conscience. Their sons have always preserved the right of religious freedom for those settled in the midst of them. They can have no sympathy for a government which places all manner of restrictions on the life of a Jew while he worships God as his forefathers have done for three thousand years, and removes them if he will but consent to join the Orthodox Church.

Joseph Jacobs,

Secretary of the Russo-Jewish Committee, London.

[1] "Report of the Commissioners of Immigration upon the Causes which incite Immigration to the United States." Washington, 1892, Government Printing Office.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

DEATH OF MODENA.

IN 1861 I visited Turin as first actor and manager of a company bearing my name. Hardly had I arrived in the city when the sad news came to me that Modena, my master, my second father, had ceased to live. I hurried to his house to render the last tribute of my affection. I had the honorable though mournful office of bearing on my shoulder, with three other faithful friends, the body of this distinguished man. That evening, as a slight tribute of grief, I had the theater closed, and I headed a subscription to a fund for the erection of a monument on the grave of the great patriot and artist, and all the members of my company contributed, of their own motion, a day's salary; in addition I gave a performance the proceeds of which were applied to the fund. It all footed up to a handsome sum, which was placed in the hands of a committee formed of the political friends of the dead man; and in addition to my collections this committee received many other liberal subscriptions from all the provinces of Italy.

Four years passed, and having occasion to write to Modena's widow to secure a manuscript of "Mahomet II." which belonged to my master, I asked her for news of the fund. Her answer ended as follows: "Never ask me again what has become of the money for the monument of my Gustavo; it is a sad and disgraceful story." And it is a disgrace to Italy that not yet has just honor been paid to the memory of that inimitable artist and distinguished patriot.

To return to the chronicle of my artistic career, in 1861 and 1862 my company was formed of chosen artists, such as Clementina Cazzola, Isolina Piamonti, my brother Alessandro Salvini, Guglielmo Privato, Gaetano Voller, Gaetano Coltellini, and Luigi Biagi. All my thought and activity were devoted to the direction of my artists, to train them to work together, to inspire them, so to speak, in such manner that our productions should be distinguished for the homogeneity, the precision, and the harmony of the rendering. I gave all my energy to the object of surpassing the various companies of highest rank which had deservedly acquired a stable renown; and without fear of contradiction I can say that in this I had satisfactory success, as was made plain by the size and contentment of our audiences.

FRIENDLY RIVALRIES IN NAPLES.

IN 1863 I filled a few short engagements with a company under the management of Antonio Stacchini, an excellent *genre* artist, and in the intervals of idleness I went for the first time to London to look over the ground, which seemed to me capable of giving a good harvest. I visited several theaters; but the only one which seemed to me at that time promising for an experiment with Italian drama was the St. James. But the demands of the agent of that house alarmed me. After having hunted through every corner of that vast city, I returned to Italy, disappointed as to my plans, but not discouraged. I happened to be at Leghorn for the sea-bathing when the leading actor Adamo Alberti, then manager of the Florentine Company in Naples, came there with the purpose of engaging me with Clementina Cazzola for his theater for three years.

Achille Majeroni, with Fanny Sadowsky and Luigi Taddei, left the Teatro dei Fiorentini to join the Teatro del Fondo, taking with them many of the patrician families who had been subscribers at the Fiorentini. The subscription-list at the Fondo reached the total of 130,000 lire, while ours was only 80,000. We had, however, great advantages over them in the novelty of our chief actress, Clementina Cazzola, and in our repertory of forty plays, which had never been given in Naples, and in which that admirable actress and I supported each other. Majeroni, taking advantage of the abolition of the censorship, began to offer to the public all the plays which had been placed on the index by the Bourbon government; these were not liked by the aristocratic society people, and they declared that they did not want any more of them. At the Fiorentini, on the contrary, all the new pieces were greeted with sympathy; and although our subscribers were few, the paying public crowded our house more every night. Our plays were free from all licentiousness and demagogism; they were chosen for their sentiment and literary worth, and the most fastidious audience could sit through them and experience nothing but

interest and pleasure. In Lent of 1865 the tables had been turned. The Fondo theater had 60,000 lire of subscriptions on its books, and we had 140,000. Not that the artists of their company were not excellent. Achille Majeroni was an actor of splendid physical and vocal gifts, and many of his rôles were played with rare ability; but he had the fault of being slightly monotonous in his cadences, and had a systematic evenness of intonation at the close of his periods which was unpleasant to the ear. Fanny Sadowsky maintained her high promise, and with her beauty and intelligence raised for herself a firm pedestal, upon which she stood like a statue of Canova, adorned with grace and feeling; but even she was affected by the same shortcomings as her colleague Majeroni. Luigi Taddei, a very celebrated comedian, in many ways recalled the talent of the great Luigi Vestri; but unfortunately he was compelled by a stroke of paralysis to leave the stage. To alleviate somewhat his unhappy financial condition, the artists of the Fondo and the Fiorentini joined forces, and gave a benefit to the excellent and unfortunate artist. The play was "Oreste," and it was given at the Teatro San Carlo, with a result at once honorable and lucrative. Our two rival companies kept up a constant exchange of courtesies; there was between us an emulation in civility and friendliness, and if there was rivalry, it was a rivalry without bitterness, or rancor, or self-assertion. Finally the Fondo company had to abandon the contest, and at the opening of the third year it left Naples for upper Italy. We were left undisputed masters of the field, and the Teatro dei Fiorentini was no longer able to hold the people who wanted to get in. At this time I gave Giacometti's "Morte Civile," and a little note sent to me by the celebrated author shall narrate for me what was my success. Here it is:

GAZZUOLO, December 3, 1864.

MY DEAR TOMMASO: Permit me affectionately to press your hand to thank you for the rehabilitation given to my "Morte Civile" by the power of your talent, at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, in face of the unfortunate outcome of the attempt a few evenings before at the Teatro del Fondo. If this may perhaps be counted as one among so many noble satisfactions which Art has honored herself by according to you, it is not less one for me also, with this difference, that I remain in it a debtor to your genius!

PAOLO GIACOMETTI.

We must make allowance for the joy of an author who has been applauded; it is nevertheless true that the "Morte Civile" was during the three years of my stay in Naples a necessary and safe complement to the repertory for every week.

HIS "OTHELLO" AT ITS BEST.

BEFORE giving "Othello" it was my wish to familiarize the Neapolitan public with a class of works foreign to that which had previously been seen on the boards of that theater. I had already played Voltaire's "Zaïre" several times, and other plays characterized by vehemence of passion, and it seemed to me that the time had come to try the effect of the implacable *Moor of Venice* upon my audience. It is very seldom that I have attained satisfaction with myself in that rôle; I may say that in the thousands of times that I have played it I can count on the fingers of one hand those when I have said to myself, "I can do no better," and one of those times was when I gave it at the Teatro dei Fiorentini. It seemed that evening as if an electric current connected the artist with the public. Every sensation of mine was transfused into the audience; it responded instantaneously to my sentiment, and manifested its perception of my meanings by a low murmuring, by a sustained tremor. There was no occasion for reflection, nor did the people seek to discuss me; all were at once in unison and concord. Actor, *Moor*, and audience felt the same impulse, were moved as one soul. I cannot describe the cries of enthusiasm which issued from the throats of those thousands of persons in exaltation, or the delirious demonstrations which accompanied those scenes of love, jealousy, and fury; and when the shocking catastrophe came, when the *Moor*, recognizing that he has been deceived, cuts short his days, so as not to survive the anguish of having slain the guiltless *Desdemona*, a chill ran through every vein, and, as if the audience had been stricken dumb, ten seconds went by in absolute silence. Then came a tempest of cries and plaudits, and countless summonses before the curtain. When the demonstration was ended, the audience passed out amid an indistinct murmur of voices, and collected in groups of five, eight, or twelve everywhere in the neighborhood of the theater; then, reunited as if by magnetic force, they came back into the theater, demanded the relighting of the footlights, and insisted that I should come on the stage again, though I was half undressed, to receive a new ovation. This unparalleled and spontaneous demonstration is among the most cherished memories of my career, for it ranks among such as an artist rarely obtains.

A SCENE AT THE DANTE CENTENARY.

IN 1865 a celebration of the sixth centenary of the divine poet was organized in Florence, and the municipality invited me, with Adelaide Ristori, Ernesto Rossi, and Gaetano Gat-

tinelli, to illustrate some tableaux-vivants by reciting the original lines of Dante. The choice was left to me, and I selected the first and the thirty-third canto of the "Inferno"; I was asked besides to recite a part of the ninth canto of the "Purgatorio," the description of the Gate of Paradise. At that time I was president of a society of mutual succor for Italian dramatic artists, which I had myself founded in Naples, and which was in a very prosperous state. I took with me to Florence the banner of my society, that it might figure among those of other associations of Italy. In the procession there were united with me as representatives of the dramatic art, besides the artists I have named, more than a hundred others, among them many comedians. Our beautiful banner, designed by the celebrated painter Morelli, as well as the reunion of so many representatives of our art, made a pleasing impression on the public, which had assembled from all Italy, and our passage in the procession was especially distinguished by loud applause. On the evening of the tableaux Ristori, Rossi, and Gattinelli were admirable. The Teatro Pagliano presented a truly imposing spectacle. King Victor Emmanuel, the senate, the ambassadors, the ministers, the army, the courts, the arts, industry, commerce, in a word, every caste of society was represented, and that great house was too small to hold the immense crowd which packed itself uselessly about the doors of the theater in the vain hope of enjoying the spectacle. As the reciter of the first canto, I was naturally the first to present myself on the stage. My entrance was greeted with sympathetic applause. When I reached the point where the divine poet symbolizes in the wolf the Roman Curia, and says:

> Molti son gli animali a cui s'ammoglia
> E più saranno ancora, finchè l'Veltro
> Verrà, che la farà morir di doglia![1]

I looked fixedly at the king, and stood for several seconds without speaking. The audience caught the allusion on the instant, and a storm of applause burst out as if it would never stop. I believe that Victor Emmanuel at that moment would have preferred to be at the hunt rather than in the theater. The people persisted in their applause and in crying: "Viva il Re! Viva l'Italia!" His Majesty did not understand, or did not wish to understand, the allusion which had aroused this enthusiasm, and hesitated for a time, but at last he was compelled to rise, and with appearance of great excitement thanked the people several times. The applause was so tremendous that I thought the theater would fall about my ears.

[1] Many are the animals with which she wives, and there shall be more yet, till the Hound shall come that will make her die of grief.—C. E. NORTON.

A MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE WITH RISTORI.

To my pleasure in having given occasion to that political demonstration was added another on the two nights of that same occasion when the tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini" was given at the Teatro Niccolini before houses of equal quality to that of the Dante recitations at the Pagliano. Adelaide Ristori was *Francesca*, Ernesto Rossi was *Paolo*, Lorenzo Piccinini was *Guido da Polenta*, Antonio Bozzo was the *Page*, and I filled the part of *Lanciotto*. Adelaide Ristori did not fall behind her world-wide fame; Ernesto Rossi surpassed himself, and that is not saying little; Lorenzo Piccinini was acclaimed; and they say that my success was a revelation. The betrayed husband of *Francesca* had had until then interpreters who had not brought out the loftiness of that generous, loyal, and loving nature; he had generally been conceived as a stern, tyrannical, and vindictive husband, and the character had been played by artists accustomed to depict the most revolting characters. I made him an affectionate husband, worthy of pity in his misfortune, and torn by anguish in the just recriminations which he hurls at the guilty pair, and the public felt sympathy with the afflicted husband and betrayed prince, and disapproval, blame, and condemnation for his betrayers. It seemed to me that I had penetrated to the moral of the tragedy. It was not for nothing that Dante placed adulterers in the circle of the tormented. The new interpretation of this part spread very quickly among cultivators of the Italian stage, and I received warm felicitations even from persons who were not known to me. At the end of the third act Adelaide Ristori gave me a kiss of admiration. At the end of the fourth the public, which by etiquette had been constrained to silence, called my companions and me many times before the curtain, and when the tragedy was completed it seemed as though the ovation would never stop, and we were obliged to repeat the play on the following night to content those who had not been able to obtain tickets for the first night. A marble slab in the vestibule of the pit commemorates in letters of gold this eventful performance.

After a few days I returned to Naples, and when I appeared again on the stage my return was applauded as a son is greeted when he comes back to his family—a most unusual thing in the theaters of Naples. The government had named me by decree a Knight of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and the artists of the Fiorentini company united in a subscrip-

tion to present me with the cross, bearing the following inscription on the back:

TO TOMMASO SALVINI,
PRINCE OF THE STAGE,
HIS COMPANIONS IN ART.

You can imagine how pleased I was with this amiable proof of esteem and affection offered to me by my brothers in art.

AN AMENDE FROM PRINCE HUMBERT.

IN 1863, while I was with the manager Antonio Stacchino, we had occasion to play a few times at the Teatro Carcano in Milan. One evening Humbert of Savoy, the son of Victor Emmanuel, who was sojourning at Monza, came and stayed through the whole play. As I was on the point of going on the stage for the fourth act, an aide-de-camp of the prince, who is now a general, handed me a package, and said, "In the name of His Royal Highness." I thanked him hastily, put the package in my pocket, and went on to proceed with the act. When I came off I hurried to my dressing-room and undid the packet, expecting to find some souvenir; but it was money—ten napoleons in gold. I confess that at sight of it my pride was wounded. What was I to do? I did not care to refuse the gift, as I had done some time before with the Prince of Carignan, for fear of offending the son of our great king; therefore I decided to keep the money, hoping that the future would give me an opportunity to clear myself of the suspicion of being a venal artist. In 1865 and 1866 I had the pleasure of enjoying the acquaintance of the estimable wife of Senator Vigliani, who was then prefect at Naples, an Englishwoman, highly educated, and an impassioned admirer of Shakspere. In the course of my visits I took occasion to refer to what had happened at Milan, and to express my sense of injury. The high-spirited lady was surprised, and seemed even to show real regret, and I could not doubt that she would speak of it to some frequenter of the prince's court. One day when I was on the terrace of the prefecture with many gentlemen and ladies who had been invited to watch the passages of the masks, for it was carnival time, the same officer who had placed the packet in my hands in Milan, and with whom I was on the footing of acquaintanceship, came to my side and said, "Salvini, when do you take your benefit?" "Some night before long," I answered. "Let me know when the time comes," said he; "for His Royal Highness desires to be present." I announced "Francesca da Rimini" for my benefit, and the Prince, punctually, as is the habit in the House of Savoy, came to the theater. On the morrow I received the following letter:

MOST ESTEEMED SIR: His Royal Highness was greatly interested by the performance which took place yesterday evening, 16th instant, at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, and in which you gave new evidence of your powerful dramatic genius. The august Prince is full of admiration for an artist who has had the ability to raise himself to your well-merited fame, and, desiring to give you a sincere attestation of his particular esteem, he has taken satisfaction in intrusting to me the pleasant charge of presenting to you in his august name the pin in brilliants which I transmit to you with this note. It is a pleasure to me to be the interpreter of the kind feelings of His Royal Highness toward you; and I take advantage of the opportunity to assure you of my own very high consideration. The Major-General, 1st aide-de-camp. REVEL.

I opened the inclosure, and discovered on the pin beneath the royal crown the letters "U. S.," for Umberto Savoja. The Prince had had the delicacy to compensate me with usury for a mistake, very probably not his own; and I could do no less than exclaim in my heart: "Viva Umberto! Viva l'Arte!"

At this time it was my misfortune to see my illustrious and beloved colleague Clementina Cazzola waste away from day to day in the clutches of an incurable disease. The doctors pronounced that if the good creature persisted in the exercise of her art she would shorten her life, and she was constrained to retire from the stage in the hope that rest and quiet would conjure away the menace to her health. In her absence the whole weight of artistic responsibility at the Teatro dei Fiorentini fell upon me, and I put forth every effort of which I was capable to make the loss to the management as light as possible. I was obliged to feign satisfaction while my heart was full of pain, and this throughout two years. I sought to quench my trials in my art, and while I was struggling between laughter and tears, art found profit in the combination of emotions due to my afflicted state. In that year, 1866, Paolo Giacometti delivered to me the tragedy of "Sofocle," which I had suggested to him, and in studying that sublime character I perceived that with the death of the protagonist I could identify my own afflicting position. *Sofocle* dies at the moment when the crown of olive decreed by the Greek senate is brought to him, and when his sons return from the field to announce to him that the haughty *Alcibiade*, out of respect for the grand tragic poet, renounces his intended destruction of the necropolis where repose his ancestors; thus *Sofocle* is happy with the assurance of resting with his own. He dies surrounded by his family, honored and acclaimed by his fellow-citizens, while his nephew

with his lyre chants in his stead the pæan, the sacred hymn to the fatherland. He dies following the strains of that melody, unconsciously moving his fingers, and fancying that it is he who is singing the hymn of Athens to his lyre; he dies with a smile on his lips, with joy in his heart — but he dies! I too smiled, but in place of joy I had death in my heart. I too sang the hosanna, but the "De Profundis" held my soul. I too was filled with joy from the love and acclaim of my countrymen; and the relative positions of the Hellenic poet and the Italian tragedian were so closely parallel that my rendering of his emotions could not but be true. A letter from the author, which I have preserved, will tell more eloquently than I could the effect produced by the play and its interpretation:

My dear Tommaso: Thank you, my friend, for the fine account which you have kindly given me of the outcome of my "Sofocle"; thank you for the papers you have sent me, from which I should have formed an idea, if your letter had not been enough, of the reception given to my piece as well as of your sublimity in acting it. I have not seen you, and who can tell when I shall see you, in the guise of the Homer of tragedy, and I am extremely sorry for it; for if I had been present at the play I should have enjoyed one of those moments which are perhaps the only happy ones in an author's life, and I should have imprinted a fraternal kiss upon your forehead, which is glorified by the flame of genius. When an author offers his creation to an artist, and this artist who is to bring it before the world of letters receives it with a religious respect, meditates it, and magnifies it, he acquires a sacred claim to the esteem and affection of the poet. To your worthy colleagues who, so far as I have seen by the accounts, have seconded you admirably well, I beg that you will give assurance of my gratitude. You did well to suppress a few verses which might have proved a clog upon the action or an obstacle to your conception; and as to your idea of having a string of the lyre snap as *Sofocle* dies, there could be nothing either more opportune or more poetic: I compliment you upon it. I send you a kiss; and receive from my wife, with her most distinguished service, her grateful appreciation of the success of "Sofocle." Yours always,

Paolo Giacometti.

Gazzuolo, April 10, 1866.

Nothing worthy of telling happened to me in 1867. At the head of a company of artists of medium ability I traveled through the Italian cities, finding everywhere the sympathy of the public; this was satisfying to my pride, but the alarming condition of my excellent colleague overwhelmed the triumphs of the artist. In 1868 I continued in the management of my company with Virginia Marini as first actress, who in 1864, 1865, and 1866 had been with us at Naples, under my direction and the counsels of Clementina Cazzola. She had an iron will, unwearying application to study, surprising native talent, with a sympathetic and harmonious voice, which caused to be overlooked her defect of unconscious imitation.

SALVINI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

In the summer of 1868 I was at the Politeama Theater in Florence with Virginia Marini. Florence was then the provisional capital of the kingdom, and from King Victor Emmanuel down all the notabilities of Italy had a standing appointment to meet in the evening at the Politeama. The king seemed to take much interest in my playing, for he did not stay away a single night. I have been asked which rôles seemed to appeal most to him; they were *Ingomar* in the "Figlio delle Selve," *Sansone* in the tragedy of the same name, and *Van Bruch* in "Giosuè il Guardacoste,"—three strong, ardent, robust, loyal characters. It seemed as if he mirrored himself in them; and when I passed near the royal box after having saluted the public I would hear the voice of a stentor shout, "Bravo! Bravo!" It was the king.

One evening, perhaps more pleased than usual, he took from his finger a diamond ring, and commissioned the Marchese di Brem to bring it to me on the stage. The marquis said to me: "His Majesty begs you to accept this reminder of his royal admiration. You must prize it, for he has worn it for five years." A few days after this, at nine o'clock one morning, my servant came to my bedroom and told me that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who desired to speak to me at once. I was a little vexed, and I said: "How? At this time of the morning? But I am still in bed." Then I heard a voice calling from the next room: "Excuse me, Salvini; I am the Marchese di Brem, and I come from the king to say to you that his Majesty wishes to see you at once at the Pitti. Dress yourself as fast as you can, and I will wait at your door with the carriage." So I put on my dress-coat, and went to the palace. The marquis accompanied me to the royal antechamber, where I found many people awaiting audience, and, informing me that the officer on duty would call my name, he left me with the words, "I warn you that His Majesty takes you for a republican."

Among those who were waiting there were many diplomatists, officers of rank, the Genoese sculptor Varni, whom I knew, and a pretty young girl who did not mingle with the others, and whom I expected would be summoned first before the king. Soon two generals whose names I forget came out of the royal apartments, and I heard my name spoken by the officer at the door. I advanced to the

door of the first room, after which there were five others to traverse before reaching His Majesty; and I saw at the end of the vista, as in a picture framed by the five doors, the form of Victor Emmanuel, who awaited my approach with legs and feet joined, and his hands in the pockets of his wide trousers. When I reached the threshold of the last door, I halted, and in the position and with the military salute of a veteran, I said, "Your Majesty!" The king advanced toward me, and, extending his hand cordially, said:

"My dear Salvini, I am very glad to see you and to know you personally."

"Your Majesty," said I, "I am greatly flattered by the honor which Your Majesty does me."

"My dear Salvini," said His Majesty, "a man of *your* merit flatters other people by his acquaintance." He took two cigars and offered one to me. "Do you smoke?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. But I am an old corporal, and smoke only Tuscan cigars."

"Light this one and tell me what you think of it." He lighted a match and handed it to me to light a great Havana cigar; then he lighted his own and approached a window looking out on the Boboli Gardens. "I wanted to tell you how much I admire you as an artist. You are a republican, are you not?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. But when there are kings who are loyal, warlike, and honorable, like you, it is possible to be a constitutionalist."

"Thanks; thanks. It is very true that I live only for my nation. The battle-field is the post of my predilection. Politics cut the grass under my feet; and sometimes, just as you say in the 'Figlio delle Selve,' 'I could rend the world,' I could rend the walls of my room. And I do not think that you have been a flatterer in calling me 'Re Galantuomo.' It seems to me that I am in truth that; but I could equally be a loyal president of your republic if I were not under the obligation of preserving a crown which has been transmitted to me, and which dates from centuries."

"Your Majesty, no one contests that obligation; but even if it were a burden for you, with your loyalty you would sustain it easily."

"Thanks; thanks. For that matter, loyalty is traditional in the House of Savoy; it is in the blood, and I have no merit in observing it and in causing it to be maintained."

Up to this point all the words of the dialogue, spoken as we were both leaning on the front of the window, remain as if inscribed in my memory, and I can be sure of their exactitude. I made several attempts to draw the conversation upon the needs of art, the necessity of providing for its restoration; but when I sought to express my views, the king answered that the theater could not deteriorate since it had representatives like me, that my name was an honor to the country, that artists must spring up from my example; in fine, with these praises he closed my mouth, and went back to politics. Among very many expressions which have escaped my mind one has remained with me, and its intimation has come true: that he would be content to die on the day when he had been able to set his foot in Rome. Can you, dear reader, tell me the motive of this frankness, of these royal confidences, to me, a dramatic artist? I have not yet succeeded in explaining it. Perhaps, under the impression of the strong and generous characters that I had been playing, he fancied that he was opening his mind to *Sansone*, to *Ingomar*, or to *Van Bruch;* and when, in my hints about the needs of art, he was brought back to the prosaic Salvini, he changed the subject to get back to the atmosphere which gave him pleasure. A good hour had passed, and my cigar was nearly finished, when I permitted myself to deplore the fate of the persons who on my account were waiting in the antechamber. Victor Emmanuel answered me: "Let them wait. You are certainly more occupied than they, and I do not believe that for that you wish to go away so soon." "I will go away," I answered, "when Your Majesty gives me the command." Upon this he approached the writing-table, and taking up a packet, gave it to me, with the words: "Take this. I want you to have a souvenir of our acquaintance, and I hope that this will not be the last time that I shall have the pleasure of talking with you. I salute you." He again held out his hand to me, and I went away, saying: "I am at the orders of Your Majesty." When I had reached the second room, I heard a loud ringing, and while the officer on service was advancing to the king, Victor Emmanuel called out behind me: "I shall see you this evening," informing me thus that he would come to the Politeama. I went back to my house charmed with the affable, frank, and familiar manner of the "Re Galantuomo." I opened the parcel which he had given me, and in it was a box with the royal cipher containing the cross of Officer of the Crown of Italy. A few days afterward a very different cross was fixed in my heart, a cross of strife and of mourning — Clementina Cazzola was dead!

Tommaso Salvini.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

TOMMASO SALVINI AS MARCO CRALIEVICH.

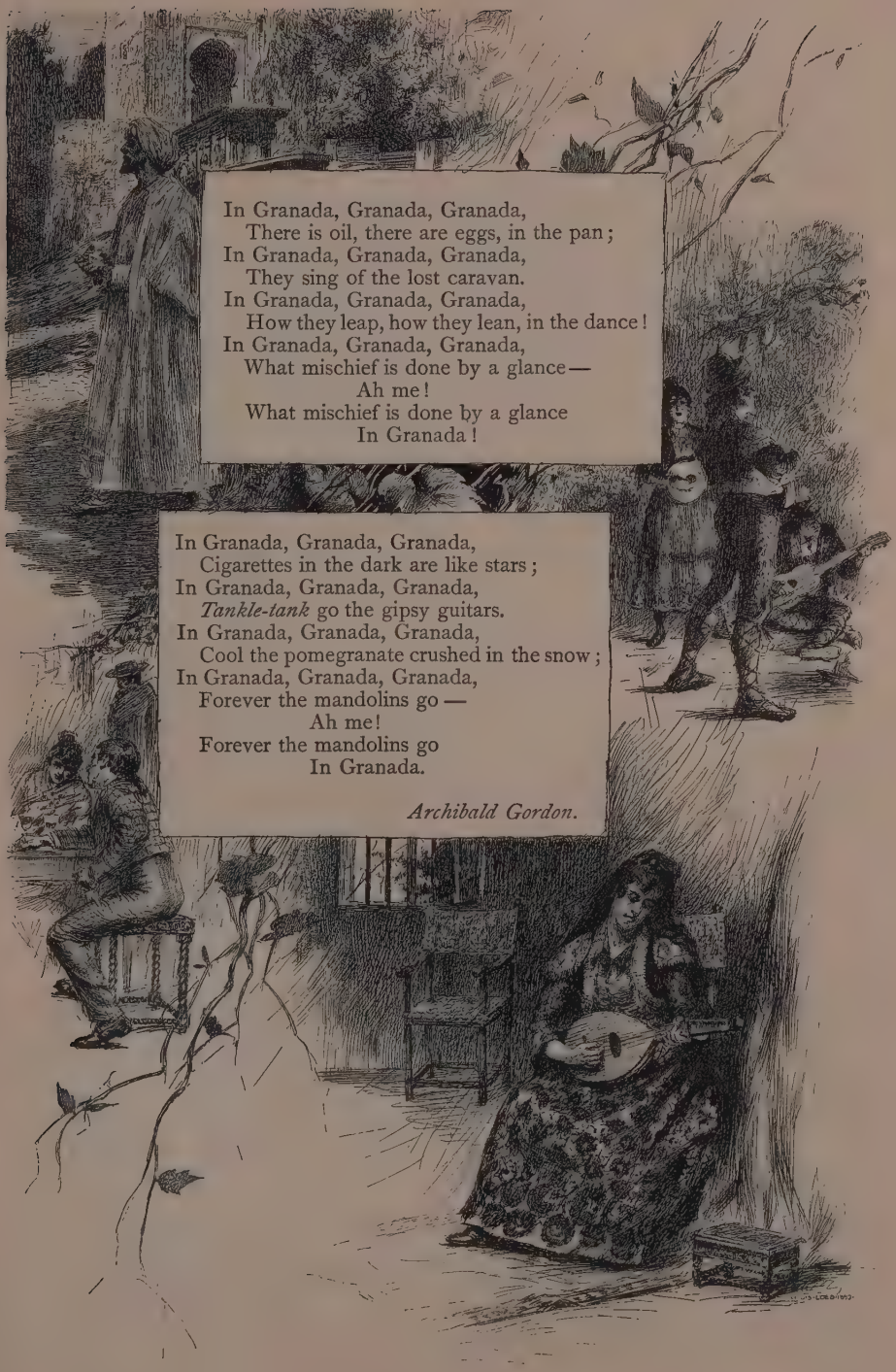
·IN·GRANADA·

·A·SONG·OF·EXILE·

IN Granada, Granada, Granada,
The contrabandista finds cheer;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There 's a smile for the tall muleteer.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Sweet the jessamine under the stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Fair the face is that looks through the bars—
Ah me!
Fair the face is that looks through the bars
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Red the grape is that grows on the vine;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How the pigskins are bursting with wine!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Clap-a-clap goes the black castanet;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They 're twanging the mandolins yet—
Ah me!
They 're twanging the mandolins yet
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Every moonlight a Moor in the shade,
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Laments for a Christian maid.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love and hate have the making of life;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love laughs with a grip on the knife—
Ah me!
Love laughs with a grip on the knife
In Granada!



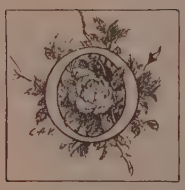
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There is oil, there are eggs, in the pan;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They sing of the lost caravan.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How they leap, how they lean, in the dance!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
What mischief is done by a glance—
Ah me!
What mischief is done by a glance
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cigarettes in the dark are like stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Tankle-tank go the gipsy guitars.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cool the pomegranate crushed in the snow;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Forever the mandolins go—
Ah me!
Forever the mandolins go
In Granada.

Archibald Gordon.

BALCONY STORIES.

ANNE MARIE AND JEANNE MARIE.



OLD Jeanne Marie leaned her hand against the house, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. She had not wept since she buried her last child. With her it was one trouble, one weeping, no more; and her wrinkled, hard, polished skin so far had known only the tears that come after death. The trouble in her heart now was almost exactly like the trouble caused by death; although she knew it was not so bad as death, yet, when she thought of this to console herself, the tears rolled all the faster. She took the end of the red cotton kerchief tied over her head, and wiped them away; for the furrows in her face did not merely run up and down — they ran in all directions, and carried her tears all over her face at once. She could understand death, but she could not understand this.

It came about in this way: Anne Marie and she lived in the little red-washed cabin against which she leaned; had lived there alone with each other for fifty years, ever since Jeanne Marie's husband had died, and the three children after him, in the fever epidemic.

The little two-roomed cabin, the stable where there used to be a cow, the patch of ground planted with onions, had all been bought and paid for by the husband; for he was a thrifty, hard-working Gascon, and had he lived there would not have been one better off, or with a larger family, either in that quarter or in any of the red-washed suburbs with which Gascony has surrounded New Orleans. His women, however,— the wife and sister-in-law,— had done their share in the work: a man's share apiece, for with the Gascon women there is no discrimination of sex when it comes to work.

And they worked on just the same after he died, tending the cow, digging, hoeing, planting, watering. The day following the funeral, by daylight Jeanne Marie was shouldering around the yoke of milk-cans to his patrons, while Anne Marie carried the vegetables to market; and so on for fifty years.

They were old women now,— seventy-five years old,— and, as they expressed it, they had always been twins. In twins there is always one lucky and one unlucky one: Jeanne Marie was the lucky one, Anne Marie the unlucky one. So much so, that it was even she who had to catch the rheumatism, and to lie now bedridden, months at a time, while Jeanne Marie was as active in her sabots as she had ever been.

In spite of the age of both, and the infirmity of one, every Saturday night there was some little thing to put under the brick in the hearth, for taxes, and license, and the never-to-be-forgotten funeral provision. In the husband's time gold pieces used to go in, but they had all gone to pay for the four funerals and the quadrupled doctor's bill. The women laid in silver pieces; the coins, however, grew smaller and smaller, and represented more and more not so much gained from onions as so much saved from food.

It had been explained to them how they might, all at once, make a year's gain in the lottery; and it had become their custom always, at the end of every month, to put aside one silver coin apiece, to buy a lottery ticket with — one ticket each, not for the great, but for the twenty-five-cent, prizes. Anne Marie would buy hers round about the market; Jeanne Marie would stop anywhere along her milk course and buy hers, and they would go together in the afternoon to stand with the little crowd watching the placard upon which the winning numbers were to be written. And when they were written, it was curious, Jeanne Marie's numbers would come out twice as often as Anne Marie's. Not that she ever won anything, for she was not lucky enough to have them come out in the order to win; they only came out here and there, singly: but it was sufficient to make old Anne Marie cross and ugly for a day or two, and injure the sale of the onion-basket. When she became bedridden, Jeanne Marie bought the ticket for both, on the numbers, however, that Anne Marie gave her; and Anne Marie had to lie in bed and wait, while Jeanne Marie went out to watch the placard.

One evening, watching it, Jeanne Marie saw the ticket-agent write out the numbers as they came on her ticket, in such a way that they drew a prize — forty dollars.

When the old woman saw it she felt such a happiness, just as she used to feel in the old times right after the birth of a baby. She thought of that instantly. Without saying a word to any one, she clattered over the *banquette* as fast as she could in her sabots, to tell the good news to Anne Marie. But she did not go so fast as not to have time to dispose of her

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"THIS TIME WE HAVE CAUGHT IT!"

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

forty dollars over and over again. Forty dollars! That was a great deal of money. She had often in her mind, when she was expecting a prize, spent twenty dollars; for she had never thought it could be more than that. But forty dollars! A new gown apiece, and black silk kerchiefs to tie over their heads instead of red cotton, and the little cabin new red-washed, and soup in the pot, and a garlic sausage, and a bottle of good, costly liniment for Anne Marie's legs; and still a pile of gold to go under the hearth-brick — a pile of gold that would have made the eyes of the defunct husband glisten.

She pushed open the picket-gate, and came into the room where her sister lay in bed.

"Eh, Anne Marie, my girl," she called in her thick, pebbly voice, apparently made purposely to suit her rough Gascon accent; "this time we have caught it!"

"Whose ticket?" asked Anne Marie, instantly.

In a flash all Anne Marie's ill luck ran through Jeanne Marie's mind: how her promised husband had proved unfaithful, and Jeanne Marie's faithful; and how, ever since, even to the coming out of her lottery numbers, even to the selling of vegetables, even to the catching of the rheumatism, she had been the loser. But above all, as she looked at Anne Marie in the bed, all the misery came over Jeanne Marie of her sister's not being able, in all her poor old seventy-five years of life, to remember the pressure of the arms of a husband about her waist, nor the mouth of a child on her breast.

As soon as Anne Marie had asked her question, Jeanne Marie answered it.

"But your ticket, *Coton-Maï!*"[1]

"Where? Give it here! Give it here!" The old woman, who had not been able to move her back for weeks, sat bolt upright in bed, and stretched out her great bony fingers, with the long nails as hard and black as rake-prongs from groveling in the earth.

Jeanne Marie poured the money out of her cotton handkerchief into them.

Anne Marie counted it, looked at it; looked at it, counted it; and if she had not been so old, so infirm, so toothless, the smile that passed over her face would have made it beautiful.

Jeanne Marie had to leave her to draw water from the well to water the plants, and to get her vegetables ready for next morning. She felt even happier now than if she had just had a child, happier even than if her husband had just returned to her.

"Ill luck! *Coton-Maï!* Ill luck! There 's a way to turn ill luck!" And her smile also should have beautified her face, wrinkled and ugly though it was.

She did not think any more of the spending of the money, only of the pleasure Anne Marie would take in spending it.

The water was low in the well, and there had been a long drought. There are not many old women of seventy-five who could have watered so much ground as abundantly as she did; but whenever she thought of the forty dollars and Anne Marie's smile, she would give the thirsting plant an extra bucketful.

The twilight was gaining. She paused. "*Coton-Maï!*" she exclaimed aloud. "But I must see the old woman smile again over her good luck."

Although it was "my girl" face to face, it was always "the old woman" behind each other's back.

There was a knot-hole in the plank walls of the house. In spite of Anne Marie's rheumatism they would never stop it up, needing it, they said, for light and air. Jeanne Marie slipped her feet out of her sabots and crept easily toward it, smiling, and saying "*Coton-Maï!*" to herself all the way. She put her eye to the hole. Anne Marie was not in the bed, she who had not left her bed for two months! Jeanne Marie looked through the dim light of the room until she found her.

Anne Marie, in her short petticoat and nightsack, with bare legs and feet, was on her knees in the corner, pulling up a plank, hiding — peasants know hiding when they see it — hiding her money away — away — away from whom? — muttering to herself and shaking her old gray-haired head. Hiding her money away from Jeanne Marie!

And this was why Jeanne Marie leaned her head against the side of the house and wept. It seemed to her that she had never known her twin sister at all.

A CRIPPLED HOPE.

You must picture to yourself the quiet, dim-lighted room of a convalescent; outside, the dreary, bleak days of winter in a sparsely settled, distant country parish; inside, a slow, smoldering log fire, a curtained bed, the infant sleeping well enough, the mother wakeful, restless, thought-driven, as a mother must be, unfortunately, nowadays, particularly in that parish, where cotton worms and overflows have acquired such a monopoly of one's future.

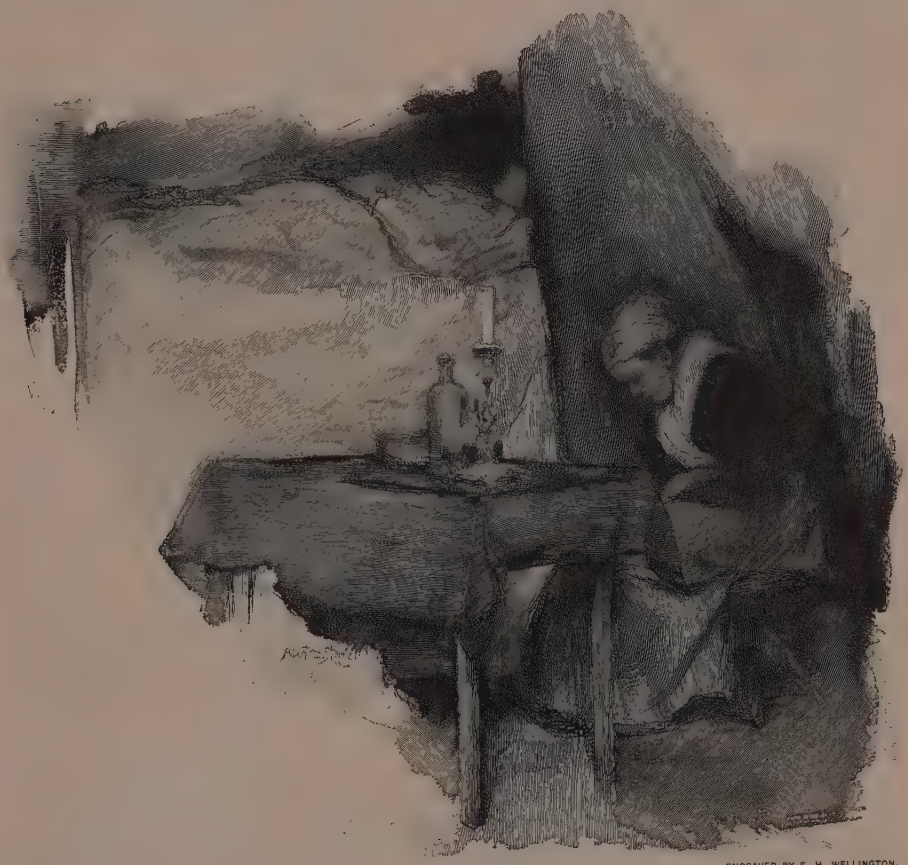
God is always pretty near a sick woman's couch; but nearer even than God seems the sick-nurse — at least in that part of the country, under those circumstances. It is so good to look

[1] *Coton-Maï* is an innocent oath invented by the good, pious priest as a substitute for one more harmful.

through the dimness and uncertainty, moral and physical, and to meet those little black, steadfast, all-seeing eyes; to feel those smooth, soft, all-soothing hands; to hear, across one's sleep, that three-footed step — the flat-soled left foot, the tiptoe right, and the padded end of the broomstick; and when one is so wakeful and restless and thought-driven, to have an-

punishment, until the dislocation became irremediable. All the animosity of which little Mammy was capable centered upon this unknown but never-to-be-forgotten mother of hers; out of this hatred had grown her love — that is, her destiny, a woman's love being her destiny. Little Mammy's love was for children.

The birth and infancy (the one as accidental



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE QUIET, DIM-LIGHTED ROOM OF A CONVALESCENT."

other's story given one. God, depend upon it, grows stories and lives as he does herbs, each with a mission of balm to some woe.

She said she had, and in truth she had, no other name than "little Mammy"; and that was the name of her nature. Pure African, but bronze rather than pure black, and full-sized only in width, her growth having been hampered as to height by an injury to her hip, which had lamed her, pulling her figure awry, and burdening her with a protuberance of the joint. Her mother caused it by dropping her when a baby, and concealing it, for fear of

as the other, one would infer) took place in — it sounds like the "Arabian Nights" now! — took place in the great room, caravansary, stable, behind a negro-trader's auction-mart, where human beings underwent literally the daily buying and selling of which the world now complains in a figure of speech — a great, square, dusty chamber where, sitting cross-legged, leaning against the wall, or lying on foul blanket pallets on the floor, the bargains of to-day made their brief sojourn, awaiting transformation into the profits of the morrow.

The place can be pointed out now, is often

pointed out; but no emotion arises at sight of it. It is so plain, so matter-of-fact an edifice that emotion only comes afterward in thinking about it, and then in the reflection that such an edifice could be, then as now, plain and matter-of-fact.

For the slave-trader there was no capital so valuable as the physical soundness of his stock; the moral was easily enough forged or counterfeited. Little Mammy's good-for-nothing mother was sold as readily as a vote, in the parlance of to-day; but no one would pay for a crippled baby. The mother herself would not have taken her as a gift, had it been in the nature of a negro-trader to give away anything. Some doctoring was done,—so little Mammy heard traditionally,—some effort made to get her marketable. There were attempts to pair her off as a twin sister of various correspondencies in age, size, and color, and to palm her off, as a substitute, at migratory, bereaved, overfull breasts. Nothing equaled a negro-trader's will and power for fraud, except the hereditary distrust and watchfulness which it bred and maintained. And so, in the even balance between the two categories, the little cripple remained a fixture in the stream of life that passed through that back room, in the fluxes and refluxes of buying and selling; not valueless, however—rely upon a negro-trader for discovering values as substitutes, as panaceas. She earned her nourishment, and Providence did not let it kill the little animal before the emancipation of weaning arrived.

How much circumstances evoked, how much instinct responded, belongs to the secrets which nature seems to intend keeping. As a baby she had eyes, attention, solely for other babies. One cannot say while she was still crawling, for she could only crawl years after she should have been walking, but, before even precocious walking-time, tradition or the old gray-haired negro janitor relates, she would creep from baby to baby to play with it, put it to sleep, pat it, rub its stomach (a negro baby, you know, is all stomach, and generally aching stomach at that). And before she had a lap, she managed to force one for some ailing nursling. It was then that they began to call her "little Mammy." In the transitory population of the "pen" no one stayed long enough to give her another name; and no one

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

"LITTLE MAMMY."

ever stayed short enough to give her another one.

Her first recollection of herself was that she could not walk — she was past crawling; she cradled herself along, as she called sitting down flat, and working herself about with her hands and her one strong leg. Babbling babies walked all around her,— many walking before they babbled,— and still she did not walk, imitate them as she might and did. She would sit and "study" about it, make another trial, fall; sit and study some more, make another trial, fall again. Negroes, who believe that they must give a reason for everything even if they have to invent one, were convinced that it was all this studying upon her lameness that gave her such a large head.

And now she began secretly turning up the clothes of every negro child that came into that pen, and examining its legs, and still more secretly examining her own, stretched out before her on the ground. How long it took she does not remember; in fact, she could not have known, for she had no way of measuring time except by her thoughts and feelings. But in her own way and time the due process of deliberation was fulfilled, and the quotient made clear that, bowed or not, all children's legs were of equal length except her own, and all were alike, not one full, strong, hard, the other soft, flabby, wrinkled, growing out of a knot at the hip. A whole psychological period apparently lay between that conclusion and — a broom-handle walking-stick; but the broomstick came, as it was bound to come — thank heaven! — from that premise, and what with stretching one limb to make it longer, and doubling up the other to make it shorter, she invented that form of locomotion which is still carrying her through life, and with no more exaggerated leg-crookedness than many careless negroes born with straight limbs display. This must have been when she was about eight or nine. Hobbling on a broomstick, with, no doubt, the same weird, wizened face as now, an innate sense of the fitness of things must have suggested the kerchief tied around her big head, and the burlaps rag of an apron in front of her linsey-woolsey rag of a gown, and the bit of broken pipe-stem in the corner of her mouth, where the pipe should have been, and where it was in after years. That is the way she recollected herself, and that is the way one recalls her now, with a few modifications.

The others came and went, but she was always there. It was n't long before she became "little Mammy" to the grown folks too; and the newest inmates soon learned to cry: "Where 's little Mammy?" "Oh, little Mammy! little Mammy! Such a misery in my head [or my back, or my stomach]! Can't you help me, little Mammy?" It was curious what a quick eye she had for symptoms and ailments, and what a quick ear for suffering, and how apt she was at picking up, remembering, and inventing remedies. It never occurred to her not to crouch at the head or the foot of a sick pallet, day and night through. As for the nights, she said she dared not close her eyes of nights. The room they were in was so vast, and sometimes the negroes lay so thick on the floor, rolled in their blankets (you know, even in the summer they sleep under blankets), all snoring so loudly, she would never have heard a groan or a whimper any more than they did, if she had slept, too. And negro mothers are so careless and such heavy sleepers. All night she would creep at regular intervals to the different pallets, and draw the little babies from under, or away from, the heavy, inert, impending mother forms. There is no telling how many she thus saved from being overlaid and smothered, or, what was worse, maimed and crippled.

Whenever a physician came in, as he was sometimes called, to look at a valuable investment or to furbish up some piece of damaged goods, she always managed to get near to hear the directions; and she generally was the one to apply them also, for negroes always would steal medicines most scurvily one from the other. And when death, at times, would slip into the pen, despite the trader's utmost alertness and precautions,— as death often "had to do," little Mammy said,— when the time of some of them came to die, and when the rest of the negroes, with African greed of eye for the horrible, would press around the lowly couch where the agonizing form of a slave lay writhing out of life, she would always to the last give medicines, and wipe the cold forehead, and soothe the clutching, fearsome hands, hoping to the end, and trying to inspire the hope, that his or her "time" had not come yet; for, as she said, "Our time does n't come just as often as it does come."

And in those sad last offices, which somehow have always been under reproach as a kind of shame, no matter how young she was, she was always too old to have the childish avoidance of them. On the contrary, to her a corpse was only a kind of baby, and she always strove, she said, to make one, like the other, easy and comfortable.

And in other emergencies she divined the mysteries of the flesh, as other precocities divine the mysteries of painting and music, and so become child wonders.

Others came and went. She alone remained there. Babies of her babyhood — the toddlers she, a toddler, had nursed — were having babies themselves now; the middle-aged had had

time to grow old and die. Every week new families were coming into the great back chamber; every week they passed out: babies, boys, girls, buxom wenches, stalwart youths, and the middle-aged — the grave, serious ones whom misfortune had driven from their old masters, and the ill-reputed ones, the trickish, thievish, lazy, whom the cunning of the negro-trader alone could keep in circulation. All were marketable, all were bought and sold, all passed in one door and out the other — all except her, little Mammy. As with her lameness, it took time for her to recognize, to understand, the fact. She could study over her lameness, she could in the dull course of time think out the broom-stick way of palliation. It would have been almost better, under the circumstances, for God to have kept the truth from her; only — God keeps so little of the truth from us women. It is his system.

Poor little thing! It was not now that her master *could* not sell her, but he *would* not! Out of her own intelligence she had forged her chains; the lameness was a hobble merely in comparison. She had become too valuable to the negro-trader by her services among his crew, and offers only solidified his determination not to sell her. Visiting physicians, after short acquaintance with her capacities, would offer what were called fancy prices for her. Planters who heard of her through their purchases would come to the city purposely to secure, at any cost, so inestimable an adjunct to their plantations. Even ladies — refined, delicate ladies — sometimes came to the pen personally to back money with influence. In vain. Little Mammy was worth more to the negro-trader, simply as a kind of insurance against accidents, than any sum, however glittering the figure, and he was no ignorant expert in human wares. She can tell it; no one else can for her. Remember that at times she had seen the streets outside. Remember that she could hear of the outside world daily from the passing chattels — of the plantations, farms, families; the green fields, Sunday woods, running streams; the camp-meetings, corn-shuckings, cotton-pickings, sugar-grindings; the baptisms, marriages, funerals, prayer-meetings; the holidays and holy days. Remember that, whether for liberty or whether for love, passion effloresces in the human being — no matter when, where, or how — with every spring's return. Remember that she was, even in middle age, young and vigorous. But no; do not remember anything. There is no need to heighten the coloring.

It would be tedious to relate, although it was not tedious to hear her relate it, the desperations and hopes of her life then. Hardly a day passed that she did not see, looking for purchases (rummaging among goods on a counter for bargains), some master whom she could have loved, some mistress whom she could have adored. Always her favorite mistresses were there — tall, delicate matrons, who came themselves, with great fatigue, to select kindly-faced women for nurses; languid-looking ladies with smooth hair standing out in wide *bandeaux* from their heads, and lace shawls dropping from their sloping shoulders, silk dresses carelessly held up in thumb and finger from embroidered petticoats that were spread out like tents over huge hoops which covered whole groups of swarming piccaninnies on the dirty floor; ladies, pale from illnesses that she might have nursed, and overburdened with children whom she might have reared! And not a lady of that kind saw her face but wanted her, yearned for her, pleaded for her, coming back secretly to slip silver, and sometimes gold, pieces into her hand, patting her turbaned head, calling her "little Mammy" too, instantly, by inspiration, and making the negro-trader give them, with all sorts of assurances, the refusal of her. She had no need for the whispered "Buy me, master!" "Buy me, mistress!" "You 'll see how I can work, master!" "You 'll never be sorry, mistress!" of the others. The negro-trader — like hangmen, negro-traders are fitted by nature for their profession — it came into his head — he had no heart, not even a negro-trader's heart — that it would be more judicious to seclude her during these shopping-visits, so to speak. She could not have had any hopes then at all; it must have been all desperations.

That auction-block, that executioner's block, about which so much has been written — Jacob's ladder, in his dream, was nothing to what that block appeared nightly in her dreams to her; and the climbers up and down — well, perhaps Jacob's angels were his hopes, too.

At times she determined to depreciate her usefulness, mar her value, by renouncing her heart, denying her purpose. For days she would tie her kerchief over her ears and eyes, and crouch in a corner, strangling her impulses. She even malingered, refused food, became dumb. And she might have succeeded in making herself salable through incipient lunacy, if through no other way, had she been able to maintain her rôle long enough. But some woman or baby always was falling into some emergency of pain and illness.

How it might have ended one does not like to think. Fortunately, one does not need to think.

There came a night. She sat alone in the vast, dark caravansary — alone for the first time in her life. Empty rags and blankets lay strewn over the floor, no snoring, no tossing in them more. A sacrificial sale that day had cleared

the counters. Alarm-bells rang in the streets, but she did not know them for alarm-bells; alarm brooded in the dim space around her, but she did not even recognize that. Her protracted tension of heart had made her fear-blind to all but one peradventure.

Once or twice she forgot herself, and limped over to some heap to relieve an imaginary struggling babe or moaning sleeper. Morning came. She had dozed. She looked to see the rag-heaps stir; they lay as still as corpses. The alarm-bells had ceased. She looked to see a new gang enter the far door. She listened for the gathering buzzing of voices in the next room, around the auction-block. She waited for the trader. She waited for the janitor. At nightfall a file of soldiers entered. They drove her forth, ordering her in the voice, in the tone, of the negro-trader. That was the only familiar thing in the chaos of incomprehensibility about her. She hobbled through the auction-room. Posters, advertisements, papers, lay on the floor, and in the torch-light glared from the wall. Her Jacob's ladder, her stepping-stone to her hopes, lay overturned in a corner.

You divine it. The negro-trader's trade was abolished, and he had vanished in the din and smoke of a war which he had not been entirely guiltless of producing, leaving little Mammy locked up behind him. Had he forgotten her? One cannot even hope so. She hobbled out into the street, leaning on her nine-year-old broomstick (she had grown only slightly beyond it; could still use it by bending over it), her head tied in a rag kerchief, a rag for a gown, a rag for an apron.

Free, she was free! But she had not hoped for freedom. The plantation, the household, the delicate ladies, the teeming children,—broomsticks they were in comparison,—that was what she had asked, what she had prayed for. God, she said, had let her drop, just as her mother had done. More than ever she grieved, as she crept down the street, that she had never mounted the auctioneer's block. An ownerless free negro! She knew no one whose duty it was to help her; no one knew her to help her. In the whole world (it was all she had asked) there was no white child to call her mammy, no white lady or gentleman (it was the extent of her dreams) beholden to her as to a nurse. And all her innumerable black beneficiaries! Even the janitor, whom she had tended as the others, had deserted her like his white prototype.

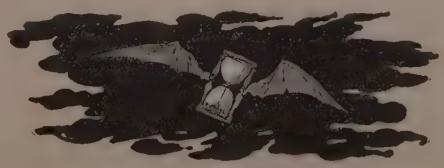
She tried to find a place for herself, but she had no indorsers, no recommenders. She dared not mention the name of the negro-trader; it banished her not only from the households of the whites, but from those of the genteel of her own color. And everywhere soldiers sentineled the streets — soldiers whose tone and accent reminded her of the negro-trader.

Her sufferings, whether imaginary or real, were sufficiently acute to drive her into the only form of escape which once had been possible to friendless negroes. She became a runaway. With a bundle tied to the end of a stick over her shoulder, just as the old prints represent it, she fled from her homelessness and loneliness, from her ignoble past, and the heart-disappointing termination of it. Following a railroad track, journeying afoot, sleeping by the roadside, she lived on until she came to the one familiar landmark in life to her — a sick woman, but a white one. And so, progressing from patient to patient (it was a time when sick white women studded the country like mile-posts), she arrived at a little town, a kind of a refuge for soldiers' wives and widows. She never traveled further. She could not. Always, as in the "pen," some emergency of pain and illness held her.

That is all. She is still there. The poor, poor women of that stricken region say that little Mammy was the only alleviation God left them after Sheridan passed through; and the richer ones say very much the same thing. But one should hear her tell it herself, as has been said, on a cold, gloomy winter day in the country, the fire glimmering on the hearth; the overworked husband in the fields; the baby quiet at last; the mother uneasy, restless, thought-driven; the soft black hand rubbing backward and forward, rubbing out aches and frets and nervousness.

The eyelids droop; the firelight plays fantasies on the bed-curtains; the ear drops words, sentences; one gets confused — one sleeps — one dreams.

Grace King.



SARAH SIDDONS.

THERE lies before me a scrap of yellowish paper, now for the first time brought to light from the family archives, in which the Queen of Tragedy has expressed her thanks for a gift of game. It was written when she was playing *Volumnia* at Covent Garden, in the last months of her married life. She was fifty-two years of age at the time, still beautiful, still the unquestioned mistress of the stage, still untroubled by "the younger generation knocking at the door," but grown too stiff and massive for any but matronly parts. Let us see how she said "Thank you" for a basket of pheasants.

Nov. 28th, 1807. WESTBOURNE FARM.

MY LORD: As even kindness itself would be irksome were one forbidden to acknowledge it, you must not blame *me*, if I am troublesome in offering you many many thanks for another Basket of Game, which (as you taught me to expect) does indeed excel the former; I really never tasted any so fine.

I have the honor to be
My Lord
Your Lordships most obligd Sevt.
S. SIDDONS.

This note is not less characteristic, in its way, than the experience of Tom Moore, who, edging near her at one of Lady Mount-Edgcumbe's suppers, in the hope of catching some poetical sentiment from those noble lips, heard her solemn, flute-like voice declare, "I do love ale dearly." It is by little signs of this trivial class that we learn to appreciate the woman as she was. They are merely the significant reverse side of that dignity of bearing which was her prime characteristic. When she was a country girl, and served Lady Mary Bertie as lady's maid, her mistress suffered from an almost irresistible tendency to rise from her chair when Sarah came to wait upon her. When she was over seventy, she froze the blood of her grandchildren by her majestic declamation of *Othello* during a storm of thunder and lightning. From the cradle to the grave hers was a serious, harmonious, imperially impressive personality.

It is thus that she appeals to our imagination. If we think of Mrs. Siddons, it is as a magnificent young empress, pale and erect on a barbaric throne, her arm slightly raised in a gesture of command, the light concentrated on her uplifted features, while the passions and the elements make obscure war in the darkness behind her chair. Every very prominent figure in intellectual history takes some conventional form in our minds, and this, we may safely say, is the type of the Siddons. Like most such types, it is probably very true and yet very imperfect. That it is superficially true, not merely of her appearance on the stage, but of her behavior off it, is proved by universal tradition. Claire Clairon, the illustrious French actress, whom she probably emulated and certainly surpassed, had started the idea that a great tragic artist should preserve in private life something of the dignity of her public parts. Such a theory could but commend itself to a Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons certainly lived up to this ideal far better than poor Clairon had done.

But it is irresistible that we should ask ourselves what lay behind this lovely marble mask, what humanity breathed within this dignified processional statue. Nothing is more difficult than to realize for ourselves the essential character of classic histrionics. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the composer, can appeal against the prejudice or the conviction of his own age to our more emancipated conception of art. We have, after a hundred years, as complete an opportunity of ascertaining what his production amounted to as his own immediate associates had. But with the actor it is not so. We are absolutely unable to see him except through eyes whose mode of vision has become obsolete. It is pathetically evasive to turn the pages of that study in which Boaden most conscientiously, most lovingly, put down day by day his impressions of Mrs. Siddons. He analyzes all her gestures, he chronicles the very directions taken by her eyes, her arms, her lips; but when we have read it all, how little remains for the imagination to build upon! We come back to our vague conception of a youthful and serious sovereign on her throne, remote, impassive, superhumanly dignified.

The biographers of Sarah Siddons have not done much to help us. Her inner life is still unwritten, and the materials for it no longer exist. It is difficult to tolerate the poet Campbell, to whom masses of her intimate correspondence were intrusted, and who, deciding that they contained little of public interest, positively lost, and too presumably destroyed, the whole of them. It is probable that he was right in finding the bulk of her buckram correspondence a formidable trial to the patience;

it must be confessed she was not a graceful letter-writer. But there can be no question that the manuscripts which Campbell disdained would have rendered it much easier for us to realize Sarah Siddons as a living woman than can ever now be done.

Even in her own day people found it difficult to distinguish what lay underneath the cold pride of her dignity. It was an accusation brought against her that she lacked "sensibility." To those who carefully study all the scattered memorials of her life which we possess, the fact that her individuality was a vivid and emphatic one will be patent. But there is no question that to those who met her occasionally she was often disappointing. The versatile Mrs. Thrale exclaimed, "Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshiping!" herself meanwhile "skipping about like a young kid, all vivacity and sprightliness." There was very little of the young kid in Mrs. Siddons. She was distinctly lacking in the lively elegancies; they were not her forte. One of the saddest remarks recorded of her is her saying that as she became more famous all her sisters loved her less, although she was forever contriving their welfare. No doubt the sensitive, proud Kemble nature pushed itself obstinately between them. It is hard to appreciate a love which is always riding the high horse, and benefits are apt to be irksome if they are invariably proffered in blank verse.

Her very eulogists seem to have conspired to misunderstand Mrs. Siddons. It has been commonly taken as an instance of her tendency to pathos, that when she stood with Miss Wilkinson gazing over a sublime landscape in North Wales, she replied to that young lady's remark, "This awful scenery makes me feel as if I were only a worm," by the response, "*I* feel very differently." It was surely impossible for Sarah Siddons, in any landscape, in any company, to feel herself a worm, and the protest seems an example, not of her dullness, but of her sincerity. At heart a very straightforward, ingenuous, simple creature, her letters and utterances give us the impression of a certain painful consciousness of disproportion between the broad folio of her own character and the complicated duodecimos which wrangled and chattered around her. Everywhere but on the stage she was bewildered by the shifting, trivial face of things. She was like a great ship of the line riding in the midst of a flotilla of yachts.

One thing about Mrs. Siddons we can pretty fairly realize — the astonishing effect which she produced upon her own contemporaries. One of the most valuable documents in our theatrical history is that copy of feverish notes scribbled down on the night of the 10th of October, 1782, by one who saw her in the part of *Isabella* on the occasion of her first performance after her return to Drury Lane. "Her lamentation has a dignity that belongs, I think, to no other woman; . . . her eye is brilliant and varying like the diamond, . . . and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish; . . . so natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so intensely interesting her voice, form, and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates by words. She must be seen to be known." Alas! that is what no man living has done. But of the exquisite pleasure which for twenty years she succeeded in giving, there can be no question, and such pleasure no other woman has given upon the English stage.

It is idle to repeat the comparisons which her own age made between her acting and that of such predecessors as Mrs. Yates, or Mrs. Pritchard, or Mrs. Abington. All these comparisons have become merely pedantic now. What do we know about Mrs. Pritchard or Mrs. Yates? All we see with the ordinary eye is a succession of great epoch-making artists, each dominant through a generation, all of them men, with this one exception. Before Mrs. Siddons reigned David Garrick, and after her reigned Edmund Kean. With these, and with these alone, can she be measured. Any other parallel to her extraordinary genius must be sought outside the confines of her own art. She was, in a certain sense, the combination of a passing temper in the English race. As the eighteenth century approached its close, it developed a taste for a solemn magnificence. Versatility, the mere pleasure of twiddling the intellectual kaleidoscope, ceased to be the quality most fascinating to the public. The great change to romanticism was at hand. Here, there, and everywhere there were signs of a turning of the tide, little romantic ripples hissing up against the stream of conventionality. There was a sudden appetite for the gorgeous, the solemn, the mysterious.

To satisfy this new instinct, Reynolds brought his heroic painting, Burke the splendid texture of his eloquence, Johnson his sonorous periods and magnificent Roman diction. It is with these men — her seniors indeed, but her friends and colleagues — that we ought to identify Sarah Siddons. She was of their mighty line; with them, "trailing clouds of glory," did she come into our tradition. With them she represents to us whatever in English art is most studied, without formality; most imperial and laborious, without bombast or inflation. It is the avoidance of the bad qualities that impinge upon his order of talent which marks the person of

genius, and it was the thrill of passion, the gush of life, that lifted Mrs. Siddons out of the stiff Kemble pomposity. The Kemble manner was the basis of all she did, just as the amplitude of oratory which was in fashion under George III. was the groundwork of Burke's style. But what distinguished each of these great individuals was the superb evidences of personal force which their passion wrung from them; and these were all the more volcanically effective from the dignified weightiness of their typical manner. This seems, indeed, to have been the secret of the unparalleled impressiveness of Mrs. Siddons's great tragic impersonations. By means of her beauty, her intimidating dignity, and her apparently superhuman personal distinction, she reduced the audience to an awe-struck reverence, and then, by a series of exquisite intuitive actions, revealed the human weakness beneath the godlike external splendor.

Every one knows the stories of the effect she produced. Her audiences lost all command over themselves, and sobbed, moaned, and even howled with emotion. She could sometimes scarcely be heard, so loud were the lamentations of the pit. A Scotch poet described the effect at the Royalty Theater, Edinburgh, in 1784:

> From all sides of the house, hark! the cry how it swells,
> While the boxes are torn with most heart-piercing yells.

Young ladies used suddenly to shriek, going off as though they had been stuffed with detonating powder; men were carried out, gibbering, in hysterics. Fashionable doctors attended in the theater with the expectation of being amply occupied throughout the close of the performance. Mme. de Staël has given a celebrated description of Mrs. Siddons's frenzied laugh in the last act of "The Fatal Marriage," a sound which was always the signal for general swooning and moaning.

All this appears very odd to us, and may in part, no doubt, be attributed to an emotional habit of the times; but at least it was the expression of a highly intoxicating popularity, and less than justice has surely been done to the manner in which the great actress received her plaudits. Her development, it must be remembered, had been slow. When first she appeared in London, although she was by no means very young, and in spite of the help that Garrick certainly gave her, her failure was absolute. She is probably unique among great actresses —who have commonly been precocious—in the extreme lateness of her artistic maturity. It was therefore to a nature hungry with disappointment that this profuse banquet of praise was abruptly offered in 1782. The temptation to be gorged by it, to overdo the parts which so promptly excited her impressionable audiences, was therefore a peculiarly strong one. But here her inherent dignity preserved her. In the very heyday of her triumphs she issued that curious manifesto in which she claimed to know "the danger arising from extraordinary and unmerited favors," pledging herself "carefully to guard against any approach of pride, too often their attendant"; and she kept her promise. But no public favorite can escape from the Nemesis of overpopularity; and though Mrs. Siddons carried her queenship with unruffled propriety of demeanor, she too suffered in her own way. She was the victim of emotional isolation. Longing for love, for the simple conversation of her friends, for all the little ordinary comforts of an unambitious life, she found herself unfitted to enjoy them, and debarred by her greatness from sharing them. She grew more and more lonely, her language and her habits grew more and more stiffly exalted, while her thoughts and feelings remained on a much lower level. At last age and custom drove her from the only spot where she was really at home, and the Queen of Tragedy became simply a reputable middle-aged matron. Then, with all her courage, with all her sweetness, life seems to have become rather a tiresome matter. After the fiery joys of the stage, after excitements such as no other living woman had experienced, private life on a small competence was incalculably tedious. Nor had she the intellectual resources which have rather too readily been attributed to her. Divine actress as she was, Mrs. Siddons was not in any other way a woman of any remarkable power. Her verses and her sculpture are deplorable; her criticisms of the Shakspere parts in which she triumphed are so poor and unilluminated that it is a positive pity that they have been published; her descriptions of scenes and events read like deliberate burlesque. When Ireland produced his ridiculous forgery of "Vortigern," in April, 1796, nothing but illness prevented Mrs. Siddons from appearing in the part of *Edmunda*, which she relinquished with regret, and, as a letter now in the British Museum shows, with an assurance that "had she fortunately been well enough, she would have done all in her power to justify Mr. Ireland's polite sentiments on the subject." With her ears full of the great familiar music of "Macbeth" and of "Coriolanus," the balderdash of "Vortigern" seemed good enough Shakspere to her critical faculty. She was an actress, and no more. "This and nothing else I have to give you" might have been her motto as she faced the public from the footlights.

The result of all these conditions upon her mind in advancing age was a species of resentment against the very art which had exalted her so high, and had left her stranded in such a melancholy isolation. She who had enjoyed a success unparalleled in the chronicles of histrionics, she whose career had been so splendid, so prolonged, and so unblemished, she who in her retirement was still looked upon by all classes as one of the unquestioned glories of the nation, had no language strong enough with which to warn probationers away from the theater. This was her reply to a young lady who applied to her for advice on the subject:

Mrs Siddons presents her compliments to Miss A. Goldsmith, and takes the liberty to inform her that, altho she herself has enjoyd all the advantages arising from holding the first situation in the Drama, yet that those advantages have been so counterballanced [*sic*] by anxiety and mortification that she has long ago resolved never to be accessory to bringing anyone into so precarious and so arduous a profession. 13th June 1815.

If we could be transported to the pit of Drury Lane Theater as it was a hundred years ago, and could suddenly see Mrs. Siddons in all her majesty, it does not follow that we should be instantly enchanted. Quin said that she came to London to found a new religion, and that form of faith is now once more out of fashion. In other words, her acting was the sublime of a style which would probably astonish rather than at once delight us. The slow delivery, the extremely marked transitions from one mood to another, the rhythmical gradations of gesture, the oddities of pronunciation, would at first, it seems likely, puzzle a modern eye and ear. But the unrivaled beauty would be there, the sovereign grace and distinction; and in the first moment that she melted into mortal agony, our sense of the unfamiliar would vanish, and we should be utterly captivated. Those emotions which, as an eye-witness put it, she "wrote across her countenance in characters of fire," the tender wildness of her despair, the anguish with which she listened, the "insupportable pathos" of her entreaty — these are to be imagined only, for they have never since been paralleled. To Mrs. Siddons more than to any other woman in the history of tragedy it was given, in the old phrase, to purify the soul by terror and by pity.

Edmund Gosse.

SEXTAINS.

I. A CERTAIN OPTIMIST.

HE sees one half of life, and loves it so:
Yet I would rather bear my bitter pain
And win my peace with straining heart and hand;

For joy is deepest when it springs from woe,
And tears are to the soul as gentle rain
To the deep thirsting of a desert land.

II. BEAUTY.

In flowing field, or in the raucous street,
Round haunts of squalor, in some wanton spot
Where evil like a thwarting fungus grows,

I find this light which makes all darkness sweet,
This deathless dower of every human lot,
Burning like blossoms through the spectral snows.

George Edgar Montgomery.

OLD PORTSMOUTH PROFILES.

I DOUBT if any New England town ever turned out so many eccentric characters as Portsmouth. From 1640 down to about 1848 there must have been something in the air of the place that generated eccentricity. At the close of the first half of the present century the introduction of the railway between Boston and Portsmouth brought about conditions not favorable to the development of individual singularity in the hitherto sequestered little town. The spell of its seclusion was broken.

In recently turning over the pages of Mr. Brewster's entertaining collection of Portsmouth sketches,[1] I have been struck by the number and variety of the odd men and women who appear incidentally on the scene. They are, in the author's intention, secondary figures in the background of his landscape; but they stand very much in the foreground of one's memory after the book is laid aside. One finds one's self thinking quite as often of that squalid old hut-dweller up by Sagamore Creek as of General Washington, who visited the town in 1789. Conservatism and respectability have their values, certainly; but has not the unconventional its values also? If we render unto that old hut-dweller the things which are that old hut-dweller's, we must concede him his picturesqueness. He was dirty, and he was not respectable; but he is picturesque — now that he is dead.

If the reader has five or ten minutes to waste, I invite him to glance at a few old profiles of persons who, however substantial they once were, are now leading a life of mere outlines. I would like to give them a less faded expression, but the past is very chary of yielding up anything more than its shadows.

The first who presents himself is the ruminative hermit already mentioned — a species of uninspired Thoreau. His name was Benjamin Lear. So far as his craziness went, he might have been a lineal descendant of that ancient king of Britain who figures on Shakspere's page. Family dissensions made a recluse of King Lear; but in the case of Benjamin there were no mitigating circumstances. He had no family to trouble him, and his realm remained undivided. He owned an excellent farm on the south side of Sagamore Creek, a little to the west of the bridge, and might have lived at ease, if personal comfort had not been distasteful to him. Personal comfort entered into no plan of Lear's. To be alone filled the little pint-measure of his desire. He ensconced himself in a wretched shanty, and barred the door, figuratively, against all the world. Wealth — what would have been wealth to him — lay within his reach, but he thrust it aside; he disdained luxury as he disdained idleness, and made no compromise with convention. When a man cuts himself absolutely adrift from custom, what an astonishingly light spar floats him! How few his wants are, after all! Lear was of a cheerful disposition, and seems to have been wholly inoffensive — at a distance. He fabricated his own clothes, and subsisted chiefly on milk and potatoes, the product of his realm. He needed nothing but an island to be a Robinson Crusoe. At rare intervals he flitted like a frost-bitten apparition through the main street of Portsmouth, which he always designated as "the Bank," a name that had become obsolete fifty or a hundred years before. Thus, for nearly a quarter of a century, Benjamin Lear stood aloof from human intercourse. In his old age some of the neighbors offered him shelter during the tempestuous winter months; but he would have none of it — he defied wind and weather. There he lay in his dilapidated hovel in his last illness, refusing to allow any one to remain with him overnight, and the mercury four degrees below zero. Lear was born in 1720, and vegetated eighty-two years.

I take it that Timothy Winn, of whom we have only a glimpse, and would like to have more, was a person better worth knowing. His name reads like the title of some old-fashioned novel — "Timothy Winn, or the Memoirs of a Bashful Gentleman." He came to Portsmouth from Woburn at the close of the last century, and set up in the old museum-building on Mulberry street what was called "a piece goods store." He was the third Timothy in his monotonous family, and in order to differentiate himself he inscribed on the sign over his shop-door, "Timothy Winn, 3d," and was ever after called "Three-Penny Winn." That he enjoyed the pleasantry, and clung to his sign, goes to show that he was a person who would ripen on further acquaintance, were further acquaintance now practicable. His next-door neighbor, Mr. Leonard Serat, who kept a modest tailoring establishment, also tantalizes us a little with a dim intimation of originality. He plainly was without literary prejudices, for on one face of

[1] "Rambles About Portsmouth." By Charles W. Brewster, 1st and 2d Series, 1859–69.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE HERMIT.

his swinging sign was painted the word Taylor, and on the other Tailor. This may have been a delicate concession to that part of the community — the greater part probably — which would have spelled it with a *y*.

The building in which Messrs. Winn and Serat had their shops was the property of Nicholas Rousselet, a French gentleman of Demerara, the story of whose unconventional courtship of Miss Catherine Moffatt is pretty enough to bear re-telling, and entitles him to a place in our limited collection of etchings. M. Rousselet had doubtless already made excursions into the *pays de tendre*, and given Miss Catherine previous notice of the state of his heart, but it was not until one day during the hour of service at the Episcopal church that he brought matters to a crisis by handing to Miss Moffatt a small Bible, on the fly-leaf of which he had penciled the fifth verse of the Second Epistle of John:

> And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.

This was not to be resisted, at least not by Miss Catherine, who demurely handed the volume back to him with a page turned down at the sixteenth verse in the first chapter of Ruth:

> Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

Aside from this quaint touch of romance, what attaches me to the happy pair — for the marriage was a fortunate one — is the fact that the Rousselets made their home in the old Atkinson mansion, which stood directly opposite my grandfather's house on Court street, and was torn down in my childhood, to my great consternation. The building had been unoccupied for a quarter of a century, and was fast falling into decay, with all its rich wood-carvings at cornice and lintel; but was it not full of ghosts, and if the old barracks were demolished, would not these ghosts, or some of them at least, take refuge in my grandfather's house just across the way? Where else could they bestow themselves so conveniently? While the ancient mansion was in process of destruction, I used to peep round the corner of our barn at the workmen, and watch the indignant phantoms go soaring upward in clouds of colonial dust.

A lady differing in many ways from Catherine Moffatt was the Mary Atkinson (once an inmate of this same manor-house) who fell to the lot of the Rev. William Shurtleff, pastor of the South Church between 1733 and 1747; from the worldly standpoint, a fine match for the Newcastle clergyman — beauty, of the eagle-beaked kind; wealth, her share of the family plate; high birth, a sister to the Hon.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

M. ROUSSELET'S PROPOSAL.

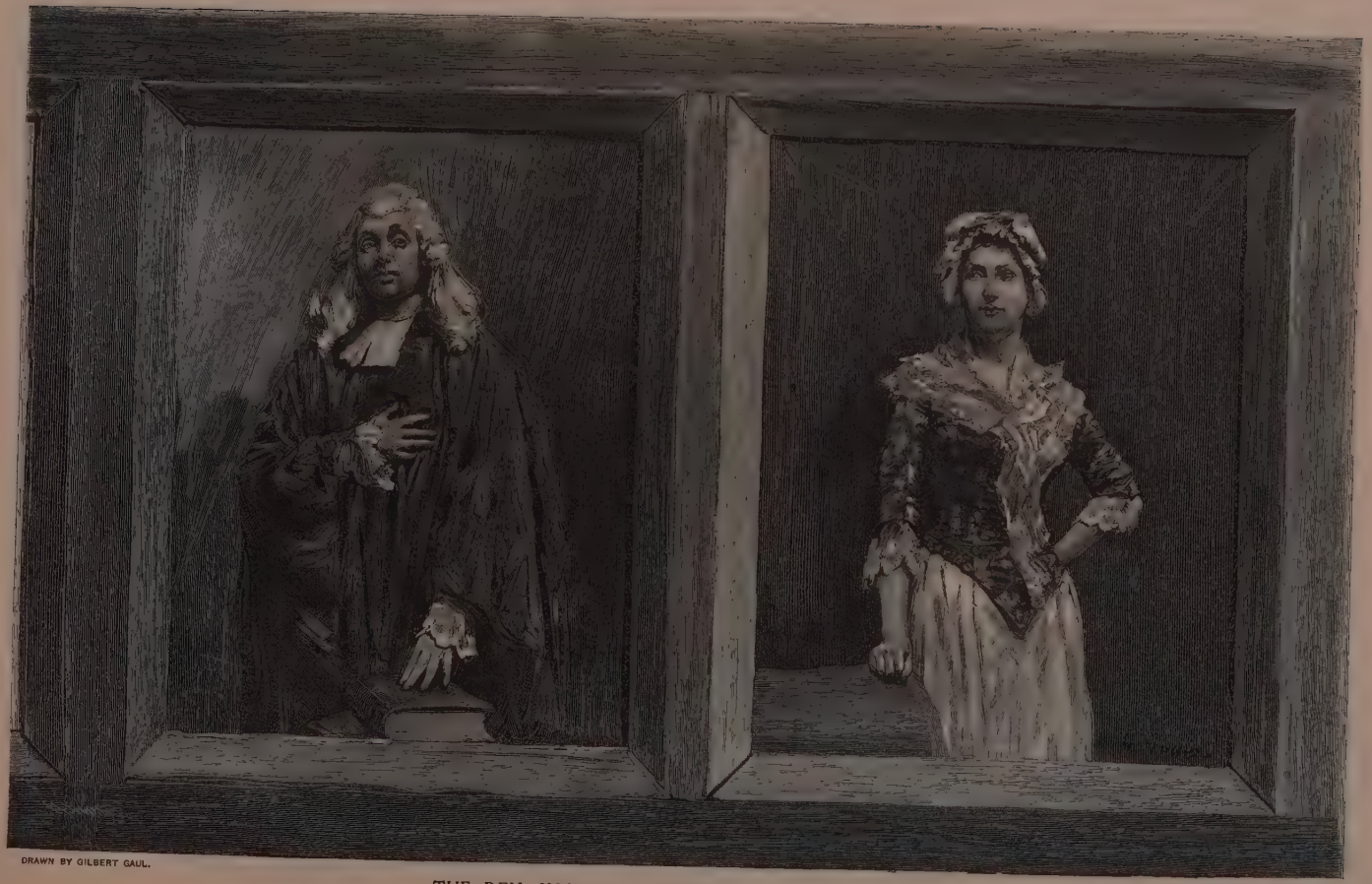
ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Theodore Atkinson. But if the exemplary man had cast his eyes lower, peradventure he had found more happiness, though ill-bred persons without family plate are not necessarily amiable. Like Socrates, this long-suffering divine had always with him an object on which to cultivate heavenly patience, and patience, says the Eastern proverb, is the key of content. The spirit of Xantippe seems to have taken possession of Mrs. Shurtleff immediately after her marriage. The freakish disrespect with which she used her meek consort was a heavy cross to bear at a period in New England when clerical dignity was at its highest sensitive point. Her devices for torturing the poor gentleman were inexhaustible. Now she lets his Sabbath ruffs go unstarched; now she scandalizes him by some unseemly and frivolous color in her attire; now she leaves him to cook his own dinner at the kitchen coals; and now she locks him in his study, whither he has retired for a moment or two of prayer, previous to setting forth to perform the morning service. The congregation has assembled; the sexton has tolled the bell twice as long as is the custom, and is beginning a third carillon, full of wonder that his Reverence does not appear; and there sits Mistress Shurtleff in the family pew with a face as complacent as that of the cat that has eaten the canary. Presently the deacons appeal to her for information touching the good doctor. Mistress Shurtleff sweetly tells them that the good doctor was in his study when she left home. There he is found, indeed, and released from durance, begging the deacons to keep his mortification secret, to "give it an understanding, but no tongue." Such was the discipline undergone by the worthy Dr. Shurtleff on his earthly pilgrimage. A portrait of this patient man — now a saint somewhere — hangs in the rooms of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society in Boston. There he can be seen in surplice and bands, with his lamb-like, apostolic face looking down upon the heavy antiquarian labors of his busy descendants.

Whether or not a man is to be classed as eccentric who vanishes without rhyme or reason on his wedding-night is a query left to the reader's decision. We seem to have struck a matrimonial vein, and must work it out. In 1768 Mr. James McDonough was one of the wealthiest men in Portsmouth, and the fortunate suitor for the hand of a daughter of Jacob Sheafe, a town magnate. The home of the bride was decked and lighted for the nuptials, the banquet-table was spread, and the guests were gathered. The minister in his robe stood by the carven mantelpiece, book in hand, and waited. Then followed an awkward interval; there was a hitch somewhere. A strange silence fell upon the laughing groups; the air grew tense with expectation; in the pantry, Amos Boggs, the butler, in his agitation spilt a bottle of port over his new cinnamon-colored small-clothes. Then a whisper — a whisper suppressed these twenty minutes — ran through the apartments, "The bridegroom has not come!" He never came. The mystery of that night remains a mystery after the lapse of a century and a quarter.

What had become of James McDonough? The assassination of so notable a person in a community where every strange face was challenged, where every man's antecedents were known, could not have been accomplished without leaving some slight traces. Not a shadow of foul play was discovered. That McDonough had been murdered or had committed suicide were theories accepted at first by a few, and then by no one. On the other hand,— he was in love with his *fiancée*, he had wealth, power, position,— why had he fled? he was seen a moment on the public street, and then never seen again. It was as if he had turned into air. Meanwhile the bewilderment of the bride was dramatically painful. If McDonough had been waylaid and killed, she could mourn for him. If he had deserted her, she could wrap herself in her pride. But neither course lay open to her, then or afterward. In one of the "Twice-Told Tales" Hawthorne deals with a man named Wakefield who disappears with like suddenness, and lives unrecognized for twenty years in a street not far from his abandoned hearthside. Such obliteration of one's self was not possible in Portsmouth; but I never think of McDonough without recalling Wakefield.

Some time in the year 1758 there dawned upon Portsmouth a personage bearing the ponderous title of King's Attorney, and carrying much gold lace about him. This gilded gentleman was Mr. Wyseman Clagett of Bristol, England, where his father dwelt on the manor of Broad Oaks, in a mansion with twelve chimneys, and kept eight or ten servants and a coach. Up to the moment of his advent in the colonies Mr. Wyseman Clagett had evidently not been able to keep anything but himself. His wealth consisted of his personal decorations, the golden frogs on his lapels, and the tinsel at his throat; other charms he had none. Yet with these he contrived to dazzle the eyes of Lettice Mitchel, one of the young beauties of the province, and to cause her to forget that she had plighted troth with a Mr. Warner, then in Europe, and destined to return home with a disturbed heart. Mr. Clagett was a man of violent temper and ingenious vindictiveness, and proved more than a sufficient punishment for Lettice's infidelity. The trifling fact that Warner was dead — he died shortly



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

THE REV. WILLIAM SHURTLEFF AND HIS WIFE.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

after his return — did not interfere with the course of Mr. Clagett's jealousy; he was haunted by the suspicion that Lettice regretted her first love, having left nothing undone to make her do so. "This is to pay Warner's debts," remarked Mr. Clagett, as he twitched off the table-cloth and wrecked the tea-things.

In his official capacity he was a relentless prosecutor. The noun Clagett speedily turned itself into a verb; "to Clagett" meant "to prosecute"; they were convertible terms. In spite of his industrious severity, and his royal emoluments, if such existed, the exchequer of the King's Attorney showed a perpetual deficit. The stratagems to which he resorted from time to time in order to raise unimportant sums remind one of certain scenes in Molière's comedies. Mr. Clagett had for his *âme damnée* a constable of the town. They were made for each other; they were two flowers with but a single stem, and this was their method of procedure: Mr. Clagett despatched one of his servants to pick a quarrel with some countryman on the street, or some sailor drinking at an inn; the constable arrested the sailor or the countryman, as the case might be, and hauled the culprit before Mr. Clagett; Mr. Clagett read the culprit a moral lesson, and fined him five dollars and costs. The plunder was then divided between the conspirators,— two hearts that beat as one,— Clagett of course getting the lion's share. Justice was never administered in a simpler manner in any country. This eminent legal light was extinguished in 1784, and the wick laid away in the little churchyard at Litchfield, New Hampshire. It is a satisfaction, even after such a lapse of time, to know that Lettice survived the King's Attorney sufficiently long to be very happy with somebody else. Lettice Mitchel was scarcely eighteen when she married Clagett.

About eighty years ago a witless fellow named Tilton seems to have been a familiar figure on the streets of the old town. Mr. Brewster speaks of him as "the well-known idiot Johnny Tilton," as if one should say, "the well-known statesman Daniel Webster." It is curious to observe how any sort of individuality gets magnified in this parochial atmosphere, where everything lacks perspective, and nothing is trivial. Johnny Tilton does not appear to have had much individuality to start with; it was only after his head was cracked that he showed any shrewdness whatever. That happened early in his unobtrusive boyhood. He had frequently watched the hens flying out of the loft window in his father's stable, which stood in the rear of the Old Bell Tavern. It occurred to Johnny, one day, that though he might not be as bright as other lads, he certainly was in no respect inferior to a hen. So he placed himself on the sill of the window in the loft, flapped his arms, and took flight. The New England Icarus alighted head downward, lay insensible for a while, and was henceforth looked upon as a mortal who had lost his wits. Yet at odd moments his cloudiness was illumed by a gleam of intelligence such as had not been detected in him previous to his mischance. As *Polonius* said of *Hamlet*,— another unstrung mortal,— Tilton's replies had "a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of." One morning he appeared at the flour-mill with a sack of corn to be ground for the almshouse, and was asked what he knew. "Some things I know," replied poor Tilton, "and some things I don't know. I know the miller's hogs grow fat, but I don't know whose corn they fat on." To borrow another word from *Polonius*, though this be madness, yet there was method in it. Tilton finally brought up in the almshouse, where he was allowed the liberty of roaming at will through the town. He loved the waterside, as if he had had all his senses. Often he was seen to stand for hours, with a sunny, torpid smile on his lips, gazing out upon the river where its azure ruffles itself into silver against the islands. He always wore stuck in his hat a few hen's feathers, perhaps with some vague idea of still associating himself with the birds of the air, if hens can come under that category.

George Jaffrey, third of the name, was a character of another complexion, a gentleman born, a graduate of Harvard in 1730, and one of his majesty's council in 1766 — a man with the blood of the lion and the unicorn in every vein. He remained to the bitter end, and beyond, a devout royalist, prizing his shoe-buckles not because they were of chased silver, but because they bore the tower mark and crown stamp. He stoutly objected to oral prayer, on the ground that it gave rogues and hypocrites an opportunity to impose on honest folk. He was punctilious in his attendance at church, and unfailing in his responses, though not of a particularly devotional temperament. On one occasion at least his sincerity is not to be questioned. He had been deeply irritated by some encroachments on the boundaries of certain estates, and had gone to church that forenoon with his mind full of the matter. When the minister in the course of reading the service came to the apostrophe, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," Mr. Jaffrey's feelings were too many for him, and he cried out, "Amen!" in a tone of voice that brought smiles to the adjoining pews.

Mr. Jaffrey's last will and testament, in spite of the Honorable Jeremiah Mason, who drew up the paper, was a whimsical document. It had been Mr. Jaffrey's plan originally to leave his

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"HE LOVED THE WATERSIDE."

possessions to his beloved friend, Colonel Joshua Wentworth; but the colonel by some maladroitness managed to turn the current of Pactolus in another direction. The vast property was bequeathed to George Jaffrey Jeffries, the testator's grandnephew, on condition that the heir, then a lad of thirteen, should eliminate the name of Jeffries, reside permanently in Portsmouth, and adopt no profession excepting that of gentleman. There is an immense amount of Portsmouth, as well as of George Jaffrey, in that final clause. George the fourth handsomely complied with the requirements, and, dying at the age of sixty-six, without issue or assets, was the last of that particular line of Georges.

This modest exhibition of profiles, in which I have attempted to preserve no chronological sequence, ends with the silhouette of Dr. Joseph Moses.

If Boston in the colonial days had her Mather Byles, Portsmouth had her Dr. Joseph Moses. In their quality as humorists the outlines of both these gentlemen have become rather broken and indistinct. "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear that hears it." Decanted wit inevitably loses its bouquet. A clever repartee belongs to the precious moment in which it is broached, and is of a vintage that does not usually bear transportation. Dr. Moses,— he received his diploma not from the college of physicians, but from the circumstance of his having once drugged his private demijohn of rum, and so nailed an inquisitive negro named Sambo,— Dr. Moses, he was always called, has been handed

DRAWN BY CHARLES H. WOODBURY.

THE OLD WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH.

down to us by tradition as a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy; but I must confess that I find his high spirits very much evaporated. His humor expended itself, for the greater part, in practical pleasantries,—like that practised on the minion Sambo,—but these diversions, however facetious to the parties concerned, lack magnetism for outsiders. I discover nothing about him so amusing as the fact that he lived in a tan-colored little tenement which was neither clapboarded nor shingled, and finally got an epidermis from the discarded shingles of the old South Church when the roof of that edifice was repaired. Dr. Moses, like many persons of his time and class, was a man of protean employment—joiner, barber, and what not. No doubt he had much pithy and fluent conversation, all of which escapes us. He certainly impressed the Hon. Theodore Atkinson as a person of uncommon parts, for the Hon. Secretary of the Province, like a second Haroun Al Raschid, often summoned the barber to entertain him with his company. One evening —and this is the only reproducible instance of the doctor's readiness — Mr. Atkinson regaled his guest with a diminutive glass of choice Madeira. The doctor regarded it against the light with the half-closed eye of the connoisseur, and, after sipping the molten topaz with satisfaction, inquired how old it was. "Of the vintage of about sixty years ago," was the answer. "Well," said the doctor, reflectively, "I never in my life saw so small a thing of such an age." There are other *mots* of his on record, but their faces are suspiciously familiar. In fact, all the witty things were said eons ago. If one nowadays perpetrates an original joke, one immediately afterward finds it in the Sanskrit. I am afraid that Dr. Joseph Moses has no very solid claims on us. I have given him place here because he has long had the reputation of a wit, which is almost as good as to be one.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

LIST to that bird! His song—what poet pens it?
Brigand of birds, he 's stolen every note!
Prince though of thieves—hark! how the rascal spends it!
Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat!

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

BIRD SONGS: BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. NO. III.

"SEA-BIRD AND LAND-BIRD."

(FROM A POEM BY EDITH THOMAS.)

"HEAR me, thou sea-bird, matchless in flight,
Shaping thy course o'er the surges white!
In the making of things
Strength fell to thy wings,
So that thou shouldst not falter nor tire
When beating abroad;
The breath of a god
Was breathed through thy form — an enduring fire:
To me, out of heaven,
No fire was given,
Nor strength, but only the rover's desire!"

THE INTOXICATED GHOST.

I.

IT was not her beauty which made Irene Gaspic unusual, although she was bewitchingly pretty; nor yet her wit, her cleverness, or her wealth, albeit she was well endowed with all these good gifts: other girls were pretty, and wise, and witty, and rich. It was something far more piquant and rare which marked Irene as different from her mates, the fact being that from her greataunt on the mother's side, an old lady who for nearly ninety years displayed to her fellow-mortals one of the most singular characters possible, Irene had inherited the power of seeing ghosts.

It is so generally regarded as a weakness even to believe in disembodied spirits that in justice to Irene it is only fair to remark that she believed in them only because she could not help seeing them, and that the power with which she was endowed had come to her by inheritance quite without any wish on her part. Any fair-minded person must perceive the difference between seeing ghosts because one is so foolish as to believe in them, and believing in their existence because one cannot help seeing them. It might be added, moreover, that the firmness which Miss Gaspic had displayed when visited by some of the most unpleasant wraiths in the whole category should be allowed to tell in her favor. When she was approached during a visit to Castle Doddyfoethghw — where, as every traveler in Wales is aware, is to be found the most ghostly phantom in the three kingdoms — by a gory figure literally streaming with blood, and carrying its mangled head in its hands, she merely remarked coldly: "Go away at once, please. You do not alarm me in the least; but to come into the presence of a lady in such a state of unpleasant dismemberment is in shockingly bad taste." Whereat the poor wraith fell all along the ground in astonishment and alarm, leaving a stain of blood upon the stone floor, which may be seen to this day by any one who doubts the tale enough to go to Castle Doddyfoethghw to see.

Although Irene seldom referred to her inheritance, and professed, when she did speak of it, to feel a lively indignation that her aunt Eunice Mariamne should have thrust upon her such a bequest, she was too thoroughly human and feminine wholly to lack a secret pride that she should be distinguished by a gift so unusual. She had too good taste openly to talk of it, yet she had not the firmness wholly to conceal it; and her friends were pretty generally aware of the legacy and of many circumstances resulting from its possession. Some few of her intimates, indeed, had ventured to employ her good offices in communicating with family wraiths; and although Irene was averse to anything which savored so strongly of mediumship and other vulgar trades, she could not but be pleased at the excellent results which had followed her mediations in several instances.

When, therefore, she one day received a note from her old school friend Fanny McHugh, inviting her to come down to visit her at Oldtower, with the mysterious remark, "I not only long to see you, dear, but there is something most important that you can do for me, and nobody but you," Irene at once remembered that the McHughs had a family ghost, and was convinced that she was invited, so to say, in her professional capacity.

She was, however, by no means averse to going, and that for several reasons. The McHugh estate was a beautiful old place in one of the loveliest of New England villages, where the family had been in the ascendancy since prerevolutionary days; Irene was sufficiently fond of Fanny; and she was well aware, in virtue of that intuition which enables women to know so many things, that her friend's brother, Arthur McHugh, would be at home at the time named for the visit. Irene and Lieutenant Arthur McHugh had been so much to each other at one time that they had been to the very verge of a formal engagement, when at the last moment he drew back. There was no doubt of his affection, but he was restrained from asking Irene to share his fortunes by the unpleasant though timely remembrance that he had none. The family wealth, once princely for the country and time, had dwindled until little remained save the ancestral mansion and the beautiful but unremunerative lawns surrounding it.

Of course this conduct upon the part of Lieutenant McHugh was precisely that which most surely fixed him in the heart of Irene. The lover who continues to love, but unselfishly renounces, is hardly likely to be forgotten; and it is to be presumed that it was with

more thought of the young and handsome lieutenant in flesh and blood than of the Continental major in ghostly attenuation who lurked in the haunted chamber that Miss Gaspic accepted the invitation to Oldtower.

II.

Oldtower stands in a wild and beautiful village, left on one side by modern travel, which has turned away from the turnpike of the fathers to follow the more direct route of the rail. The estate extends for some distance along the bank of the river, which so twists in its windings as almost to make the village an island, and on a knoll overlooking the stream molders the crumbling pile of stone which once was a watch-tower, and from which the place takes its name.

The house is one of the finest of old colonial mansions, and is beautifully placed upon a terrace half a dozen feet above the level of the ample lawn which surrounds it. Back of the house a trim garden with box hedges as high as the gardener's knee extends down to the river, while in front a lofty hedge shuts off the grounds from the village street. Miss Fanny, upon whom had largely devolved the care of the estate since the death of her widowed mother, had had the good sense to confine her efforts to keeping things in good order in the simplest possible way; and the result was that such defects of management as were rendered inevitable by the smallness in income presented themselves to the eye rather as evidences of mellowness than of decay, and the general effect remained most charming.

Irene had always been fond of the McHugh place, and everything was in the perfection of its June fairness when she arrived. Her meeting with Fanny was properly effusive, while Arthur gratified her feminine sense by greeting her with outward calmness while he allowed his old passion to appear in his eyes. There were, of course, innumerable questions to be asked, as is usual upon such occasions, and some of them were even of sufficient importance to require answers; so that the afternoon passed rapidly away, and Irene had no opportunity to refer to the favor to which her friend's letter had made allusion. Her suspicion that she had been summoned in her capacity of ghost-seer was confirmed by the fact that she had been put in the haunted room, a fine square chamber in the southeast wing, wainscoted to the ceiling, and one of the handsomest apartments in the house. This room had been especially decorated and fitted up for one Major Arthur McHugh, a great-greatuncle of the present McHughs, who had served with honor under Lafayette in the Revolution. The major had left behind him the reputation of great personal bravery, a portrait which showed him as extremely handsome, and the fame of having been a great lady-killer, and something of a rake withal; while he had taken out of the world with him, or at least had not left behind, the secret of what he had done with the famous McHugh diamonds. Major McHugh was his father's eldest son, and in the family the law of primogeniture was in his day pretty strictly observed, so that to him descended the estate. A disappointment in love resulted in his refusing to marry, although urged thereto by his family and much reasoned with by disinterested mothers with marriageable daughters. He bequeathed the estate to the eldest son of his younger brother, who had been named for him, and this Arthur McHugh was the grandfather of the present lieutenant.

With the estate went the famous McHugh diamonds, at that time the finest in America. The "McHugh star," a huge stone of rose cut, had once been the eye of an idol in the temple of Majarah, whence it had been stolen by the sacrilegious Rajah of Zinyt, from whose possession it passed into the hands of a Colonel McHugh at the siege of Zinyt in 1707. There was an effort made, about the middle of the eighteenth century, to add this beautiful gem to the crown jewels of France, but the McHugh then at the head of the family, the father of Major McHugh, declared that he would sooner part with wife and children than with the "McHugh star," an unchristian sentiment which speaks better for his appreciation of jewels than for his family affection.

When Major McHugh departed from this life, in 1787, the McHugh diamonds were naturally sought for by his heir, but were nowhere to be found. None of the family knew where they were usually kept—a circumstance which was really less singular than it might at first appear, since the major was never communicative, and in those days concealment was more relied upon for the safety of small valuables than the strength which the modern safe, with its misleading name, is supposed to supply. The last that was known of the gems was their being worn at a ball in 1785 by the sister-in-law of the owner, to whom they had been loaned for the occasion. Here they had attracted the greatest attention and admiration, but on their return to Major McHugh they seemed to vanish forever. Search had of course been made, and one generation after another, hearing the traditions, and believing in its own cleverness, had renewed the endeavor, but thus far the mystery had remained unsolved.

III.

It was when the girls were brushing out their hair together in that hour before retiring which is traditionally sacred to feminine confidences, that Irene asked rather abruptly:

"Well, Fanny, what is it that you want of me?"

"Want?" replied her friend, who could not possibly help being femininely evasive. "I want to see you, of course."

"Yes," the guest returned, smiling; "and that is the reason you gave me this room, which I never had before."

The hostess blushed. "It is the handsomest room in the house," she said defensively.

"And one shares it," Irene added, "with the ghost of the gallant major."

"But you know," protested Fanny, "that you do not mind ghosts in the least."

"Not so very much now that I am used to them. They are poor creatures; and it seems to me that they get feebler the more people refuse to believe in them."

"Oh, you don't suppose," cried Fanny, in the greatest anxiety, "that the major's ghost has faded away, do you? Nobody has slept here for years, so that nobody has seen it for ever so long."

"And you want me to assure it that you think it eminently respectable to have a wraith in the family, so you hope it will persevere in haunting Oldtower?"

"Oh, it is n't that at all," Fanny said, lowering her voice. "I suppose Arthur would be furious if he knew it, or that I even mentioned it, but I am sure it is more for his sake than for my own. Don't you think that it is?"

"You are simply too provoking for anything," Irene responded. "I am sure I never saw a ghost that talked so unintelligibly as you do. What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, only the other day Arthur said in joke that if somebody could only make the major's —" she looked around to indicate the word which she evidently did not care to pronounce in that chamber, and Irene nodded to signify that she understood — "if only somebody could make it tell where the McHugh diamonds are —"

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" interrupted Irene. "Well, my dear, I am willing to speak to the major, if he will give me an opportunity; but it is not likely that I can do much. He will not care for what I say."

"But appeal to his family pride," Fanny said with an earnestness that betrayed the importance of this matter to her. "Tell him how we are going to ruin for want of just the help those diamonds would give us. He ought to have some family pride left."

Miss Gaspic naturally did not wish to draw her friend into a conversation upon the financial straits of the family, and she therefore managed to turn the conversation, only repeating her promise that if the wraith of the major put in an appearance, she would do whatever lay in her power to get from him the secret which he had kept for a century. It was not long before Fanny withdrew, and, taking a book, Irene sat down to read, and await her visitor.

It was just at midnight that the major's spirit made its appearance. It was a ghost of a conventional period, and it carefully observed all the old-time conditions. Irene, who had been waiting for it, raised her eyes from the book which she had been reading, and examined it carefully. The ghost had the likeness of a handsome man of rather more than middle age and of majestic presence. The figure was dressed in Continental uniform, and in its hand carried a glass apparently full of red wine. As Irene raised her eyes, the ghost bowed gravely and courteously, and then drained the cup to its depth.

"Good evening," Miss Gaspic said politely. "Will you be seated?"

The apparition was evidently startled by this cool address, and, instead of replying, again bowed and again drained its glass, which had in some mysterious manner become refilled.

"Thank you," Irene said, in answer to his repeated salute; "please sit down. I was expecting you, and I have something to say."

The ghost of the dead-and-gone major stared more than before.

"I beg your pardon?" he responded in a thinly interrogative tone.

"Pray be seated," Irene invited him for the third time.

The ghost wavered into an old-fashioned high-backed chair, which remained distinctly visible through his form, and for a moment or two the pair eyed each other in silence. The situation seemed somehow to be a strained one even to the ghost.

"It seems to me," Irene said, breaking the silence, "that it would be hard for you to refuse the request of a lady."

"Oh, impossible," the ghost quavered, with old-time gallantry; "especially of a lovely creature like some we could mention. Anything," he added in a slightly altered tone, as if his experiences in ghostland had taught him the need of caution — "anything in reason, of course."

Irene smiled her most persuasive smile. "Do I look like one who would ask unreasonable things?" she asked.

"I am sure that nothing which you should ask could be unreasonable," the ghost replied, with so much gallantry that Irene had for a mo-

ment a confused sense of having lost her identity, because to have a ghost complimenting her gave her much the feeling of being a ghost herself.

"And certainly the McHugh diamonds can do you no good now," Miss Gaspic continued, introducing her subject with truly feminine indirectness.

"The McHugh diamonds?" echoed the ghost, stammeringly, as if the shock of the surprise, under which he grew perceptibly thinner, was almost more than his incorporeal frame could endure.

"Yes," responded Irene. "Of course I have no claim on them, but the family is in severe need, and —"

"They wish to sell my diamonds!" exclaimed the wraith, starting up in wrath. "The degenerate, unworthy —"

Words seemed to fail him, and in an agitated manner he swallowed two or three glasses of wine in quick succession.

"Why, sir," Irene asked irrelevantly, "do you seem to be always drinking wine?"

"Because," he answered sadly, "I dropped dead while I was drinking the health of Lady Betty Rafferty, and since then I have to do it whenever I am in the presence of mortals."

"But can you not stop?"

"Only when your ladyship is pleased to command me," he replied, with all his old-fashioned elaborateness of courtesy.

"And as to the diamonds," Irene said, coming back to that subject with an abruptness which seemed to be most annoying to the ghost, "of what possible use can they be to you in your present condition?"

"What use?" echoed the wraith of the major, with much fierceness. "They are my occupation. I am their guardian spirit."

"But," she urged, bringing to bear those powers of logic upon which she always had prided herself, "you drink the ghost of wine, don't you?"

"Certainly, madam," the spirit answered, evidently confused.

"Then why can you not be content with guarding the ghost of the McHugh diamonds, while you let the real, live Arthur McHugh have the real stones?"

"Why, that," the apparition returned, with true masculine perversity, "is different — quite different."

"How is it different?"

"Now I am the guardian of a genuine treasure. I am the most considerable personage in our whole circle."

"Your circle?" interrupted Irene.

"You would not understand," the shape said, "so I will, with your permission, omit the explanation. If I gave up the diamonds, I should be only a common, drinking ghost — a thing to be gossiped about and smiled at."

"You would be held in reverence as the posthumous benefactor of your family," she urged.

"I am better pleased with things as they are. I have no great faith in the rewards of the benefactors; and the people benefited would not belong to our circle, either."

"You are both selfish and cynical," Irene declared. She fell to meditating what she had better say to him, and meanwhile she noted with satisfaction that the candle was burning blue, a fact which, to her accustomed eye, indicated that the ghost was a spirit of most excellent standing in ghostly ranks.

"To suffer the disapproval of one so lovely," the remnant of the old-time gentleman rejoined, "is a misfortune so severe that I cannot forbear reminding you that you are not fully familiar with the conditions under which I exist."

In this unsatisfactory strain the conversation continued for some time longer; and when at length the ghost took its departure, and Irene retired to rest, she could not flatter herself that she had made any especial progress toward inducing the spirit to yield the secret which it had so long and so carefully guarded. The major's affections seemed to be set with deathless constancy upon the gems, and that most powerful of masculine passions, vanity, to be enlisted in their defense.

"I am afraid that it is of no use," Irene sighed to herself; "and yet, after all, he was only a man when he was alive, and he cannot be much more than that now when he is a ghost."

And greatly comforted by the reflection that whatever is masculine is to be overcome by feminine guile, she fell asleep.

IV.

On the following afternoon Irene found herself rowing on the river with the lieutenant. She had declined his invitation to come, and had immediately felt so exultant in the strength of mind which had enabled her to withstand temptation that she had followed the refusal with an acceptance.

The day was deliciously soft and balmy. A thin haze shut off the heat of the sun, while a southerly breeze found somewhere a spicy and refreshing odor, which it diffused over the water. The river moved tranquilly, and any one capable of being sentimental might well find it hard to resist the influences of the afternoon.

The lieutenant was as ardently in love as it is possible for a man to be who is at once a soldier and handsome, and indeed more than would have been expected from a man who combined these two things. The fact that Irene had a great deal of money, while he had none,

gave to his passion a hopelessness from his point of view which much increased its fervor. He gazed at his companion with his great dark eyes as she sat in the stern, his heavy eyebrows and well-developed mustache preventing him from looking as silly as might otherwise have been the case. Miss Gaspic was by no means insensible to the spell of the time and of the companionship in which she found herself, but she was determined above all things to be discreet.

"Arthur," she said, by way of keeping the talk in safe channels and also of finding out what she wanted to know, "was search ever made for the McHugh diamonds?"

"Search!" he repeated. "Everything short of pulling the house down has been tried. Everybody in the family from the time they were lost has had a hand at it."

"I do not see —" began Irene, when he interrupted brusquely.

"No," he said; "nobody sees. The solution of the riddle is probably so simple that nobody will think of it. It will be hit upon by accident some day. But, for the sake of goodness, let us talk of something else. I always lose my temper when the McHugh diamonds are mentioned."

He relieved his impatience by a fierce spurt at the oars, which sent the boat spinning through the water; then he shook himself as if to shake off unpleasant thoughts, and once more allowed the current to take them along. Irene looked at him with wistful eyes. She would have been so glad to give him all her money if he would have it.

"You told me," she said at length, with a faint air of self-consciousness, "that you wanted to say something to me."

The young lieutenant flushed, and looked between the trunks of the old trees on the river-bank into the far distance. "I have," he responded. "It is a piece of impertinence, because I have no right to say it to you."

"You may say anything you wish to say," Irene answered, while a vague apprehension took possession of her mind at something in his tone. "Surely we have known each other long enough for that."

"Well," the other blurted out with an abruptness that showed the effort that it cost him, "you should be married, Irene."

Irene felt like bursting into tears, but with truly feminine fortitude she managed to smile instead.

"Am I getting so woefully old and faded, then, Arthur?" she asked.

His look of reproachful denial was sufficiently eloquent to need no added word. "Of course not," he said; "but you should not be going on toward the time when —"

"When I shall be," she concluded his sentence as he hesitated. "Then, Arthur, why don't you ask me to marry you?"

The blood rushed into his face and ebbed away, leaving him as pale as so sun-browned a fellow could well be. He set his teeth together over a word which was strangled in its utterance, and Irene saw with secret admiration the mighty grasp of his hands upon the oars. She could be proud of his self-control so long as she was satisfied of the intensity of his feelings, and she was almost as keenly thrilled by the adoring, appealing look in his brown eyes as she would have been by a caress.

"Because," he said, "the McHughs have never yet been set down as fortune-hunters, and I do not care to be the one to bring that reproach upon the family."

"What a vilely selfish way of looking at it!" she cried.

"Very likely it seems so to a woman."

Irene flushed in her turn, and for fully two minutes there was no sound save that of the water lapping softly against the boat. Then Miss Gaspic spoke again.

"It is possible," she said in a tone so cold that the poor lieutenant dared not answer her, "that the fact that you are a man prevents you from understanding how a woman feels who has thrown herself at a man's head, as I have done, and been rejected. Take me back to the shore."

And he had not a word to answer.

V.

To have proposed to a man, and been refused, is not a soothing experience for any woman; and although the ground upon which Arthur had based his rejection was one which Irene had before known to be the obstacle between them, the refusal remained a stubborn fact to rankle in her mind. All the evening she nursed her wounded feelings, and by the time midnight brought her once more face to face with the ghost of the major, her temper was in a state which nothing save the desire to shield a lady could induce one to call by even so mild a word as uncertain.

The spirit appeared as usual, saluting, and tossing off bumpers from its shadowy wine-glass, and it had swallowed at least a dozen cups before Miss Gaspic condescended to indicate that she was aware of its presence.

"Why do you stand there drinking in that idiotic fashion?" she demanded with more asperity than politeness. "Once is quite enough for that sort of thing."

"But I cannot speak until I have been spoken to," the ghost responded apologetically, "and I have to continue drinking until I have been requested to do something else."

"Drink, then, by all means," Irene replied

coldly, turning to pick up a book. "I only hope that so much wine will not go to your head."

"But it is sure to," the ghost said in piteous tones; "and in all my existence, even when I was only a man, I have never been overcome with wine in the presence of a lady."

He continued to swallow the wraith of red wine while he spoke, and Irene regarded him curiously.

"An inebriated ghost," she observed dispassionately, "is something which it is so seldom given to mortal to see that it would be the greatest of folly to neglect this opportunity of getting sight of that phenomenon."

"Please tell me to go away, or to sit down, or to do something," the quondam major pleaded.

"Then tell me where the McHugh diamonds are," she said.

A look of desperate obstinacy came into the ghost's face, through which could unpleasantly be seen the brass knobs of a tall secretary on the opposite side of the room. For some moments the pair confronted each other in silence, although the apparition continued its drinking. Irene watched the figure with unrelenting countenance, and at length made the curious discovery that it was standing upon tiptoe. In a moment more she saw that it was really rising, and that its feet from time to time left the carpet entirely. Her first thought was a fear that it was about to float away and escape, but upon looking closer she came to the conclusion that it was endeavoring to resist the tendency to rise into the air. Watching more sharply, she perceived that while with its right hand it raised its inexhaustible wine-cup, with its left it clung to the back of a chair in an evident endeavor to keep itself down.

"You seem to be standing on tiptoe," she observed. "Were you looking for anything?"

"No," the wraith responded in evident confusion; "that is merely the levitation consequent upon this constant imbibing."

Irene laughed contemptuously. "Do you mean," she demanded unfeelingly, "that the sign of intoxication in a ghost is a tendency to rise into the air?"

"It is considered more polite in our circle to use the term employed by the occultists," the apparition answered somewhat sulkily. "We speak of it as 'levitation.'"

"But I do not belong to your circle," Irene returned cheerfully, "and I am not in sympathy with the occultists. Does it not occur to you," she went on, "that it is worth while to take into consideration the fact that in these progressive times you do not occupy the same place in popular or even scientific estimation which was yours formerly? You are now merely a hallucination, you know, and there is no reason that I should regard you with anything but contempt, as a mere symptom of indigestion or of mental fatigue."

"But you can see that I am not a hallucination, can you not?" quavered the poor ghost of the major, evidently becoming dreadfully discouraged.

"Oh, that is simply a delusion of the senses," Irene made answer in a matter-of-fact way, which, even while she spoke, she felt to be basely cruel. "Any physician would tell me so, and would write out a prescription for me to prevent my seeing you again."

"But he could n't," the ghost said with pathetic feebleness.

"You do not know the physicians of to-day," she replied, with a smile. "But to drop that, what I wished to say was this: does it not seem to you that this is a good opportunity to prove your reality by showing me the hiding-place of the diamonds? I give you my word that I will report the case to the Psychical Society, and you will then go on record and have a permanent reputation, which the incredulity of the age cannot destroy."

The ghost was by this time in a state of intoxication which evidently made it a thing of the utmost difficulty to keep from sailing to the ceiling. He clung to the back of a chair with a desperate clutch, while his feet paddled hopelessly and helplessly in the air, in vain attempts once more to get into touch with the floor.

"But the Psychical Society is not recognized in my circle," he still objected.

"Very well," Irene exclaimed in exasperation; "do as you like! But what will be the effect upon your reputation if you go floating helplessly back to your circle in your present condition? Is levitation in the presence of ladies considered respectable in this society of whose opinion you think so much?"

"Oh, to think of it!" the spirit of the bygone major wailed with a sudden shrillness of woe which made even Miss Gaspic's blood run cold. "Oh, the disgrace of it! I will do anything you ask."

Irene sprang to her feet in sudden excitement.

"Will you show me—" she began; but the wavering voice of the ghost interrupted her.

"You must lead me," it said. "Give me your hand. I shall float up to the ceiling if I let go my hold upon this chair."

"Your hand — that is, I — I don't like the feeling of ghosts," Irene replied. "Here, take hold of this."

She picked up a pearl paper-knife and extended it toward the spirit. The ghost grasped it, and in this manner was led down the chamber, floating and struggling upward like a bird.

Irene was surprised at the amount of force with which it pulled at the paper-knife, but she reflected that it had really swallowed an enormous quantity of its ghostly stimulant. She followed the directions of the waving hand that held the wine-glass, and in this way they came to a corner of the room where the spirit made signs that it wished to get nearer the floor. Irene pulled the figure downward, until it crouched in the corner. It laid one transparent hand upon a certain panel in the wainscoting.

"Search here," it said.

In the excitement of the moment Irene relaxed her hold upon the paper-knife. Instantly the ghost floated upward like a balloon released from its moorings, while the paper-knife dropped through its incorporeal form to the floor.

"Good-by," Irene cried after it. "Thank you so much!"

And like a blurred and dissolving cloud above her head the intoxicated ghost faded into nothingness.

VI.

It was hardly to be expected that Irene, flushed with the proud delight of having triumphed over the obstinate ghost of the major, could keep her discovery to herself for so long a time as until daylight. It was already near one in the morning, but on going to her window, and looking across to the wing of the house where the lieutenant's rooms were, she saw that his light was still burning. With a secret feeling that he was probably reflecting upon the events of the afternoon, Irene sped along the passage to the door of Fanny's chamber, whom she awakened, and despatched to bring Arthur.

Fanny's characteristically feminine manner of calling her brother was to dash into his room, crying:

"O Arthur, Irene has found the McHugh diamonds!"

She was too incoherent to reply to his questions, so that there was manifestly nothing for him to do but to follow to the place where Irene was awaiting them. There the young couple were deserted by Fanny, who impulsively ran on before to the haunted chamber, leaving them to follow. As they walked along the corridor, the lieutenant, who perhaps felt that it was well not to provoke a discussion which might call up too vividly in Irene's mind the humiliation of the afternoon, clasped her quite without warning, and drew her to his side.

"Now I can ask you to marry me," he said; "and I love you, Irene, with my whole heart."

Her first movement was an instinctive struggle to free herself; but the persuasion of his embrace was too sweet to be resisted, and she only protested by saying, "Your love seems to depend very much upon those detestable old diamonds."

"Of course," he answered. "Without them I am too poor to have any right to think of you."

"Oh," she cried out in sudden terror, "suppose that they are not there!"

The young man loosened his embrace in astonishment.

"Not there!" he repeated. "Fanny said that you had found them."

"Not yet; only the ghost—"

"The ghost!" he echoed, in tones of mingled disappointment and chagrin. "Is that all there is to it?"

Irene felt that her golden love-dream was rudely shattered. She was aware that the lieutenant did not even believe in the existence of the wraith of the major, and although she had been conversing with the spirit for so long a time that very night, so great was the influence of her lover over her mind that she began at this moment to doubt the reality of the apparition herself.

With pale face and sinking heart she led the way into her chamber, and to the corner where the paper-knife yet lay upon the floor in testimony of the actuality of her interview with the ghost. Under her directions the panel was removed from the wainscot, a labor which was not effected without a good deal of difficulty. Arthur sneered at the whole thing, but he yet was good-natured enough to do what the girls asked of him.

Only the dust of centuries rewarded their search. When it was fully established that there were no jewel-cases there, poor Irene broke down entirely, and burst into convulsive weeping.

"There, there," Arthur said soothingly. "Don't feel like that. We've got on without the diamonds thus far, and we can still."

"It is n't the diamonds that I 'm crying for," sobbed Irene, with all the naïveté of a child that has lost its pet toy. "It 's you!"

There was no withstanding this appeal. Arthur took her into his arms and comforted her, while Fanny discreetly looked the other way; and so the engagement was allowed to stand, although the McHugh diamonds had not been found.

VII.

But the next night Irene faced the ghost with an expression of contempt that might have withered the spirit of Hamlet's sire.

"So you think it proper to deceive a lady?" she inquired scornfully. "Is that the way in

which the gentlemen of the old school, of which we hear so much, behaved?"

"Why, you should reflect," the wraith responded waveringly, "that you had made me intoxicated." And, indeed, the poor spirit still showed the effects of its debauch.

"You cannot have been very thoroughly intoxicated," Irene returned, "or you would not have been able to deceive me."

"But you see," it answered, "that I drank only the ghost of wine, so that I really had only the ghost of inebriation."

"But being a ghost yourself," was her reply, "that should have been enough to intoxicate you completely."

"I never argue with a lady," said the ghost, loftily, the subject evidently being too complicated for him to follow further. "At least I managed to put you as far as possible on the wrong scent."

As he spoke he gave the least possible turn of his eye toward the corner of the room diagonally opposite to that where he had disappeared on the previous night.

"Ah!" cried Irene, with sudden illumination.

She sprang up, and began to move from its place in the corner an old secretary which stood there. The thing was very heavy, but she did not call for help. She strained and tugged, the ghost showing evident signs of perturbation, until she had thrust the secretary aside, and then with her lamp beside her she sat down upon the floor and began to examine the wainscoting.

"Come away, please," the ghost said piteously. "I hate to see you there on the floor. Come and sit by the fire."

"Thank you," she returned. "I am very comfortable where I am."

She felt of the panels, she poked and pried, and for more than an hour she worked, while the ghost stood over her, begging that she go away. It was just as she was on the point of giving up that her fingers, rubbing up and down, started a morsel of dust from a tiny hole in the edge of a panel. She seized a hairpin from amid her locks, and thrust the point into the little opening. The panel started, moved slowly on a concealed hinge, and opened enough for her to insert her fingers and to push it back. A sort of closet lay revealed, and in it was a pile of cases, dusty, moth-eaten, and time-stained. She seized the first that came to hand, and opened it. There upon its bed of faded velvet blazed the "McHugh star," superb in its beauty and a fortune in itself.

"Oh, my diamonds!" shrilled the ghost of Major McHugh. "Oh, what will our circle say!"

"They will have the right to say that you were rude to a lady," Irene answered with gratuitous severity. "You have wasted your opportunity of being put on record."

"Now I am only a drinking ghost!" the wraith wailed, and faded away upon the air.

Thus it came about that on her wedding-day Irene wore the "McHugh star"; and yet such is human perversity, that she has not only been convinced by her husband that ghosts do not exist, but she has lost completely the power of seeing them, although that singular and valuable gift had come to her, as has been said, by inheritance from a greataunt on her mother's side of the family.

Arlo Bates.

MOONRISE FROM THE CLIFF.

RARE nights have been, but never night like this!
Never so softly breathed the ebbing gale
Where, in locked slumber, rolls the intervale
Under the brown edge of the precipice!
Oh, softly, from the purple hushed abyss
With all its heavenly legions streaming pale,
The moon, bright-orbed behind her crystal veil,
Melts to this rude world in a stainless kiss!
Such is the hour when skyey forces hover;
The prisoned spirit leaps to burst its bars,
Earth's dullest mortal thrilling like a lover—
Poor shepherd dazed beneath that gulf of stars!—
Till time and sense and rock and sand and sea
Fade in the white glare of immensity.

Dora Read Goodale.

THE AUTHOR OF "GULLIVER."

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF ORIGINAL MARBLE BUST OF SWIFT BY ROUBILLIAC (1696-1762), NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THERE are few figures in history, and still fewer in literature, which have occupied so great a place in the world's attention, or which retain so strong a hold upon its interest, as that of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. It is considerably more than a century since he died, old and mad and miserable, a man who had never been satisfied with life, or felt his fate equal to his deserts, who disowned and hated, even when he served, the country of his birth, and with fierce and bitter passion denounced human nature itself, and left a sting in almost every individual whom he loved.

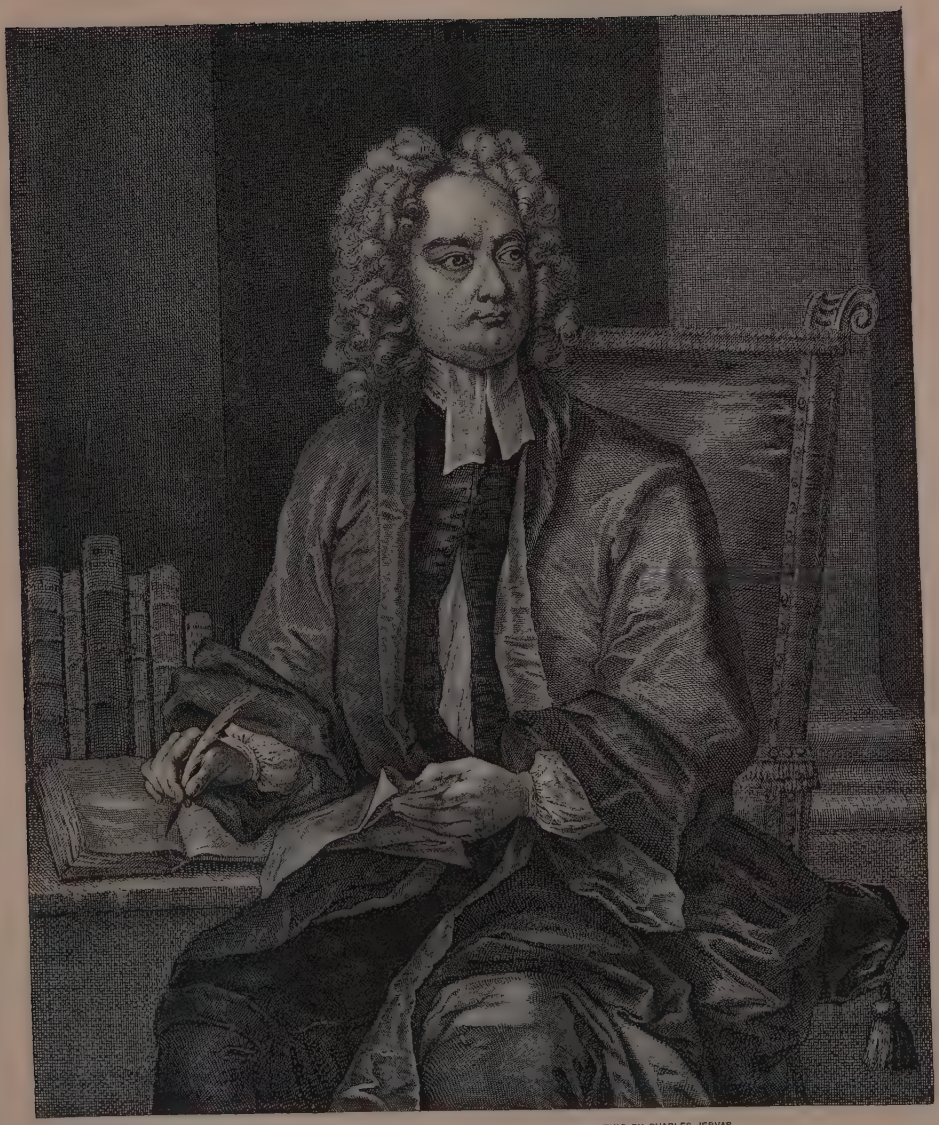
Yet among the many strange examples of that far more than republican power (not always most evident in republics) by which a man of native force and genius, however humble, finds his way to the head of affairs, and impresses his individuality upon his age, when thousands born to better fortunes are swept away as nobodies, Swift is one of the most remarkable. His origin, though noted by himself, not without a certain pride, as from a family of gentry not unknown in their district, was in his own person almost as lowly and poor as it was possible to be. The posthumous son of a poor official in the Dublin law-courts, owing his education to the kindness, or perhaps less the kindness than the family pride, of an uncle, Swift entered the world as a hanger-on, waiting what fortune and a patron might do for him, a position scarcely comprehensible to young Englishmen nowadays, though then the natural method of advancement. Such a young man in the present day would betake himself to his books, with the practical aim of an examination before him, and the hope of immediate admission through that gate to the public service and all its chances; but Swift's age had not learned the habit of utilizing education, and he

was one of the idle youths of fame. "He was stopped of his degree," he himself writes in his autobiographical notes, "for dullness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*." Recent biographers have striven to prove that this really meant nothing to Swift's discredit, but it is to be supposed that in such a matter he is himself the best authority.

The life of the household of dependents at Moor Park, where young Swift attended Sir William Temple's pleasure in the library, while the Johnsons and Dingleys, the waiting gentlewomen of a system which now lingers only in courts, hung about my lady, is to us extremely difficult to realize, and still more to understand. This little cluster of secondary personages, scarcely at all elevated above the servants, with whom they sometimes sat at table, and whose offices they were always liable to be called on to perform, yet who were all conscious of gentle blood in their veins, and a relationship more or less distinct with the heads of the house, is indeed one of the most curious lingerings of the past in the eighteenth century. When we read in one of Macaulay's brilliant sketches, or in Swift's own words, or in the indications given by both history and fiction, that the parson,—chaplain perhaps at the great house,—the humble priest of the parish, found his natural mate in the waiting-maid, it is generally forgotten that the waiting-maid was then in most cases quite as good as the parson, a gently bred and well-descended woman, like her whom an unkind but not ignoble fate made into the "Stella" we all know, the mild and modest star of Swift's existence. That a poor widow with her child, like Stella's mother, should find refuge in the house of her wealthy kinswoman at no heavier cost than that of attending to Lady Temple's linen and laces, and should secure thus such a training for her little girl as might indeed have ended in the rude household of a Parson Trulliber, but at the same time might fit her to take her place in a witty and brilliant society, and to enter into all the thoughts of the most brilliant genius of his time, was no ill-fate; nor is there anything that is less than noble and befitting (in theory) in the association of that young man of genius, whatsoever exercises of patience he might be put to, with the highly cultured man of the world, the councilor of kings and an ex-ambassador, under whose auspices he could learn to understand both books and men, and see the best company of his time, and acquire at second hand all the fruits of a ripe experience. So that, perhaps, there is something to be said after all for the curious little community at Moor Park, where the young Irish secretary, looking but uneasily upon a world in which his future fate was so unassured, had yet the wonderful chance once, if no more, of explaining English institutions to King William, and in his leisure the amusement of teaching little Hester how to write, and learning from her baby prattle — which must have been the delight of the house, kept up and encouraged by her elders — that "little language" which had become a sort of synonym for the most intimate and endearing utterances of tenderness.

Jonathan Swift left Ireland, along with many more, in the commotion that succeeded the Revolution of 1688, a very poor and homely lad, with nothing but the learning, such as it was, picked up in a somewhat disorderly university career. Through his mother, then living at Leicester, and on the score of humble relationship between her and Lady Temple, he was introduced to Sir William Temple's household, but scarcely, it would appear at first, to any permanent position there. He was engaged, an unfriendly writer says, "at the rate of £20 a year" as amanuensis and reader, but "Sir William never favoured him with his conversation nor allowed him to sit at table with him." Temple's own account of the position, however, contains nothing at all derogatory to the young man, for whom, about a year after, he endeavored, no doubt in accordance with Swift's own wishes, to find a situation with Sir Robert Southwell, then going to Ireland as Secretary of State. Sir William describes Swift as "of good family in Herefordshire." "He has lived in my house, read to me, writ for me, and kept all my accounts as far as my small occasions required. He has Latin and Greek, some French, writes a very good current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends, though they have for the present lost their fortunes," the great man says; and he recommends the youth "either as a gentleman to wait on you, or a clerk to write under you, or upon any establishment of the college to recommend him to a fellowship there, which he has a just pretence to."

His absence from the Temple household, however, was of very short duration, Sir Robert Southwell apparently having had no use for his services, or no means of preferring him to a fellowship, and he returned to Moor Park in 1690, where he remained for four years. It is quite clear, whatever his vicissitudes of feeling might have been, that he identified himself entirely with his patron's opinions and even with his prejudices, and was a loyal and devoted retainer both then and afterward. When Sir William became involved in a literary quarrel with the great scholar Bentley, young Swift rushed into the field with a *jeu d'esprit* which has out-



FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY PIERRE FOURDRINIER AFTER A PAINTING BY CHARLES JERVAS.

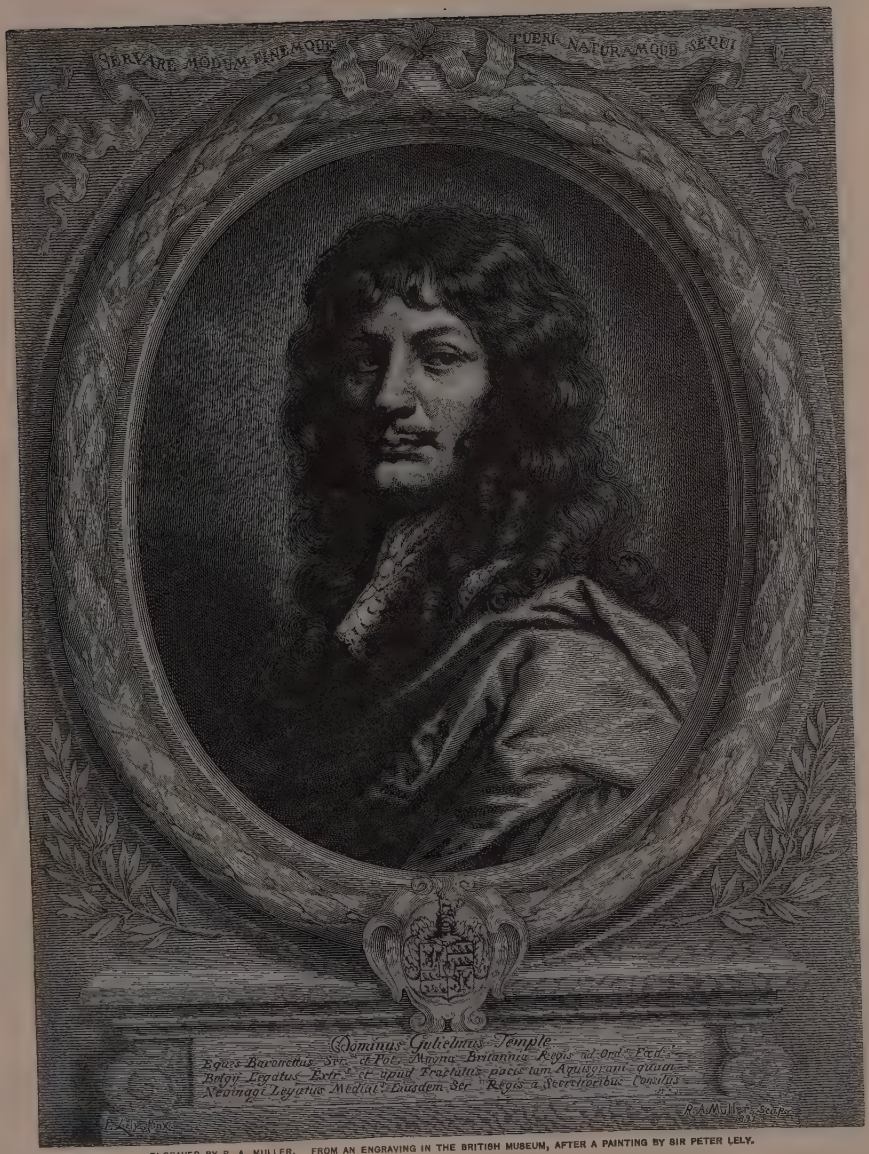
DEAN SWIFT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY. ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

MOOR PARK, RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND OF SWIFT.

lived all other records of the controversy. The "Battle of the Books" could hardly have been written in aid of a hard or contemptuous master. Years after, when he had a house of his own and had entered upon his independent career, he turned his little rectory garden into a humble imitation of the Dutch paradise which Temple had made to bloom in the wilds of Surrey, with a canal and a willow walk like those which were so dear to King William and his courtiers. And when Temple died, it was to Swift, and not to any of his nephews, that Sir William committed the charge of his papers and literary remains. He was sent to King William, when Temple was unable to wait upon his Majesty, to explain to him the expediency of certain parliamentary measures, and this was no doubt intended by his patron as a means of bringing him under the king's notice. William would seem to have taken a kind of vague interest in the secretary, which he expressed in an odd way by offering him a captain's commission in a cavalry regiment,—a proposal which did not tempt Swift,—and by teaching him how to cut asparagus "in the Dutch way," and to eat up all the stalks, as the Dean afterward, in humorous revenge, made an unlucky visitor of his own do. But William, notwithstanding these whimsical evidences of favor, neither listened to the young secretary's argument nor gave him a prebend, as had been hoped.

Four years, however, is a long time for an ambitious young man to spend in dependence, watching one hope die out after another, and Swift's impatience began to be irrestrainable, and to trouble the peace of his patron's learned leisure. Although destined from the first to the church, and for some time waiting in tremulous expectation of ecclesiastical preferment, Swift had not yet taken orders. The explanation he gives of how and why he finally determined on doing so is characteristic. His dissatisfaction and restlessness, probably his complaints, moved Sir William — though evidently deeply offended that his secretary should wish to leave him — to offer to him an employ of about £120 a year in the Rolls Office in Ireland, of which Temple held the sinecure office of master. "Whereupon [says Swift's own narrative] Mr. Swift told him that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland and take Holy Orders." This arbitrary decision to balk his patron's tardy bounty, and to take his own way in spite of him, was probably as much owing to a characteristic blaze of temper as


SERVARE MODUM FINEM QUE
CUERI NATURAM QUE SEQUI
Dominus Gulielmus Temple
Eques Baronettus &c. & Pot. Mag.ae Britanniæ Regis ad Ord. Fœd.
Belgii Legatus Extr. et apud Fœderatos pacis tum Aquisgran. tum
Nemingæ Legatus Mediat. Eiusdem Ser. Regis a Secretioribus Consiliis
R. A. Muller Sculpsit

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER. FROM COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BY HENRY MACMANUS, R. H. A., NOW IN POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

HESTER JOHNSON, SWIFT'S "STELLA," PAINTED FROM LIFE BY MRS. DELANY, ON THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE AT DELVILLE, AND ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYED.

to the somewhat fantastic disinterestedness here put forward, though Swift was never a man greedy of money or disposed to sacrifice his pride to the acquisition of gain, notwithstanding certain habits of miserliness afterward developed in his character. Sir William was "extremely angry"—hurt, no doubt, as many a patron has been, by the ingratitude of the dependent who would not trust everything to him, but claimed some free will in the disposition of his own life. Had they been uncle and nephew, or even father and son, the same thing might easily have happened. Swift set out for Dublin full of indignation and excitement, "everybody judging I did best to leave him"; but, alas! in this, as in so many cases, pride was doomed to a speedy downfall.

On reaching Dublin, and taking the necessary steps for his ordination, Swift found that it was needful for him to have a recommendation and certificate from the patron in whose house so many years of his life had been spent. No doubt it must have been a somewhat bitter necessity to bow his head before the protector whom he had left in anger and to ask for this. Sir William, however, it would seem, behaved as a philosopher and a gentleman should, and gave the required recommendation with magnanimity and kindness. Thus the young man had his way.

Swift got a small benefice in the north of Ireland, the little country parish of Kilroot, in which doubtless he expected that the sense of independence would make up to him for other deprivations. It was near Belfast, among those hard-headed Scotch colonists whom he could never endure; and probably this had something to do with the speedy revulsion of his mind. He remained there only a year; and it is perhaps the best proof we could have of his sense of isolation and banishment that this was the only time in his life in which he thought of marriage. There is in existence a fervent and impassioned letter addressed to the object of his affections, a Miss Waring, whom, after the fashion of the time, he called "Varina." He does not seem in this case to have had the usual good fortune that attended his relationships with women. Miss Waring did not respond with the same warmth; indeed, was discouraging and coldly prudent. He was still pleading for a favorable answer when there arrived a letter from Moor Park inviting his return, Sir William's pride, too, having apparently broken down under the blank made by Swift's departure.

Hester Johnson was a child of seven when young Swift, "the humble student," went first to Moor Park. She was only fifteen when he returned, no longer as a sort of educated man of all work, but on the entreaty of the patron who had felt the want of his company so much as to forget all grievances. He was not now a humble student, Temple's satellite and servant, but his friend and coadjutor, fully versed in all his secrets, and most likely already chosen as the guardian of his fame, and the executor of his purposes and wishes; therefore it is not possible that Macaulay's reckless picturesque description could apply to either time. Such an easy picture, however, has more effect upon the general imagination than the outcries of all the biographers, and the many researches made to show that Swift was not a sort of literary lackey, nor Stella an Abigail, but that he had learned to prize the advantages of his home there during his absence from it, and that, during the latter part of his life at Moor Park at least, his position was as good as that of a dependent can ever be.

Sir William Temple died, as Swift records affectionately, on the morning of January 27, 1699, "and with him all that was good and amiable among men." He died, however, leaving the young man who had spent so many years of his life under his wing scarcely better for that long subjection. Swift had a legacy of £100 for his trouble in editing his patron's memoirs, and he got the profits of those memoirs, amounting, Mr. Forster calculates, to no less than £600, no inconsiderable present; but no one of the many appointments which

were then open to the retainers of the great, and especially to a young man of letters, had come in Swift's way.

The great household, with its easy and uneasy jumble of patrons and dependents, fell asunder and ceased to be. The younger members of the family were jealous of the last bequest, which put the fame of their distinguished relative into the hands of a stranger, and did their best to set Swift down in his proper place, and to proclaim how much he was the creature of their uncle's bounty. In the breaking up which followed there were many curious partings and conjunctions. Why Hester Johnson, to whom Sir William had bequeathed a little

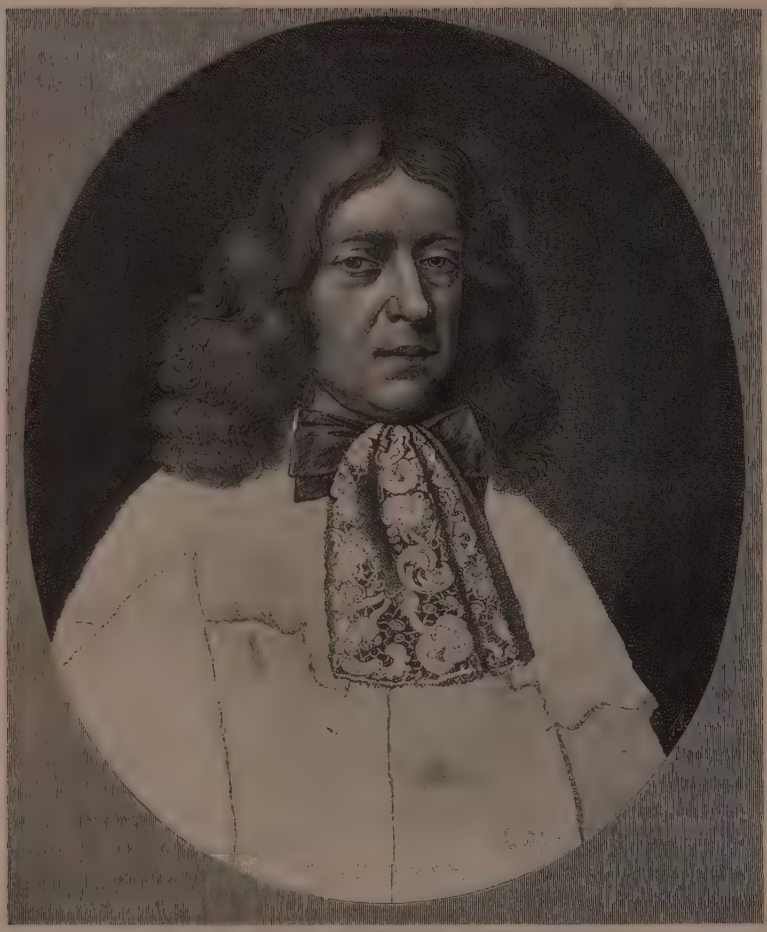
DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

STELLA'S COTTAGE, ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE MOOR PARK ESTATE.

independence, should have left her mother's care and joined her fortunes to those of Mrs. Dingley instead, remains unexplained, unless, indeed, it was Mrs. Johnson's second marriage which was the cause, or perhaps some vexation on the part of Lady Giffard — with whom the girl's mother remained, notwithstanding her marriage — at the liberality of her brother to the child brought up in his house.

Swift was thirty-one, too old to be beginning his career, yet young enough to turn with eager zest to the unknown, when this catastrophe occurred. Sir William Temple's secretary and literary executor must have known, one would suppose, many people who could have helped him to promotion, but it would seem as if a kind of irresistible fate impelled him back to his native country, though he did not love it, and forced him to be an Irishman in spite of himself. The only post that came in his way was a chaplaincy, conjoined with a secretaryship, in the suite of the Earl of Berkeley, newly appointed one of the Lords Justices in Ireland, and just then entering upon his duties. Swift accepted the position in hopes that he would be continued as Lord Berkeley's secretary, and possibly go with him afterward to more stirring scenes and a larger life, but this expectation was not carried out. Neither was his application for the Deanery of Derry, which seems at the moment a somewhat bold one, successful, and all the preferment he succeeded in getting was another Irish living, with a better stipend and in a more favorable position than Kilroot — the parish of Laracor, within twenty miles of Dublin, which, conjoined with a prebend in St. Patrick's, and other small additions, brought him in £200 a year — a small promotion, indeed, yet not a bad income for the place and time. He was naturally, as Lord Berkeley's chaplain, in the midst of the finest company that Ireland could boast, one of a court more extended than Sir William Temple's, yet of a similar description, and affording greater scope for his hitherto undeveloped social qualities.

His stay in Ireland at this period lasted about two years, during which he paid repeated visits to his living at Laracor, and also made trial of existence there. The parsonage was in a ruinous condition, the church a miserable barn, the congregation numbered about twenty persons. Many are the tales of the new parson's arrival there, like a thunder-storm, frighten-



FROM AN UNFINISHED ENGRAVING, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ATTRIBUTED TO DAVID LOGGAN.

GEORGE, EARL OF BERKELEY.

ing the humble curate and his wife with the arrogant roughness of manner which they, like many others, found afterward covered a great deal of genuine practical kindness. One well-known anecdote, which describes him as finding his congregation to consist only of his clerk and beginning the service gravely with "Dearly beloved Roger," has found a permanent place among ecclesiastical pleasantries. In all probability it is true; but if not so, it is at least so *ben trovato* as to be as good as true. There were few claims upon the energies of such a man in such a sphere, and when Lord Berkeley was recalled to England his chaplain went with him. But neither did he find any promotion in London. Up to this time his only literary work had been that wonderful "Battle of the Books," which had burst like a bombshell into the midst of the squabble of the *literati*, but which had only as yet been handed about in manuscript, and was therefore known to few. No doubt it was known to various wits and scholars that Sir William Temple's late secretary and literary executor was a young man of uncommon promise, but statesmen in general, and the king in particular, sick and worn out with many preoccupations, had no leisure for the claims of the Irish parson.

The interest of this visit to England was, however, as great, and told for as much in his life, as if it had brought him a bishopric. It determined that long connection and close intercourse in which Swift's inner history is involved. After he had paid in vain his court to the king, and made various ineffectual attempts to recommend himself in high quarters, he went on a visit to Farnham, where Hester Johnson and Mrs. Dingley had settled after Sir William's

death. Swift found the two women quite undetermined what to do, in an uncomfortable lodging, harassed for money, and without any object in their lives. They had lived together for years, and knew everything about each other; Hester had grown up from childhood under Swift's eye, his pupil, his favorite, his playfellow. She had now, it is true, arrived at an age when other sentiments are supposed to come in. She must have been about twenty, while he was thirty-four. There was no reason in the world why they should not have married then and there, had they so wished. But there seems no appearance or thought of any such desire, and the question was what the ladies should do for the arrangement of their affairs and pleasant occupation of their lives. Farnham being untenable, where should they go? Why not to Ireland, where Hester's property was, where they would be near to their friend, who could help them into society, and give them his own companionship as often as he happened to be there?

This was, then, the time which decided what is called the "sad and mysterious history" of Swift and Stella, a story so strangely told, so obstinately insisted upon as miserable, unnatural, and tragical, that the reader or writer of to-day has scarcely the power of forming an impartial judgment upon it. We have not a word from the woman's side of the question, though she is supposed to have passed a melancholy existence of unsatisfied longings and disappointed love by Swift's side, the victim of his capricious affections, neglect, cruelty, and fondness. That she should have wished to marry him, that the love was impassioned on her side, and that her whole life was blighted and overcast by his fantastic repugnance to the common ties of humanity, are taken for granted by every historian. Appearances of blighted life or unhappiness there are none in anything we know of her. As the ladies appear reflected in that "Journal to Stella,"— which is the dean's only claim upon our affections, but a strong one,— they seem to have lived a most cheerful, lively life. They had a number of friends, they had their little tea-parties, their circle of witty society, to which the letters of the absent were a continual amusement and delight. And it is the man, not the woman, who complains of not receiving letters: it is he, not she, who exhausts every playful wile, every tender art, to keep himself in vivid recollection. Is it perhaps a certain mixture of masculine vanity, and compassion for the gentle feminine creature who never succeeded in getting the man she loved to marry her,— and thus failed to attain the highest end of woman,— which has moved every biographer of Swift, each man more compassionate than his predecessor, thus to exhaust himself in pity for Stella? Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray, not to mention many lesser names, have all taken her injured innocence to heart. And nobody notes the curious fact that Stella herself never utters any complaint, nor indeed seems to feel the necessity of being unhappy at all, but takes her dean most cheerfully, laughing, scolding, giving her opinion with all the delightful freedom of a relationship which was at once nature and choice, the familiar trust and tenderness of old use and wont with the charm of voluntary association. We see her only as reflected in his letters, in the references he makes to hers, and in all his tender sportive references to her habits and ways of thinking. This reflection is not in rigid lines of black and white, but an airy and radiant vision, the representation of anything in the world rather than a downcast and disappointed woman. It is not that either of a wife or a lover: it is more like the wilful, delightful image of a favorite child, a creature confident that everything she says or does will be received with admiration from the mere fact that it is she who says or does it, and who tyrannizes, scoffs, and proffers a thousand comments and criticisms with all the elastic brightness of unforced and unimpassioned affection.

One can well imagine, however, when the two ladies arrived in Dublin, where their friend had no doubt represented to them his power to gain them access into the best society, and found that he did not come, and that they were stranded in a strange place, knowing nobody, how some annoyance and disappointment, and perhaps anger, must have been in their thoughts. Insensibly, however, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley found a place and position for themselves. Swift was often away in the following years, spending about half his time in London, and when he was absent they took possession of his newly repaired and renovated house, or occupied his lodging in Dublin, and gathered friends about them, and went out to their card-parties, and played a little, and talked, and lived a pleasant life. When he returned they removed to their own rooms.

As Swift's relations with Stella are the great interest of his life, the subject which occupies every new writer who so much as touches upon him, it is needless to make any excuse for entering into the question with an amount of detail which our limited space would otherwise scarcely justify. The mystery about it lends it an endless attraction, and as, whatever it was, it is the one great love of his life, and represents all the private satisfaction and comfort he got by means of his affections, it has a permanent interest which most readers will not find in the "Tale of a Tub," or any other of the produc-

tions which made this period of his life remarkable. Swift was continually going and coming to London through these years. Though he had begun at once to make Laracor a sort of earthly paradise with a Dutch flavor, such as he had learned from his early master, and though it was "very much for his own satisfaction" that he had invited Stella to come to Ireland, yet neither of these reasons was enough to keep him in the rural quiet among his beloved willows. He hankered after society, fame, and power. He liked to meet great men, to hear the news, to ride over weaker reasoners in society, to put forth his own vigorous views, and to whip, with sharp satire, the men who displeased him. Tradition and habit had made him a Whig, but political names were of easy interchange in those days, and Swift's objects were much more definite than his politics. From the moment of Queen Anne's ascension, when she gratified the Church of England by the remission of certain dues hitherto paid to the crown, Swift's energies were directed to obtaining a similar remission for the Irish Church, and this was the ostensible object of his repeated journeys to London. He had also a purpose still nearer to his heart, which was the advancement of Jonathan Swift to a post more fitted to his genius. For these great objects he haunted the anterooms of Halifax, and Somers, and Godolphin, and did what he could to show them what they were not wise enough to perceive, that he was himself an auxiliary well worth securing. Nine years had passed in these vain negotiations. It was in 1701 that he paid that visit to Farnham which decided Stella's fate, but his own was still hanging in the balance when, after almost yearly expeditions in the interval, he set out for London in the autumn of the year 1710 with a threat upon his lips. "I will apply to Mr. Harley, who formerly made some advances toward me, and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well." The change was sudden, but it had little in it that could be called political apostasy.

The man who felt himself of sufficient importance to make this threat seems to have possessed already, notwithstanding the neglect of the Whig lords, the rank of his intellect rather than of his external position, and this not entirely because of the anonymous productions which were more or less known to be his.

It is characteristic, however, of the man that he should have tossed into the world without a name a book which made a greater impression than any contemporary publication, enjoying no doubt the wonders and queries, yet scorning to make himself dependent upon so small a thing as a book for his reputation and influence. He was no more disposed than the most sensitive of authors to let another man claim the credit of it, yet proud enough in native arrogance to hold himself independent of such aids to advancement, and thus to prove his scorn of the world's opinion, even when he sought its applauses most. Whether this work had anything to do with his introduction to the society of the coffee-houses, and the wits of London, we are not told.

On a first accost, it would not seem that Swift's manners were ingratiating. The following story, which is told by all his biographers, of his first appearance at the St. James Coffee-house is amusing, and may be true:

> They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the house who seemed entirely unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom was to lay down his hat on a table and walk backward and forward at a good pace, for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. On one particular evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance, as if intending to address him. Eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, they all quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the peculiarity of his manner, answered, "Yes, sir, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," rejoined Swift, "than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives, at the end of the year it is all very well." With which remark he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house.

His whimsical humor, and love of making the spectators stare, remained a characteristic of Swift all his life.

These beginnings of social life were, however, past, and no one was better known or more warmly welcomed, when he appeared with his wig new curled, and his azure eyes aglow, than the Irish parson, waiting upon Providence and the Whigs, whose political pamphlets, and papers in the "Tatler," and malicious practical joking with poor Partridge the astrologer, made him at each appearance a more notable figure to all the lookers-on. His eyes must have been on fire under those expressive brows when he came to London in 1710, resolved this time to be put off by Whig blan-

dishments no longer, but to try what the other side would do. The other side received him with open arms, and the most instant appreciation of what he was worth to them and what he could do.

Swift seems, at all events, to have had a real affection for the shifty minister who received him in so different a fashion from that of his former masters. He flung himself into all the backstairs intrigues, and collogued with Abigail Masham, and took his share in every plot. When Harley was stabbed, Swift felt for him all the anxiety of a brother. He threw himself into the "Examiner," the new Tory organ, with fervor and enthusiasm, and expounded the principles of his party, and set their plans before the public, with a force and clearness which nobody but he, his patrons declared, possessed. The two statesmen, Harley and Bolingbroke, who were so little like each other, so ill calculated to draw together, were alike in this, that neither could be flattering enough or kind enough to the great vassal whom they had secured. He seems to have thought of himself that he was a sort of third consul, an unofficial sharer of their power.

This extraordinary episode in the life of a man of Swift's profession, and so little likely to come to such promotion, lasted three years, and the history of it is not less remarkable than the fact. It was a period of the greatest intellectual activity and brilliancy in Swift's career, and besides his hard political work in the "Examiner" and elsewhere, he flung from him, amid the exhilarating appreciation of the great world and his patrons, a number of the best of his lighter productions. But nothing that he ever wrote can be compared to the letters in which the story of this period is told. If it is the true man whom we see in these unpremeditated and careless pages, written before he got up of a morning, or in the evening when he came home from his entertainments, with the chairmen still wrangling over their sixpences outside, how different is that man from the other who storms, and laughs, and mocks humanity, and sees through all its miserable pretenses without a thought of pardon or excuse! The journal letters addressed to the ladies in Dublin, Madam P. P. T. and Madam Elderby, the two women who shared his every thought, now so well known as the "Journal to Stella," are of all Swift's works the only productions that touch the heart. They are not to be numbered among his "works" at all; publication of any kind never seems to have occurred to him, while writing; they are as frank as Pepys, and far more simple and true. They are English history, and London life, and the eighteenth century, with its mannerisms and quaintness, all in one; and beyond and above every circumstance, they are Swift as he was in his deepest soul,—not as he appeared to men,—a human being full of tenderness, full of fun and innocent humor, full of genius and individual nature, but, above all, of true affection, of the warmest domestic love. The "Tale of a Tub," the "Battle of the Books," retain a sort of galvanic existence, but are for the greater part insupportable to the honest readers who have no tradition of superior acumen and perception to maintain. But when we turn to the "Journal," the clean and wholesome pages smile with a cordial life and reality. If there is here and there a phrase too broad for modern ears, it is nothing more than the language of the time, and has not a ghost of evil meaning in it. The big, arrogant wit—not unused to bluster and brag, to act like a tyrant and to speak like a bully—meets us there defenseless, with the tenderest light upon his face, in his nightcap and without his wig, smiling over little M. D.'s letter in the wintry mornings, snatching a moment at bedtime when he is already "seepy," and can do nothing but bid "nite deelest dea M. D. nite deelest loques," making his mouth, he says, as if he were saying the broken childish words, retiring into the sanctuary of the little language with a sense of consolation and repose.

Stella grew old, but never outgrew the little language, and every young woman has something in her of the sprightly creature that loved to do his bidding, the P. P. T. who held her own, and put him upon his best behavior often, yet never was other than the "deelest little loque," whom he bantered and laughed at with soft tears of tenderness in his eyes. "Better, thank God and M. D.'s prayers," he says among the private scribbles of his daily diary, which neither she nor any one was ever meant to see. Nevertheless, even while he was writing this journal, which is the record of a tender intimacy so remarkable, Swift was meddling with the education of another girl incautiously, foolishly, who was not of the uninflammable nature of Stella, but a hot-headed, passionate creature who did not at all imagine that the mere

> delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book

was all Dr. Swift meant by his talk and attention. Swift says nothing of this pupil in the journal. He mentions his dinners at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and her handsome daughter, but he does not tell Madam P. P. T. that he had given one of his usual caressing names to this girl, whose early beauty and frank devotion had pleased him. There is indeed no shadow of "Vanessa" anywhere visible, though the brief mention of her name shows that the

second story, which was to be so fatally and painfully mingled with the first, had already begun.

The three years of Swift's stay in England were the climax of his life. They raised him higher than ever a simple parson had been raised before, and made of him (or so at least he believed) a power in the state. It has been doubted whether he was really so highly trusted, so much built upon, as he thought. The great lords, who delighted in Swift's talk and called him Jonathan, did not perhaps follow his advice and accept his guidance as he supposed. He seems to have constituted himself the patron of everybody he knew, really providing for a considerable number, and largely undertaking for others, though it was long before he got anything for himself. The following anecdote gives an unpleasant view from outside of his demeanor and habits. It is from Bishop Kennet's diary during the year 1713, the last of Swift's importance.

Swift came into the coffee-room, and had a bow from everybody save me. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as minister of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighborhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer that according to his position he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English Church in Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket book, and wrote down several things as *memoranda* to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and, telling them the time of day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, "It goes too fast," "How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which, he said, he must have them all subscribe. "For," says he, "the author shall not begin to print it till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him; both went off just before prayers.

Amid the many disappointments of his life he had these three years of triumph, which are much for a man to have. If there was a certain vulgarity in his enjoyment of them, there was at the same time a great deal of active kindness, and though he might brag of the services he did, he yet did service, and remembered his friends, and helped as he could those hangers-on and waiters upon Providence who, in those days, were always about a minister's antechamber. One thing is evident, that while he served others he got nothing for himself; the bishopric so long wished for did not come, nor even a fat English deanery, which would have been worth the having, and would have kept him near the center of affairs.

At last, just before the fall of Harley, preferment was found for the champion who had served him so well. It was the last that Swift would have chosen for himself, a kind of dignified banishment and exile from all he loved best.

When the issue of the conflict between Harley and Bolingbroke became too evident to be doubted, Swift showed the softer side of his character in a very unexpected way. He ran away from the catastrophe like a nervous woman, hiding himself in a country parsonage till the blow should be struck and the calamity be overpast: a very curious piece of moral timidity or nervous over-sensitiveness, for which we are entirely unprepared. It was less extraordinary that he should write to offer himself to Harley as a companion in his solitude when the minister was fairly ousted, although even then Bolingbroke was bidding eagerly for his services. But whether Swift would have accepted these offers, or would have carried his evidently genuine attachment to Harley so far as permanently to withdraw with him from public life, was never known. For the victory of Bolingbroke was short indeed. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does Fortune banter us," writes Bolingbroke. It was such a stroke of the irony of fate as Swift himself might have invented, and Bolingbroke applauded with the laughter of the philosopher. There was an end to political power for both, and the triumph and greatness of Swift's reflected glory was over without hope of renewal.

He had now nothing to do but to return to Ireland, so long neglected, the country of his disappointments, which did not love him and which he did not love, where his big genius (he thought) had not room enough to breathe, where society was small and provincial, and life flat and bare, and only a few familiar friends appreciated him or knew what he was. How he was to make himself the idol of that country, a kind of king in it, and to gain power of a different kind from any he had yet wielded, was as yet a secret hidden in the mists of the future to Swift and everybody around. His account of himself when he got home to his dull deanery, "a vast, unfurnished house," with a few servants in it, "all on board wages," is

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

DELANY'S HOUSE AT DELVILLE, WHERE SWIFT STAYED.

melancholy enough. "I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require"; but, he consoles himself, "after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are *under subjection: and I let none but such come near me*," a curious statement in which the great satirist, as often before, gives a stroke of his idle sword at himself.

But Swift was not long left in this stagnation. Extreme quiet is in many cases only a cover for brewing mischief, and the dean had not long returned to Ireland when that handsome daughter of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, of whom he had said so little in his letters, found herself, on her mother's death, drawn to Ireland and the neighborhood of her tutor and correspondent. That Swift had a heart large enough to admit on his own terms many women is very evident, and that he had a fondness for Vanessa among the rest; but how far he was to blame for her fatal passion it is scarcely possible to decide. The story of their connection, as told from his side of the question in the poem of "Cadenas and Vanessa," shows an unconsciousness and innocence of purpose which takes all the responsibility of her infatuation from the dean, and shows him in a light all too artless.

> The innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy.

But this was not the light in which the headstrong young woman, who made no secret of her love, and filled him with "shame, disappointment, guilt, remorse" by the revelation, regarded his attentions. Their correspondence went on for nearly ten years. It is a painful correspondence, as the outpouring of a woman's passion for a man who does not respond to it must always be, but Swift never seems to have fostered that passion, nor to have done anything but discourage and subdue a love so embarrassing and troublesome.

And now comes in the mystery which everybody has discussed, but which none have brought to any certain conclusion. In 1716, two years after Swift's return to Ireland, it is said that he married Stella, thus satisfying Stella, as the notion goes, and putting himself at once out of all possibility of marrying Miss Vanhomrigh, which might have been a motive. Scott receives the statement as proved; so does

Mr. Craik, Swift's last, and a most conscientious and careful, biographer. The evidence for it is that Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, the earliest writers on the subject, both assert it ("if my informations are right," as the former says) as a supposition universally believed in society; and that the fact was told by the Bishop of Clogher, who performed the ceremony, to Bishop Berkeley, who told it to his wife, who told it after her husband's death, and long after the event, to George Monck Berkeley, who tells the story. But Bishop Berkeley was in Italy at the time, and could not have been told, though he might have heard it at second hand from his pupil, the Bishop of Clogher's son. We wonder if an inheritance or the legitimacy of a child would be considered proved by such evidence, or whether the prevailing sense of society that such a thing ought to have taken place has not a large share in the common belief. At all times, as at the present moment, wherever a close friendship between man and woman exists (and the very fact of such rumors makes it extremely rare), suggestions of the same description float in the air. Nobody supposes, if the marriage took place at all, that it was anything more than a mere form. It was performed, if performed at all, in the garden without any formal or legal preliminaries. Supposing such a fictitious rite to have any justification in Irish law, we wonder what the authorities of the church would have had to say to two high dignitaries who united to perform an act so disorderly, and so contrary to ecclesiastical decorum if to nothing else. It is totally unlike Swift, whose feeling for the church was strong, to have used her ordinances so disrespectfully, and most unlike all we know of Stella that she should have consented to so utterly false a relationship. However, the question is one which the reader will decide according to his own judgment, and upon which no one can speak with authority. Mr. Forster, of all Swift's biographers the most elaborate and anxious, did not get so far in his work as to examine the evidence, yet intimates his disbelief of the story. We do not need, however, to have recourse to the expedient of a marriage, to explain how the story of Vanessa might have been a pain and offense to Stella. Swift had not in this particular been frank with his friends, and the discovery so near them, of a woman making so passionate a claim upon his affections, must have conveyed the shock at once of a deception and an unpardonable intrusion to one who was proudly conscious of being his most trusted confidant and closest companion. Whatever were the rights of the case, however, nobody can now know. Whether Vanessa had heard the rumor of the private marriage, whether she conceived that a desperate appeal to his dearest friend might help her own claim, or whether mere suspicion and misery, boiling over, found expression in the hasty letter which she wrote to Stella at the crisis of her career, is equally unessential. She did write, and Stella, surprised and offended, showed the letter to Swift. Nothing can be more tragic than the events that follow. Swift, in one of those wild bursts of passion which were beyond the control of reason, rode out at once to the unfortunate young woman's house. He burst in without a word, threw her own letter on the table before her, and rode off again like a whirlwind. Vanessa came of a short-lived race, and was then, at thirty-four, the last of her family. She never recovered the blow, but, dying soon after, directed her letters and the poem which contained the story of her love and his coldness to be published. It was nearly a century before this was done, and now more than a half of another has gone; but the story is as full of passion and misery, as unexplained, as ever. This was one of the occupations of Swift's stagnant time. He fled, as he had done at the moment of Harley's fall, that at least he might not see what was going to happen.

Five years after the tragical end of Vanessa, Stella too died, after long suffering. There is a second story of equally doubtful authenticity, and confused and extraordinary details about a proposed tardy acknowledgment of the apocryphal marriage; but whether it was he or she who suggested this, whether it was he or she who found it "too late," whether there was any reality in it at all, no one has ever determined. Stella's illness grew serious while Swift was absent, and his anguish at the news was curiously mixed with an overwhelming dread lest she should die at the deanery, and thus compromise her reputation and his own; perhaps, too, lest the house to which he must return should be made intolerable to him by the shadow of such an event. That he should have kept away, with his usual terror of everything painful, was entirely in keeping with his character. But the first alarm passed away, and Swift was in the deanery when this great sorrow overtook him. He who had kept a letter for an hour without daring to open it, in which he trembled to find the news of her death, now shut himself up, heartbroken in his solitary house, and, somewhat calmed by the irrevocable, proceeded to give himself what consolation was possible by writing a "Character," as was the fashion of the time, of "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." The calm after the storm, but a calm of sober despair and dead, unreal composure, is in this strange document. He

wrote, he says, till "my head aches, and I can write no more," and on the third day resumed and completed the strange and melancholy narration:

This is the night of her funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

MARLEY ABBEY, THE RESIDENCE OF VANESSA, NOW CALLED SELBRIDGE ABBEY.

at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

She was buried in his own cathedral by torchlight, as the custom was; but he would no more bear the glimpses of that awful light through the window than he could witness the putting away of all that remained of Stella in the double gloom of the vault and the night. In that other apartment he concluded his sad panegyric, the story of all she was and did, showing with intense but subdued eloquence that there was no fault in her. "There is none like her, none"—this is the burden of the old man's self-restrained anguish, the tragedy of his age, as it is the young lover's pæan of triumph. The truest, most valuable friend that ever man had—and now her beautiful life was ended, to be his consolation no more. He had a lock of her hair in his possession somewhere, either given him then or at some brighter moment, which was found after his death, as all the world knows, with these words written upon the paper that contained it, "Only a woman's hair." Only all the softness, the brightness, the love and blessing of a life; only all that the heart had to rest upon of human solace; only that—no more. He who had thanked God and M. D.'s prayers for his better health had now no one to pray for him or to receive his confidences. It was over, all that best of life, as if it had never been.

It is easy to expand such a text, and many

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

have done it. In the mean time, before these terrible events had occurred, while Vanessa's letters were still disturbing his peace, and death had as yet touched none of his surroundings, he had accomplished the greatest literary work of his life, that by which every child knows Swift's name—the travels of the famous Gulliver. The children have made their selection with an unerring judgment which is above criticism, and have taken Lilliput and Brobdingnag into their hearts, rejecting all the rest. That Swift had a meaning, bitter and sharp even in the most innocent part of that immortal fable, and meant to strike a blow at politicians and generals, and the human race with its puny wars, and glories, and endless vanities and foolishness, is evident enough; and it was for this that the people of his time seized upon the book with breathless interest, and Duchess Sarah in her old age chuckled, and forgave the dean. But the vast majority of his readers have not so much as known that he meant anything except the most amusing and witty fancy, the keenest comic delineation of impossible circumstances. That delightful Irish bishop, if ever he was, who declared that "the book was full of improbable lies, and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it," is the only critic we want. "'Gulliver's Travels' is almost the most delightful children's book ever written," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, no small authority. It had, no doubt, been talked over and read to the ladies, who, it would incidentally appear, had not liked the "Tale of a Tub."

Between 1714 and 1726, for a dozen years, Swift remained in Ireland, without intermission, altogether apart from public life. At the latter date he went to London, probably needing a change of scene after the shock of Miss Vanhomrigh's death, and the grievous sense he must have had that it was he who had killed her; and it was then that Gulliver was published. The latter portions of it, which the children have rejected, we are glad to have no space to dwell upon. The bitterness, passion, and misery of them are beyond parallel. One would like to have any ground for believing that the Houyhnhms and the rest came into being after Stella's death; but this was not the case. She was only a woman, and was not, after all, of such vital importance in the man's existence. Withdrawal from the life he loved, confinement in a narrow sphere, the disappointment of a soul which felt itself born for greatness, and had tasted the high excitements of power, but now had nothing to do but fight over the choir with his archbishop, and give occasion for a hundred anecdotes in the Dublin coteries, had matured the angry passion in him, and soured the sweetness of nature. Few people now, when they take up their Gulliver, go beyond Brobdingnag. The rest is like a succession of bad dreams, the confused miseries of a fever. To think that in a deanery, that calm

seat of ecclesiastical luxury, within sound of the cathedral bells and the choristers' chants, a brain so dark and distracted, and dreams so terrible, should have found shelter! They are all the more bitter and appalling from their contrast with the surroundings among which they had their disastrous birth.

The later part of Swift's life, however, had occupation of a very different and nobler kind. The Ireland he knew was so different from the Ireland with which we are acquainted, that to contemplate the two is apt to give a sort of moral vertigo, a giddiness of the intellect, to the observer. Swift's Ireland was the country of the English-Irish, ultra protestant, like the real Ireland only in the keenness of its politics, and the sharpness of its opposition to imperial measures. It was Ireland with a parliament of her own, and many of the privileges which are now her highest aspirations; yet she was not content. Swift, in speaking of the people, the true Irish, the Catholic masses, who at that moment bore their misery with a patience inconceivable, said of them that they were no more considerable than the women and children, a race so utterly trodden down and subdued that there was no need for the politician to take them into account. The position of the predominant class was almost like that of white men among the natives of a savage country, or at least like that of the English in India, the confident and assured rulers of a subject race. Nevertheless these men were full of a sort of national feeling, and ready to rise up in hot and not ineffectual opposition when need was, and reckoned themselves Irish, whereas no sahib has ever reckoned himself Indian. The real people of Ireland were held under the severest yoke, but those gentleman who represented the nation can scarcely be said to have been oppressed. Their complaints were, that Englishmen were put into vacant posts, that their wishes were disregarded and their affairs neglected — complaints which even prosperous

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.

INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Scotland has been known to make. They were affected, however, as well as the race which they kept under their feet, by the intolerable law which suppressed woolen manufactures in Ireland, and it was on this subject that Swift first broke silence and appeared as the national champion, recommending to his countrymen such reprisals as the small can employ against the great, in the form of a proposal that Irishmen should use Irish manufactures only.

The commotion produced by this real and terrible oppression was nothing however to that called forth by an innocent attempt to give to Ireland a copper coinage, the most convenient of circulating mediums. Nothing could have been more harmless, more useful and necessary in reality, and there is no reason to suppose that dishonesty of any kind was involved. But the public mind was embittered by the fact that the patent had been granted to one of King George's German favorites, and by her sold to Wood, an Englishman, who was supposed to be about to make an enormous profit out of the country by half-pence not worth their nominal value. Such an idea stirred the prejudices and fears of the very lowest, and would even now rouse the ignorant into rage and panic. Whether Swift shared that natural and national, if unreasonable, outburst of indignation and alarm to the full extent, or whether he threw himself into it with the instinct of an agitator foreseeing the capabilities of the subject, it is difficult to tell. But his "Drapier's Letters" gave to the public outcry so powerful a force of resistance, and excited the entire country into such unanimity of opposition, that the English government was forced to withdraw from this attempt, and the position of the Irish nation as an oppressed yet not unpowerful entity, still able to face its tyrants and protest against their careless sway, became distinctly apparent. It is strange that a man who hated Ireland, and considered himself an exile in her, should have been the one to claim for her an independence, a freedom, she had never yet possessed, and should have been able to inspire at once the subject and the ruling race with the sense that they had found a champion capable of all things, and through whom for the first time their voice might be heard in the world. To Swift the immediate result was a popularity beyond bounds. The people he despised were seized with an adoration for him, which was shared by the class to which he himself belonged — perhaps the first subject on which they had agreed. "When he returned from England in 1726 bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and a guard of honour escorted him to the deanery. Towns voted him their freedom and received him as a prince. When Walpole spoke of arresting him a prudent friend told the minister that the messenger would require a guard of ten thousand soldiers." When the crowd which had gathered to see an eclipse disturbed him by the hum they made, Swift sent out to tell them that the event was put off by order of the dean, and the simple minded people dispersed obediently! Had he been so minded, and had he fully understood and loved the race over which his great and troubled spirit had gained such power, much might perhaps have been ameliorated in that unfortunate country, as cursed in her friends as in her foes, and much in the soul consuming itself in angry inactivity with no fit work in hand. But it would have taken a miracle indeed to have turned this Englishman born in Ireland, this political churchman and hater of papists and dissenters, into the savior of the subject race.

But Swift, unfortunately for himself and her, loved Ireland as little when he thus made himself her champion as he had done throughout his life. At all times his longing eyes were turned toward the country in which were life, and power and friends and fame. Though he was aware that he was growing old, and ought to be "done with this world," he yet cries aloud his desire "to get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole," a terrific image, and one of those phrases that burn and glow with a pale light of despair. But he never got into that better world he longed for. The slow years crept over him, and he lived on, making existence tolerable by such expedients as he could, a wonderful proof how the body will resist all the frettings of the soul, yet growing more angry, more desperate, more subject to the bitter passions which had broken forth even in his best days, as he grew older and had fewer reasons for restraining himself. At last the great dean, the greatest genius of his age, the man of war and battle, of quip and jest, he who had thirsted to be doing through all his life, fell into imbecility and stupor, with occasional wild awakenings into consciousness which were still more terrible. He died, denuded of all things in 1745, having lived till seventy-eight in spite of himself.

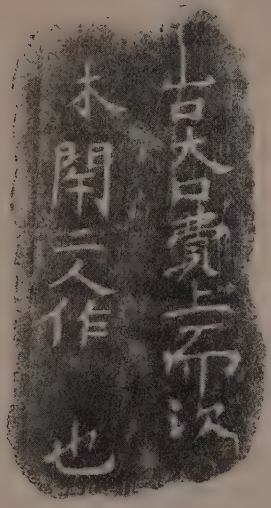
Ubi saeva indignatio
Cor ulterius lacerare nequit

is written on his tomb. No more can fiery wrath and indignation reach him where he lies by Stella's side in the aisle over against his chamber window. The touch of her quiet dust must have soothed, one would think, the last fever that lingered in him even after death had done its worst.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.



INSCRIPTION FROM HO-RIU-JI.

NIKKO, August 12.—I need not tell you that the pervading manner of spending time and money is always within our reach. We do not go after the owner and seller of bric-à-brac; he comes to us.

Coming from afar,—from Tokio, a hundred miles away, and from Ozaka, four times that distance,—bales of merchandise are unloaded at our door, or at our friends' for us. Patient pack-horses stand in the inclosure of the yards; big parcels, and piles of boxes and bundles, encumber the verandas. Weary hours, beginning with excitement and ending with gentle disappointment, are spent in indecision of judgment and uncertainty of purchase. But there remains always at the bottom of the boxes a delusive hope, and some treasure may perhaps reward our patience.

And then, besides occasional beauties in color or design, there is something in looking over all these debris of civilization in their own home; and odds and ends, having not much more excuse for themselves than that they remain, help to explain either the art or the habits of the country, or its history, or the nature we see about us. We have found almost nothing among the things brought us which can rank as work of high art, and I am afraid that we must be looked down upon by our friends for purchases which have no excuse in any lofty esthetic code. But they have the charm of being there, and of explaining, and in another way of teaching, even when they are bad, and often because they are bad. Because their very poverty helps to a classification and to an analysis of the means through which the artist worked, and to a knowledge of the prevalent subjects and arrangements which he found ready to his hand, bequeathed to him by an earlier and nobler choice.

From all this poor stuff exhales the faded scent of a greater art and refinement, which is now invisible, or destroyed, or subsisting only in fragments, difficult of access, or which are far away. And there is a peculiar unity in the arts of the extreme East. We must remember that this very sensitive Japanese race has developed in its art, as in everything, without being subjected to the many direct and contradictory influences which have made our Western art and civilization. There have been here, within historic times, no vast invasions of alien races, bringing other ways for everything in thought and in life, and obliging an already complex civilization to be begun over and over again on readjusted bases; no higher living and advanced thought obliged to yield for times and half times, until the grosser flames of energy could be purified; no dethronement, within society tried by every other calamity, of the old primeval faith. Instead of a tempest of tastes and manners of feeling blowing from

INSCRIPTION ON OLD LACQUER.

every quarter, and in which the cruder dislikes have held for centuries the balance against cultured likings and devotion, Japan has been carried on in one current, in which have mingled, so as to blend, the steady influences of the two most conservative civilizations of India and of China.

All here to-day, and for far back, is interwoven with Chinese thought, breaks through it, returns to it, runs alongside of it. And through Buddhism, its fervor, its capacity for taking up in its course boulders of other creeds or habits, a something different, higher in aspiration and in form, has lived with everything else and affected all.

This impressionable race found, contrasting with and supporting its nature, secure, steady, undeviating guides, so that these foreign ideals have persisted here with a transplanted life. In fact, it is possible to look to Japan to find something of what ancient China was. So much of what has here been done, as their language does to-day, saves for us a hint or a reflection of the great Chinese ages, when China had not yet been conquered by the foreigner, and when energies apparently unknown to the China of to-day flourished with the strength of youth. The art and literature of Japan, therefore, represent in great part the Chinese prototype—an original which for us has practically disappeared. We cannot easily know what arrangements and compositions, what free interpretations of the world, or severe imitations of nature, the old Chinese adopted, but they are reflected or continued in the styles and subjects and treatments of what we call Japanese. The limits and definitions of each may be clear to the Japanese critic, but to our casual Western eye they merge or derive one from the other, like some little-known streams which make one river.

Almost all the arrangements that we know so well on Japanese drawings, screens, bronzes, lacquers, ivories, etc., have Chinese prototypes. And all this is over and above the constant use of Chinese legend, and story, and philosophy, which are to Japan what Greece and Rome used to be to us—a storehouse of associated meanings and examples.

Would it amuse you if I made out some of the types that you see?

Here are the pine-tree and the stork, emblems of long life; or the bamboo and the sparrow, which typify the mildness and gentleness of nature.

The willow waves in the wind to and fro, and the swallows swing forth and back again.

The names of Color and of Love are joined by a similarity of sound, and probably by a mystic association: and so you will see upon

PAINTING BY CHIN-NAN-PIN.

the screens that the leaves of the maple turn red in autumn, when the stag calls the doe. The cherry-blossom's splendor is for show, like the pheasant's plumage.

Long centuries ago the plum became the poet's tree, because of an early poet's verses; and the nightingale, also a singer and a poet, is associated with the tree.

The tiger hiding in the jungle has a background of bamboo, as the oxen have the

peach-tree, from an old Chinese sentence: "Turn the horse loose on the flower-covered mountain, and the ox into the orchard of peaches."

The cock stands on the unused war-drum, which is a Chinese symbol of good government, the aim of which is peace.

Or, again, legends and stories are referred to.

The cuckoo flies across the crescent of the moon, and the story of Yorimasa is called up, who slew with bow and arrow the mysterious monster that had tormented the life of the Mikado Narihito. I despair of telling the story without great waste of words, and I half regret having chosen the example; but perhaps it is all the more Japanese for its complication.

You must know that the Mikado — this was about the year 1153 — had been ill night after night with terrible nightmares, to the confusion of his numerous doctors; and that his many feminine attendants had done all they could to soothe him, to no avail. Every night, at the hour of the Bull (two A. M., an hour when evil power is great), the dovecote was fluttered by this fearful visitation. But, at length, either these gentle dames or other watchers noticed that before each access a cloud had drifted over the palace, and that, resting just above the sleeping-apartments, two lights shone out from the dark mass. Then the bells of the city temples sounded the hour of the Bull. The gentlemen of the palace and the imperial guards were set on watch, the priests prayed to ward off the evil influence; but uselessly. Then Yorimasa — a brave warrior, a famous archer, one of the guards — was allowed or ordered to try to destroy the evil thing, whatever it might be. He, with a follower, watched nightly until the dark cloud and the shining orbs were near, when the great bow of Yorimasa was discharged, and a strange and wonderful beast fell blinded to the ground.

The sword of Yorimasa despatched it in nine separate blows, and the thing, said to have had something of the monkey, the tiger, and the serpent, was burned to ashes. For this Yorimasa was given the girl he loved, the Lady Iris-flower (who therefore had not watched in vain), and with her the celebrated sword called Shishi-no-o (King of Wild Boars). Now the imperial deputy, as he presented this sword to Yorimasa, tried him with a punning verse, while a cuckoo sang. This is what the verse said:

"The cuckoo above the clouds, how does it mount?" But it meant, "Like the cuckoo to soar so high, how is it so?" To which Yorimasa answered, filling in the necessary couplet, "The waning moon sets not at will," which might also mean, in modest disclaimer of ambitious effort, "Only my bow I bent; that alone sent the shaft." And so this moon stands in the picture, as in the verses, for the bent bow of Yorimasa.

It is a shorter story, that which makes the allusion in the type of the chrysanthemum and the fox. It is a variation of the perpetual story. The prince royal of India had a lovely mistress, who had bewitched him, and who fell asleep one day in a bed of chrysanthemums, where her lover shot at and wounded a fox in the forehead. The bleeding temple of the girl discovered the evil animal she really was. For the fox, as in China, is in Japan a wicked animal, capable of everything in the way of transformation and suggestion.

There are endless stories about him, and the belief or superstition is still very strong. O—— was talking to us lately about the sorcerers and spiritual mediums and fortune-tellers, and, as an explanation of the power of some medium, told us that he claimed to have in his service tame foxes. Only, when I asked where they might be lodged in the little city house, he explained that they were not living in the body, and therefore cumbersome, but were the spirits of foxes, thus subservient, and able to penetrate everywhere and report.

The badger also is a misleading creature, and the cat is considered uncertain.

Or take the way in which Hokusai refers to ancient story when, at the end of one of his books, he makes a picture of the devoted knight Kojima Takanori clad in armor, covered with the peasant's rain-cloak; and he is writing on the trunk of the cherry-tree the message of warning for his master, the Emperor Go-Daigo Tenno. But instead of the old verse, Hokusai has put: "In the sixth year of the era Tempo, in the month of April, my seventy-sixth year, this is written by me, formerly by name Hokusai, but now more correctly known as 'The Old Man gone Mad for Painting.'"

Here I have been wandering into Japan, while my theme was rather the persistence of Chinese subjects, or of subjects connected with China, the list of which would be endless, from Shoki, the devil-killer, hunting his prey of imps over sword-guards and round the corners of boxes, to pictures of aphorisms, such as this saying of Confucius, of which I found a drawing yesterday: "Avoid even the appearance of evil; do not stop to tie your shoes in the melon-patch of an enemy." And so these innumerable subjects are common property, and serve as a field for the artist to try to be himself, to bring out the story or part of it, or his way of looking at it, or its decorative capacity, or any way of anchoring the Japanese imagination. I cannot say that for many of the ordinary arrangements, the most simple and conven-

tional, one does not often suffer the boredom of repetition, as we do at home, with the eagle and the stars, and armorial bearings, and the stereotyped symbolism of churches. But it suffices to see the thing well done again, to start once more into some new enjoyment of the choice of subject.

So there can exist with regard to these subjects, apparently mere motives of form, and partly because they are conventional, a deeper convention or meaning, more or less visible to the artist when at work, according to his temperament or his school, as in our poetry, where an idea may or may not be overlaid with realistic or esthetic decoration.

I reach out for the first design that my hand can find, which turns out to be a drawing by Chin-nan-pin. I have chosen at haphazard, but the choice is perhaps all the better. We shall have no example of a great man to deal with, but merely the work of a remarkable Chinaman who, somewhere in the early eighteenth century, happened to come to Japan, or to be born there, so as to fit into a certain Chinomania then prevalent. The photograph that I send you is a poor one. You can merely discern the pattern, or what might be called the masses, of the design. A horse is tied to a tree,—a horse of Japan,—and a monkey slides down the trunk and clutches at the halter that prevents escape. I need not ask you to admire the stealthy and yet confident step of the ape, and the motions and repugnance and fright of the horse. I don't think that they could be better given. Withal, there is a gravity of general outline and appearances, and a pleasantly managed balance of the full and empty spaces. But these decorative points are not those I wish to refer to just now. What I wish to indicate now is that this subject, which might have suited a Dutchman for realism and for its choice of the accidental, will mean, if you wish to see it, the natural resistance and struggle of the inferior nature against a superior mastery which it does not understand, and which at first appears capricious and unreasonable. Without being quite certain of the accuracy of my definition, I know that the design is based upon a like convention.

This may not be spirituality, but how far it is from what we call realism, and how wise the acceptance by the artist of a convention which allows him to give all his energies to a new interpretation, through his own study of nature! As with those who have chosen distinctly religious subjects, and whose vitality and personality can triumph and coexist with the absence of novelty in the theme, so the artist in more ordinary subjects may be wise in keeping to themes which are known to those whom he addresses, and in which they can fully grasp and enjoy his success. These general themes allow a stricter individuality in the artist who uses them, when he is capable, and make his want of individuality tolerable, and even laudable and pleasant, when, like most of us, he has little of his own. Then he can never be so offensive if we do not like him. Those that we do not like are often offensive because their personal vanity appears upon a solid ground of their own stupidity. Perhaps this is why the Japanese *objet d'art* never offends, at least in the older work done under the general influences that have obtained with the race.

Hence, also, their astonishing variety. A thousand times, many thousand times, you will have seen the same subject, but never the same rendering, never the same *object*, twice repeated. That is to say, that whenever it is worth while we can get at the most valuable and costly part of the work of art, the humanity that made it, the love of something that went with the work. It is this that makes the mystery of the charm of innumerable little pieces of older work, like the metal-work that belongs to the old swords, any one of which is superior to anything that we do, unless in the rare cases when we bring in the expensive life of a great master to rival it — some part of the work left by a Barye, a Cellini, a Pisano.

All that our great men have done is exactly opposite to the tendency of our modern work, and is based on the same ground that the Japanese has lived and worked on — *i. e.*, the reality and not the appearance, the execution and not the proposition of a theme. The whole principle is involved in the analysis of, say, a successful study from nature — a beautiful painting, for instance, of a beautiful sky. In such a case the subject is all provided; the importance of the result depends upon the artist's sensitiveness to the facts supplied to him, upon his use of his hereditary and acquired methods of recording them, and upon his personal variation of those methods. No one dreams of praising the art of the sky itself, that is to say, the fact that the facts existed; to praise the artist for the thing having occurred from which he worked. It is this apparent want of comprehension of the first principles of the plastic arts in our poor work, and in a vast proportion of our best, that makes any reasonable man a pessimist as to our near future. Every poor element of our civilization is against it, and our influences are now deteriorating the art of Japan. We value material or the body instead of workmanship or the right use of the body; and instead of style and design, the intellect and the heart. To us a gold object seems spiritually precious, and we hesitate at working in other than costly materials. To the Japanese workman wood

and gold have been nothing but the means to an end. We had rather not do anything than do anything not enduring, so that when our materials are difficult, the life has flown that was to animate them; the Japanese is willing to build a temporary architecture, and make a temporary lacquer, which holds more beauty and art than we to-day manage to get in granite or in metal.

And when the Oriental workman takes the hardest surfaces of steel or of jade, he has had the preparations for using it with mastery; it is again plastic and yielding for him, as the less abiding materials have been before. Nor would the Japanese artist understand the point of view of many of our men, who do their best to put an end to all art, so lost are they in our vanity of "advertisement." The Japanese would never have invented the idea of doing poorly the work one is forced to do to live, so as to reserve vast energy for more important or influential work that might draw attention to him. The greater part of our "decoration" is carried out just the contrary way to his. Our artists accept as a momentary curse the fact that to live they may have to draw patterns, or work in glass, or paint or model subsidiary ornamentation. They look forward to the glorious time when they may wreak their lofty souls in the dignity of paint mixed with the sacred linseed oil, or in the statue done in bronze or carved in marble by other hands than theirs. And yet if their nature be not too far removed from ours, the habit of doing less than their best, the habit of doing poorly, the scorn of anything but the fine clothes of a fine material, will never be gotten over, and throughout this little cheapness of soul, this essential snobbishness, will be felt to puzzle and disconcert those who wish to admire.

That is to say that they too often do not look to the end, but to the means, while to the artist the means are a mere path — as with the Greeks, their work will live, even if its very physical existence is obliterated, because it is built in the mind, in the eternity of thought. So Greek art existed, and has lived, and lives, the most flourishing and richest that we know of — with less to represent it than we turn out daily. So it lived, when it had no longer anything of its own body to represent it, in everything that was done in every country which kept its lessons; and lives still, without examples to refer to, even into the very painting of to-day. It is the principle of the proper place of means that makes the little piece of Japanese metal-work — for instance, the sword-guard or the knife-handle — an epitome of art, certainly a greater work of art than any modern cathedral. And as certainly we shall never even produce good ordinary ornamental work until we feel the truth that I have lamely indicated.

"I might perhaps do as well as this," said an intelligent architect, as we looked at some excellent but not noblest details of French Renaissance, "but how could I spend the time on it? And not only that, but how could I have spent the time previous to this, in doing other similar work to train me? I can only make a project, have it carried out by the best commercial firm, not anxious to change the course of trade, and shut my eyes to the result. I should never be criticized, because I did not give more than my bargain." And yet to give more than your bargain is merely to give art.

Look at this little *netsuke*[1] or *inro*[2] or sword-guard, and follow the workman as you admire each detail of the execution. He has chosen some subject or some design which may have an associated meaning, or may be of good omen, and bear good wishes, or he may have chosen out of the entire world of observation, of fancy, or of tradition; and may have chosen just as much because it fits well the space which he has to cover.

He will take as well a design that has been used a hundred times as a newer one. For he has to *reinvent* it in execution, even as the Greek sculptor who recut again the "egg and dart," or the orator who is to expound and carry out to success some argument all ready in his mind — as the old architect who rebuilt a glorious Greek temple upon the rules and canons of proportion that others had used before him. But he has to see that this design in his mind — or nearer yet, perhaps, on paper — shall fit the spaces of the material and of the object which he is to make, so that it shall be made, as it were, for that place only. He will then go again to nature, — perhaps working directly from it, perhaps only to his memory of sight, — for remember, that in what we call working from nature — we painters. We merely use a shorter strain of memory than when we carry back to our studios the vision that we wish to note. And more than that, the very way in which we draw our lines, and mix our pigments, in the hurry of instant record, in the certainty of successful handling, implies that our mind is filled with innumerable memories of continuous trials.

The workman goes to nature, and finds in it the reality and the details of his design, even, let us say, to the very markings of a tree trunk that he has chosen: they are all there, since they exist in the design, and the design is good. But they exist only in so far as they exist also in the ivory that he cuts — in the veining of the tortoise-shell or malachite that is to render

[1] Carved button used for suspending the tobacco-pouch to the belt.

[2] A nest of small boxes carried suspended from the belt.

it. Now with patient pleasure he can hunt out these associations; he can use gold, or silver, or vulgar lead, or lacquer, or the cutting and filing of steel, or the iridescence of mother-of-pearl for his leaves, or his stems, or the water, or the birds,—for the clouds or the moonlight,—for the sunshine and the shadow,—for the light and dark,—for the "male and female" of his little manufactured world.

These he will model, chisel, sink, or emboss as the story needs, and do it coarsely, or loosely, or minutely, or delicately, as the unity of his little world requires. And he will work in a hurry, or work slowly, he will varnish it and rub it down, and polish it again, and bake it many times, and let it weather out of doors, or shut it up carefully from the smallest track of dust, or bathe it in acids or salts, and all this for days and months in the year. And when he has finished,—because to do more or less would not be to finish it,—he has given me, besides the excellency of what we call workmanship, which he must give me because that is the bargain between us—he has given me his desires, his memories, his pleasures, his dreams, all the little occurrences of so much life. As you see, he is following the law of *Tao*, so that however humble his little world, it has a life of its own which cannot be separated from its materials; no picture of it, no reproduction, will give its full charm, any more than a photograph gives that of a human being. Take out the word Japanese wherever I have put it, take out the actual materials that I have mentioned, and the description and the reasoning will apply. That is all there is to any work of art. It does not exist in a fine abstract of intention—nor again in the application of some method of toil—to define "technic," as so many young idiots most excusably try to persuade themselves. It exists in an individual result with origins so powerful and deep that they are lost in shade.

To go on, I wish to put it that the same reasons will cause the artist, then, to elaborate profusely, to work in long patience, to use precious materials, to work slightly or carelessly, to finish his work with minute details, or to sketch rapidly with the end of a brush filled with the single color of India ink.

There is no difference in reality; there is only the question of the kind of interest he wishes to evoke, the sort of relation he wishes to establish between himself and his work, and incidentally to me, the looker-on.

I am afraid that this hazy weather is affecting the sequence of my dreaming, or what I am pleased to call my thought, so that you may not clearly understand me.

Again I wish you to remark that in all fullness of work other things are suggested than those directly represented, upon the same principle, for the same reasons, that the successful sketch, as I said before, is richer than it looks. Hence the suggestion of color when there is really but black and white; hence the suggestion of modeled light and shadow when there is really but flat color and outlines. Hence the success of all great periods in what we call decorative work, because there was no separation; there was merely art to be used to fill certain spaces, and to recall the fact that it was so used.

Many years ago I used to read Mr. Ruskin, when "my sight was bad, and I lived within the points of the compass," and also the works of other men, who laid down the exact geography and the due distances, north and south, of a certain department or land of art which they called "Decoration." Some of them are not yet dead. The light of *Tao* fell upon the subject from the words of a child who had been listening to a talk in which I and others wiser than myself were trying to follow out these boundaries that outlined "true" methods of decorative art, and kept to the received instructions of abstention from this and that, of refraining from such and such a reality, of stiffening the flow of outline, of flattening the fullness of modeling, of turning our backs on light and shade, of almost hating the surface of nature; and we wondered that when our European exemplars of to-day had fulfilled every condition of conventionality, had carefully avoided the use of the full methods of art, in the great specialities of painting and sculpture, their glorious work had less stuff to it than a Gothic floral ornament or a Japanese painted fan. "Father," said the child, "are you not all making believe? Is the Japanese richness in their very flat work so different from what you can see in this sketch by my little brother? See how his tree looks as if it had light and shadow, and yet he has used no modeling. He has used only the markings of the tree and their variation of color to do for both. He has left out nothing, and yet it is flat painting."

Nor have the Japanese *left out* things. They have not been forced to overstudy any part, so as to lose the look of free choice, to make the work assume the appearance of task-work—the work of a workman bored, nobly bored perhaps, but still bored, a feeling that is reflected in the mind of the beholder. The Japanese artist makes his little world,—often nothing but an India-ink world,—but its occupants live within it. They are always obedient to all the laws of nature that they know of.

However piercing the observation of actual fact, its record is always a synthesis. I remember many years ago looking over some Japanese drawings of hawking with two other youngsters, one of them now a celebrated artist, the other

a well-known teacher of science. What struck us then was the freedom of record, the acute vision of facts, the motions and actions of the birds, their flight, their attention, and their resting, the alertness and anxiety of their hunters, and the suggestions of the entire landscapes (made with a few brush-marks). One saw the heat, and the damp, and the dark meandering of water in the swamps; marked the dry paths which led over sounding wooden bridges, and the tangle of weeds and brush, and the stiff swaying of high trees. All was to us realism, but affected by an unknown charm.

Now this is what the artist who did this realism has said, as well as I can make it out: "The ancient mode must be maintained. Though a picture must be made like the natural growth of all things, yet it lacks taste and feeling if it simulates the real things."

Evidently the painter had not learned our modern distinctions of the realist and the idealist.

If you wished to know what I admire most in these forms of art, I might say to you, keeping, I hope, within the drift of what I have been writing, that it is their obedience to early rules which were once based on the first primeval needs of the artist. And if you pushed me further, and wished to make me confess what I thought that these necessities might be, and to make me give you a definition of them, and thereby force me into a definition of art itself, I should hesitatingly state that I do not like to define in matters so far down as causes. But if you would not tell, or take advantage of my having been drawn into such a position of doctrine, I might acknowledge that I have far within me a belief that art is the love of certain balanced proportions and relations which the mind likes to discover and to bring out in what it deals with, be it thought, or the actions of men, or the influences of nature, or the material things in which necessity makes it to work. I should then expand this idea until it stretched from the patterns of earliest pottery to the harmony of the lines of Homer. Then I should say that in our plastic arts the relations of lines and spaces are, in my belief, the first and earliest desires. And again I should have to say that, in my unexpressed faith, these needs are as needs of the soul, and echoes of the laws of the universe, seen and unseen, reflections of the universal mathematics, cadences of the ancient music of the spheres.

For I am forced to believe that there are laws for our eyes as well as for our ears, and that when, if ever, these shall have been deciphered, as has been the good fortune with music, then shall we find that all best artists have carefully preserved their instinctive obedience to these, and have all cared together for this before all.

For the arrangements of line and balances of spaces which meet these underlying needs are indeed the points through which we recognize the answer to our natural love and sensitiveness for order, and through this answer we feel, clearly or obscurely, the difference between what we call great men and what we call the average, whatever the personal charm may be.

This is why we remember so easily the arrangement and composition of such a one whom we call a master — that is why the "silhouette" of a Millet against the sky, why his placing of outlines within the rectangle of his picture, makes a different, a final and decisive result, impressed strongly upon the memory which classifies it, when you compare it with the record of the same story, say by Jules Breton. It is not the difference of the fact in nature, it is not that the latter artist is not in love with his subject, that he has not a poetic nature, that he is not simple, that he has not dignity, that he is not exquisite; it is that he has not found in nature of his own instinct the eternal mathematics which accompany facts of sight. For indeed, to use other words, in what does one differ from the other? The arrangement of the idea or subject may be the same, the costume, the landscape, the time of day, nay, the very person represented. But the Millet, if we take this instance, is framed within a larger line, its spaces are of greater or more subtle ponderation, its building together more architectural. That is to say, all its spaces are more surely related to *one another*, and not only to the *story told*, nor only to the *accidental occurrence* of the same. The eternal has been brought in to sustain the transient.

For fashions change as to feelings and sentiments and ways of looking at the world. The tasks of the days of Angelico, or of Rubens, or of Millet, are not the same; religions live and disappear; nations come and go in and out of the pages of history: but I can see nothing from the earliest art that does not mean living in a like desire for law and order in expression. It is therefore because we consciously or unconsciously recognize this love of the unwritten harmonies of our arts, the power of recalling them to us, in some painter or in some architect, that we say that such a man is great. He is great because he is the same as man has been, and will be; and we recognize, without knowing them by name, our ancestral primordial predilections.

Yes, the mere direction or distance of a line by the variation of some fraction of an inch establishes this enormous superiority — a little more curve or less, a mere black or white or

colored space of a certain proportion, a few darks or reds or blues. And now you will ask, Do you intend to state that decoration— To which I should say, I do not mean to leave my main path of principles to-day, and that when I return we shall have time to discuss objections. Besides, "I am not arguing; I am telling you."

THIS is the unity, this is the reality, which disengages itself from the art of Japan, even as we know it in common, through what we usually call "bric-à-brac." Our introduction to it is rather curious when one comes to think of it. Suddenly, owing to enormous social changes in Japan, involving vast fluctuations in fortunes, most of all that was portable was for sale, and flooded our markets. Ignorant dealers held in masses small treasures of temples, adornments of the wealthy, all the odds and ends of real art, along with the usual furniture, along with all the poor stuff that would naturally be made for us barbarians, and had been made for us for centuries through the trade of Holland. It was as if Paris or London had suddenly been unloaded of everything portable, from works of art to household furniture. Naturally the mainspring of it all,—the works of great draftsmen, for instance,—being more debatable, more inexplicable, more useless, in a word, or detained by stronger bands, just as it would be with us, have somewhat escaped the drain. Our perceptions have been confused in all this mixture by repetitions, imitations, which in every form of art, as we know so well in literature, degrade the perception and enjoyment of what is good. I can only wonder that the world has not been tired out and disgusted with Japanese bric-à-brac. And had we not been in such bad straits of taste ourselves, such here, even though words are a poor rendering of sight. And what pleasure it might be to try to describe the greatest of all bric-à-brac, the greatest remains of the higher arts—sculpture and painting.

I have begun some such letter for you, but I fear that it may never be finished. Nor do I see any way of giving an account of the history of painting in Japan, which would have to stand for a still further explanation. Should I study it further, can I do more than to increase my own knowledge,—and all knowledge is a burden,—and to give you cursory proof, by names and a few examples, that the art of painting and the art of sculpture are very old here? I should have to begin to ask myself for you if the earliest remains do not already prove still earlier schools and accepted or debated tradition, and I should then have still one thousand years of design to account for.

I shall probably leave my letter to you unfinished. It has already become unwieldy, and I could give you only my own impressions. And then in the history of art everything is needed.

It would not be merely reproduction in words, however beautiful, of the surfaces of works that have survived time, nor of the men who made them, of their characters, the accidents of their lives, and their technical beliefs. It would be simply a history of humanity at a given place. It could not be solved by a mere account of the place and the race, according to some of our later scientific fads. I was writing to you but yesterday, and trying to make out that the work of art is often a contradiction of the period, or a step in advance; that the moods of feeling of the future are as often reflected by art as the habits of the present. But whatever personal sense of solitariness or of antagonism has

SIGNATURE OF HOKUSAI.

would have been the case. I have always considered that the artist needed to be forgiven for his turn toward bric-à-brac; not for his liking to have odds and ends for help and refreshment, but for having too many; because his life is to make, not to collect. To others, that can be forgiven easily; for the pieces of the past are a consolation of the present, and one would like to feel that a man's likings are his important self, and are betrayed by his choices. "Dis-moi ce que tu aimes—je te dirai ce que tu es."

If one had time and did not do, what pleasure it might be to describe forever the innumerable objects and things that might be found inspired or oppressed the artist, he must have had partners since he has had admirers, even when he antagonizes his time. However transient certain of his forms, however much to us who come afterward they indicate the *period*, he has expressed not his time, but the needs of others who have been looking in the same ways, and yet have had no voice. And even if they have not quite sympathized, the accumulations of like tendencies has become stronger and clearer in their descendants. To reflect fully, then, in words, the face of the work of art, one would have to melt into it in some way the gaze of those who have looked at it; to keep upon it still the gentle looks of the pitiful and

the loving, the rapt contemplation of the saints, the tender or mocking smile of women, the hard or contemptuous appreciation of rulers, the toleration of the wise, all of which have been in reality a part of the very work. Their negations or sympathies have fallen on the work, and these ineffable delicacies of impression are transmitted in it to successive generations, even as the shadowing of innumerable years of incense-burning has browned the gold and blackened the azure, as concealment in the shade has sometimes paled, sometimes preserved, the edges of the outlines and the modeling of the colors, or exposure and heat and damp have cracked and channeled and dusted all surfaces. You see what I should consider a true carrying out of such a task, and how unsatisfied I should be with anything that I could accomplish, unless it were to stand to you as something fragmentary and evanescent. One thing I should like to do,—should I remain long enough, and be able to get it from the few acquaintances who may know,—and that is to save some part of the artists themselves out of that obscurity by which the lives of great workers are almost always clouded.

To me Rembrandt, and Balzac, and Delacroix, each contradictory to his surroundings, have become more intelligible through the record of their every-day struggle, the exactness of measurement which one can place upon the personal circumstances in which they carried out their work, the limitations of its exact meaning and importance in their own eyes, as we follow them in the daylight of favor, or in the gloomy endings that so often close the lives of great artists.

I hear occasionally of the wanderings of Kano Motonobu, the founder of the great school and family of artists who have lasted through four centuries to the present day, and have filled Japan, or the temples here, with works better or poorer, until the family name becomes a burden. I hear about Okio, the charmer, the painter of everything and of animals, who began as a little child by sketching on the earth with bamboo sticks when he followed his parents into the fields to work. One might perhaps learn about Hokusai, who is tabooed here, and about whom I dare not inquire, but whose charming last letter, as given by Mr. Morse, comes back to my memory, it is so gay and so sad, so triumphant over circumstances, so expressive of the view of the world which explains his woodcuts. I quote from memory: "King Ema" (he writes to a friend)—"King Ema" (the ruler of the under world) "has become very old, and is thinking of retiring from business; so that he has ordered a little country house to be built, and he asks of me to come to him that I may paint him a 'kakemono'; so that in a few days I must be ready to travel and to take my sketches with me. I shall take up my residence at the corner of the Street of the Under World, where it will give me much pleasure to receive thee, when thou hast the opportunity to come over there."

Or this mocking challenge to old age, at the end of one of the volumes of his pictures of Fuji.

"Since my sixth year I have felt the impulse to represent the form of things; by the age of fifty I had published numberless drawings; but I am displeased with all I have produced before the age of seventy. It is at seventy-three that I have begun to understand the form and the true nature of birds, of fishes, of plants, and so forth. Consequently, by the time I get to eighty, I shall have made much progress; at ninety, I shall get to the essence of things; at a hundred, I shall have most certainly come to a superior, undefinable position; and at the age of a hundred and ten, every point, every line, shall be alive. And I leave it to those who shall live as long as I have myself, to see if I have not kept my word. Written, at the age of seventy-five, by me, formerly known as Hokusai, but now known as Gakyo Rojin (The Old Man gone Mad for Painting)."

. . . I had been intending to add, when I interrupted myself some way back, that I enjoyed in this art of Japan—at least in this drawing which they call painting—the strange nearness I seem to be in to the feelings of the men who did the work. There is between us only a thin veil of consummate skill. The habit and the methods resulting from it, of an old obedience to an unwritten law common to all art, have asked for the directest ways of marking an intention or an observation.

This reference to a previous tradition of meaning, of ideal arrangement by rule, this wish for synopsis, this feeling for manners of expressing one's self in the thing seen, will naturally make art out of anything. And it is not wonderful that what we call handwriting may then give full play to art, in a written language of which ideography is the key. Given the Chinese characters, their original intentions, the associations, historical and literary, connected with them, is it anything strange in reality, however strange to our habits, to find writing a form of art in Japan? It may have all I have just referred to, and be full of the meaning of ideas, and be literature, and then it can be made conformable to the laws of beauty of form and spacing; and above all, to give character of style, and character of personality, to look more or less grave, or elegant, or weighty, according to circumstances, be elegiac, or lyric, or epic, and reflect on its face

the intentions of the text. And again it will be the mark or *sign* of the person; so that my Japanese friends can object to Hokusai's bad writing, as betraying something not refined, for a weighty argument against his other works done with a similar implement, the brush, which is the pen of the far East.

It will then be in what we call drawing—which is an abstraction, the synopsis of the outlines of things meeting together, of their relative intensities, of their own colors, of their relations to the place they are in, that is to say, the picture—that this art of Japan, the daughter of the art of China, will attain its highest form; so that in reality those of us who think of it as appearing at its best only in color, in external charm, have not understood it. An etching of Rembrandt could fairly be said to represent, not so much in itself, but in its essence, what a great Chinaman would have liked to do in India ink—the material of all others which, even to us, is his especially. The line, the abstract line of Rembrandt, its elegance, its beautiful patterning of the surface, is concealed to us by the extraordinary richness of some of his modeling and the extreme gradations of what we call light and shade. But it is there all the same, as a geologic foundation, in the same way that inside of the Titian's splendor of surface there is a decorative substructure as well balanced and fixed as a Venetian brocade—just as the works of other great colorists, as we call them (to designate more complex men), imply, in their constitution and the mechanism of their technic, powers of design and drawing sufficient to furnish out armies of such draftsmen as flourish, for instance, in the Paris of to-day. It is this surplus of richness that conceals the identity. Our arts have undertaken an enormous accession of truths and ambitions upon which the arts of the extreme East have never ventured. They have attained their end, the end of all art, at an earlier mental period. They are younger, perhaps even more like children, and their work cannot involve the greater complications of greater age; but it has also all that grasp of the future that belongs to youth, and that has to be accompanied by deficiencies of knowledge; that is to say, of later acquirement and the practice of good and evil. And it is impossible to look at the expression of nature, or of any intention made by the child in full sincerity, without realizing that the aim of the artist, be he even Michael Angelo, is to return to a similar directness and unity of rendering. Not that the Eastern artist, any more than the child, could be conscious of deficiencies of which he had not thought. He has been satisfied, as we have been satisfied, but for a longer time and under a greater prestige. As the fruit painted by the Greek deceived the birds, and the curtain painted by the Greek painter deceived his fellow-artist, so the horses of Kanaoka have escaped from their kakemonos, and the tigers sculptured in the lattices of temples have been known to descend at night and rend one another in the courtyards. O—— tells me the Chinese story of the painter forced to let go his painting of the moon for a nominal sum to repay an oppressive money-lender, and how, when the banker happened to unroll it, the whole room was illumined, and he grew into a habit of spending evenings in the mild effulgence of the painted rays. But when, after an absence, he looked at it again, the moon was gone,—where old moons go,—and he was enraged at the painter, though he might well have noticed that for many days the moon had not been so bright, and indeed had seemed to be ill drawn. O—— tells me that the artist got it back for little, and waited the necessary number of days to have its crescent reappear again; and A—— says that, though the picture is lost to-day, he hopes to find it again in China in following years.

These stories serve as a way of stating to you that as long as new wants were not felt, newer accuracies did not begin to exist, and these limitations are naturally seen to be more easily put up with in a civilization of uninterrupted tradition. To acquire something when one's hands are full, something has to be dropped. In the stations of our own progress in art, the advance has at every stage involved some deficiency, or failure, or weakening on another side. This is the only explanation I can make for painting in the extreme East not having taken up portraiture—that is to say, not having triumphed in it, while sculpture has reached out toward it in a splendid way. We have seen the same thing in the transition from the middle ages, when sculpture outreaches painting in the direction of reality. But then sculpture is to a certain extent easier and in a certain way inferior, because it gives a sort of duplicate of the object, not a relation of it to other things; so that the Japanese have not come to the work from the "model" which has at so many periods and so long been ours. Theirs are types of types; they are not, as with us, persons, and the pursuit of beauty in the individual has not been followed apparently by the art of the far East. The personal love and preference of the artist embodied in another person their art does not show; nor have their artists given a nameless immortality to certain human beings, so that for ages their types, their images, their moods, their characters, their most transitory variations of beauty, have been proposed to us as an example. Have you ever reflected how the name-

less model reigns in the memory of man with a personal fame more intimate than that of Cheops, or Helen, or Cæsar, because the artist has been obliged to build upon this person his own dream of the world — as with the Roman girl who is the Madonna of San Sisto?

. . . So, again, the Eastern artists have suggested, and implied, and used light and shade, and perspective, and anatomy, and the relations of light to color, and of color to light, only so much as they could take into their previous scheme.

In many cases their success is still an astonishment to us. Certainly their records of motion, their construction of plants and flowers and birds, we have all appreciated; and their scientific, easy noting of colored light in landscape made even Rousseau dream of absorbing its teaching into his pictures, which certainly represent the full Western contradictory idea, in the most complicated acceptance of every difficulty.

The artist here, then, has not made separate analytical studies of all the points that trouble us, that have cost at times some acquirement of the past, in the anxiety for working out a new direction; as to-day, for instance, in learned France, where the very art of painting, as a mirror of the full-colored appearance of things, has for a quarter of a century been in peril, under the influence of the academy drawing-school, the model in studio light, and the vain attempt to rival the photograph. And perhaps it is needless to repeat again how we have lost the sense of natural decoration and expression of meaning by general arrangement of lines and spaces, so that again in France we are astonished at M. Puvis de Chavannes, who uses powers that have once been common to almost all our race.

Here the artist does not walk attired in all the heavy armor which we have gradually accumulated upon us. His learning in side issues is not unnecessarily obtruded upon me, so as to conceal the sensitiveness of his impressions or the refinement of his mind. As for us, we have marched on in a track parallel to science, striving now for centuries to subdue the material world — to get it into the microcosm of our paintings. Each successive great generation has taken up the task, heavier and heavier as time goes on, halting and resting when some new "find" has been made, working out a new discovery often with the risk of the loss of a greater one.

But how often the processes have covered up what is most important, — to me at least, — the value of the individual, his aspirations, and indeed the notions or beliefs that are common between us.

Sometimes this covering has been sordid and mean, pedantic or unesthetic, sometimes most splendid. But how difficult it has been always for the many to read, for instance, in our great Rubens, the evidences of a lofty nature, the devout intentions of a healthy mind!

Not that we can turn back to-day and desert. From the time when the Greek first asserted in art the value of personal manhood, to the date of the "impressionist" of to-day, the career has been one. And certainly in the art of painting a vaster future lies before us, whenever we are ready to carry the past. But remember that whatever has been really great once will always remain great.

Even if I were competent to make more than approaches to reflections, this place of dreams is not well chosen for effort. I feel rather as if, tired, I wished to take off my modern armor, and lie at rest, and look at these pictures of the simplicity of attitude in which we were once children. For indeed the meaning of our struggle is to regain that time, through toil and the fullness of learning, and to live again in the oneness of mind and feeling which is to open to us the doors of the kingdom.

John La Farge.

DAWN.

OUT of the scabbard of the night,
By God's hand drawn,
Flashes his shining sword of light,
And lo, — the dawn!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MENTAL MEDICINE.

THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE BY SUGGESTION.

A VERY practical and distinguished physician of old New York said to his class, twenty-five years ago, that he needed but five remedies to cope with any ordinary form of disease. As a great element of his brilliant success in his profession was his individuality and power over men, it is probable that this limited armamentarium was supplemented by one of the best possible attributes that a doctor can possess — the ability to give confidence and to stimulate faith.

With the increase of our knowledge of medicine there is a growing skepticism upon the part of well-informed medical men in regard to the infallibility of much-vaunted drugs, and the advances of the past few years, which have been attended by so many important discoveries, show that a majority of diseases are due either to degeneration or to microbic infection, and in this respect preventive measures are perhaps, after all, the most important. The influence of mind upon body is also nowadays being weighed more critically, and the liberalism of the age permits us to analyze and accept many phenomena which in the past were so wonderful and so far beyond explanation as to be relegated to the domain of quackery and charlatanism. To-day the curious and intensely interesting conditions following expectant attention, or the exercise of mental inhibition, are induced by a large number of physicians, who accomplish astonishing results, and a limited number even believe in the removal of organic disease by applicable mental therapeutic measures. The history of the widely varying examples, more or less accurately reported, of mental concentration with impaired consciousness and pliable will-power, subject to the suggestions and commands of an active agent, are too numerous and familiar to need special mention.

The antiquity of mental therapeutics need not be discussed here; sufficient is it to say that the history of all peoples teems with illustrative cases of miraculous cures. Those persons who have visited any of the small chapels scattered along the French sea-coast are familiar with the votive offerings — most of which attest a faith-cure — and the pathetic decorations consisting of crutches and sticks that are hung upon the walls, proving the miraculous recovery of grateful invalids who have gone their way rejoicing. The traditions of the Roman Catholic Church furnish many well-authenticated instances of the astonishing effect of the exercise of the mind on the body. The influence of faith as a curative factor, however, need not always be of a strictly religious nature. After all, the fundamental condition of expectant attention, and the natural awe of that which is mysterious or beyond the ken of the subject, is the groundwork of all cures, enabling the skilful physician to impress his patient by appeals to the imagination, and the money-making humbug to make diagnoses upon locks of hair furnished him by his credulous dupes or by dramatic operations. In another direction we find the so-called mind- and faith-cures, which have become so popular of late, and which are patronized by persons whose religious faith permits them to adopt so eminently proper a method, and one so in accord with a very deep part of human nature. That there can be any occult transference between two people who sit back to back is a manifest absurdity, but in all these proceedings the passive agent is in a receptive condition, and under the circumstances is undoubtedly affected by the expectation of some hoped-for thing that is to happen.

The emotional excitement so often connected with intense religious feeling is an element of the greatest importance in relation to suggestion, and many of the cures that are ascribed to prayer are, after all, only examples of what may be done by mental therapeutics. A familiar case is related by Bernheim, — that of the Princess Schwarzenberg, who had remained paralyzed for eight years despite the best medical skill. She was immediately cured, however, by a young peasant who made so strong an impression and inspired such hope that she discarded the apparatus that had been used to overcome the deformity of the limbs, and when suddenly appealed to, and told to rise and walk,

she did, and was afterward entirely cured. It was probable in this case, as in others, that what is known as an "ideal paralysis" existed, which was cured by the sudden emotion attendant upon the development of her enthusiastic religious faith, and by the sudden suspension of inhibition.

Many persons in this country are familiar with the faith-cure of Newton, who went about the country giving exhibitions forty or fifty years ago, and a large number of ideational invalids who passed in review before him were immediately restored to health by his exhortations and suggestions. Those with hysterical blindness recovered at once their vision, paralytics discarded their crutches, and a large proportion of patients whose sufferings were chiefly subjective were promptly relieved. In these cases, of course, suggestion was used. As a rule, with the spread of the news of such performances a delusional epidemic was established, and his labors became easier in consequence.

By suggestion we are enabled to explain many so-called miracles, none of which are more wonderful than those which occur at Lourdes, where even now extensive pilgrimages are made. French literature is full of instances of really astonishing cures made at this famous place, and M. Henri Lasserre has collected a large number of such cases, some of which are simply marvelous. Long-standing paralyses and contractures, and disturbances of vision innumerable, were promptly relieved by the use of water from the famous springs. Lasserre speaks of the case of Mlle. Marie Moreau, a young girl of sixteen, who suffered from that form of blindness called amaurosis, the sight of one eye being wholly gone. After nine days of prayer, a bandage dipped in the water of Lourdes was applied to her eyes, and in the morning she arose completely cured. So wide-spread is the belief in the wonderful powers of this water, that it is no uncommon thing to find devout Catholics sending for it even from America. One invalid who came under my notice, and who suffered from an incurable nervous disease for many years, would never take an ordinary dose of medicine without diluting it with water from this source, for which she regularly sent.

From time immemorial there have been instances of suggestion attending the use of amulets, the bones of saints, and fetishes of various kinds, which have worked miracles or effected marvelous cures, and every once in a while some popular craze marks the appearance of an epidemic of imaginary cures. Whole communities share in common the belief in the power of a madstone, which is treasured by its fortunate possessor, and sought after by persons hundreds of miles distant who are unlucky enough to have been bitten by a more or less rabid dog. Sometimes these are simply broken aërolites, porous stones, or trilobites. But if such credulity exists, especially in the wild parts of the Western and Southern States, what can be said of the universal belief in common rings made of iron or antimony, which are worn by educated and oftentimes scientific people as a sovereign cure for rheumatism? Some years ago I was invited to pass judgment upon a very popular article of so-called electric clothing. The most careful tests with the galvanometer, however, failed to reveal the existence of the slightest current, and it is to be assumed that the virtues of this particular belt were no greater than those of some less pretentious natural object.

In the early part of the century a Frenchman, the Abbé Lenoble, invented a magnet by which disease was to be cured; and about twenty years ago his theories and those of Burcq were revived by Charcot and Bourneville, as well as by many of their advanced countrymen, who performed a series of experiments at La Salpêtrière and other places with astonishing results. That the application of magnets to the surface of the body under ordinary circumstances could produce no effect whatever, is patent to the common mind. An enterprising and venturesome young medical man of New York even went so far lately as to place his head between the armatures of one of the powerful magnets at the Edison shops without suffering the slightest embarrassment or manifesting any alteration in pulse. But, strange to say, when the magnets are applied to certain hysterical subjects, various alterations in sensibility occur, which are undoubtedly due to some influence of imagination. Exactly how this occurs it is impossible to say in the present stage of experimentation. That it is not magnetism which acts is made clear by the fact that if a gold or silver coin be laid upon the anesthetic skin of a hysterical woman, the sensation will be altered at the place of contact, or transferred.

After Lenoble's time, a money-making quack introduced to the world what were known as "Perkins's tractors." These consisted of two small rods of wood or metal, which were applied to the painful or diseased part of the body, and were supposed to remove the *materies morbi* and the symptoms. The tractor craze became universal, and for a time suggestion almost superseded all other forms of medical practice. One of Gillray's most clever caricatures represents a gouty English squire being subjected to the treatment; the "tractor" is held to the nose by a peruked and pompous individual for the purpose of removing the vivid evidence of disease,

while the neglected grog stands upon the table as a silent reminder of the cause of the sufferings of the victim.

How far it is permissible to appeal to the imagination of nervous people is an open question. The instances in medical literature where subterfuge and more or less justifiable deception were adopted are numerous indeed, and the phenomenal success of some of the greatest quacks who ever lived is undoubtedly to be ascribed to ingenious humbugging. Strange to say, where in desperate cases fictitious operations have been resorted to, the results have not always been happy; for, after the first apparent conviction, there has been a reaction, which rather implies that the morbid concentration of the patient is far more deep-seated, and is of the nature of a disease in itself. Unquestionably, the use of deception for the purpose of combating various mental states is at times justifiable, and is especially familiar to persons who see much of the insane.

I can recall a rather amusing experiment which attended the introduction of the phonograph, by which I was able, after many unsuccessful efforts, to correct the delusions of a religious lunatic and to make him eat. This man was an Irishman of a low order of intelligence, who had persistently refused food for several days, and who could not be persuaded to eat or drink until he was brought into a room where a phonograph was concealed. A carefully worded command suited to the case, which had been recorded upon the wax cylinder of the phonograph before his visit, was rolled forth in loud and oracular tones, he being unaware of its source. The effect was immediate, and for a time encouraging.

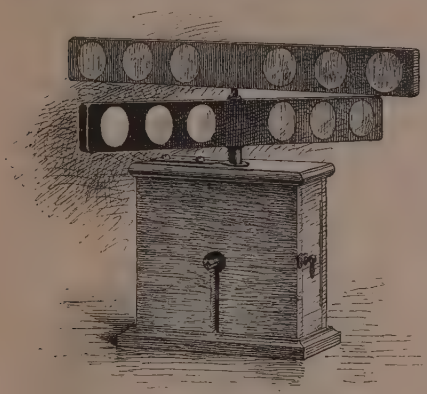
No matter how apparently mysterious and inexplicable a cure may be, or how illogical the *modus operandi*, it will be found that after all there is some appeal to the patient's imagination in the direction of hypnotic suggestion. What are the possibilities of this method of treatment it is difficult to state. That it ever cures organic disease I do not believe. But there are a variety of maladies, chiefly of a functional nature, but nevertheless exceedingly serious in their obstinacy, which may be removed by it when other remedies fail. Physicians generally are familiar not only with the loss of vision which has been referred to, but with a loss of voice as well, which are simply hysterical conditions that may persist for years. It is also a well-known fact that there are motor disturbances, and what are known to all surgeons as neuromimeses, the most common forms of which counterfeit affections of the joints, and sometimes baffle the most thorough expert examination. These are the cases that have been cured by suggestion by quacks and others, who have, after all, really used a legitimate mode of treatment in a disreputable way. Though through ignorance they usually fail to apply proper remedies to grave organic conditions, they sometimes strike the mark in some one of these imitative diseases that have been mistakenly regarded as organic, making a coup which gains for them a magnitude of reputation, dwarfing their incompetence, and obscuring their failures in other directions.

It is only within the past few years that scientific men have really adopted suggestion in a rational way, and the advances in psychology and psychopathology have paved the way for the use of a most potent agent. Our knowledge of disorders of motility and the disturbance of the governing coördinating faculties permits us to determine the pathology of certain convulsive and spasmodic conditions which until recently were simply looked upon as vague symptomatic states. Writers' cramp, which is a diseased automatism, has been repeatedly cured by suggestion made during the hypnotic state, some of which remained to control or antagonize the conditions in the intervals between the séances. I have seen forms of persistent tremor, chorea, speech defects, and other motor disturbances very much ameliorated, if not always cured, by the methods of Luys and Bernheim.

In England and elsewhere suggestion has been used for the correction of certain mental states manifested in moral perversion, among which dipsomania and certain varieties of infantile viciousness figure; and my own experience has convinced me that in some insanities it is certainly a most valuable means for combating the development of delusions, and in restoring the equilibrium of an unbalanced nervous system. A form of mental disorder which has been described by the French as *folie du doute*, and by the writer as introspective insanity, in which the person, whose intellectual health in most respects is unaffected, though he is tortured by doubts of the most aggravating and morbid kind, is decidedly relieved by the production of the hypnotic state, and the suggestion of certainty and assurance. Its efficacy in the cure of insomnia is undoubted, especially where the wakefulness is the result of more or less excitement.

The use of suggestion implies the production of the hypnotic condition of varying depth, and where this is induced the individual is rendered passively receptive to mental impressions that may be made by the operator. This state, which is brought about in several ways, is characterized by an abstraction which varies decidedly in different persons, and is more easily induced by successive séances. Not only does the individual act upon suggestions made to

him at the time, but it is sometimes possible to determine the nature of his actions in the waking stage by suggestions of which he is ignorant; and as a result of this it has been found possible to bring him more or less permanently



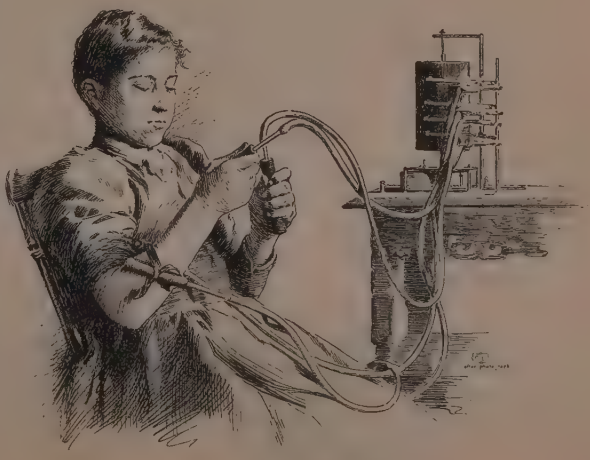
THE FASCINATEUR.

under the dominance of a psychical influence. Therefore, if the desired result is a moral one, there is an agency at work which has been found practically to combat morbid impulses, and to antagonize neurotic cravings.

Practically, there are two methods of inducing the hypnotic state, one of which primarily influences the organs of special sense, and the second the psychical or mental, although the production of the hypnotic condition is a strictly compound one, and the mental phenomena are those most dominant. Any agency that tends to the absorption and preoccupation of the individual favors the mental isolation which for the time being makes the subject oblivious of his environment, and renders him the servant of another's will. Mechanical and other agencies which induce rhythmical exercise of special function are serviceable aids in putting the subject in a receptive condition. Luys has invented for this purpose an apparatus which he calls the *fascinateur*. It consists of two bars of ebonite containing six mirrors on each side, and these bars or arms are revolved in opposite directions by means of clockwork. When placed in a dark room and illuminated by a bright light, the effect upon the person looking at them is exceedingly curious, and the rhythmical retinal impression is very apt in a few minutes to cause a condition of sleep which in many cases is followed by the trance state. He has used and advocated this appliance in cases of chorea and shaking palsy with most encouraging results.

A number of tests have been suggested for the determination of the muscular condition in true hypnosis as distinguished from hysteria, and it will be found that in the former there is great steadiness, while in feigned conditions, in which consciousness remains, a tremor will very soon occur. I have been in the habit of making the subject grasp an india-rubber bulb filled with a colored fluid. Into this dips a long glass tube of small caliber. The movements of the column of fluid which result from the slightest pressure are so delicate that the variations of muscular tension are readily perceived. A combination of Marey's tambours may be used for recording a permanent tracing, and an arrangement of this kind is figured in the illustration.

The original mode of Braid, and that often resorted to to-day, is to make the subject look at a bright ball or other object held slightly in front and above the eyes in such a way as to cause a straining of vision. A year or more ago, believing that the same effect could be obtained by other means, I devised a pair of spectacles containing prisms with an extreme angle through which the subject looked at a bright light. In this way certain muscles of the eyeballs were brought into violent effort; and when expectant attention was stimulated by verbal suggestion, the patient very often became unconscious. So far as I know, no systematic attempts have been made until recently to appeal



THE MYOGRAPHIC TEST.

to the other senses; but bearing in mind the soothing effect of monotonous sounds, and of the steady dripping of water, which not only induces sleep in some wakeful people, but is often resorted to for a curious purpose by physicians and others, I devised an apparatus by which not only rhythmical impressions could be made upon the finger-tips, but repeated musical sounds were indefinitely evoked from a finely strung catgut by a revolving wheel. I found that it was much easier to produce the hypnotic sleep when the several senses were acted upon at once than when one alone was appealed to.

The popular method of passes or contact, which play so large a part in the operations of traveling quacks, and are familiar to most people, may be said to belong to the first order of procedure. The other method — that of Bernheim — implies the purely psychic mode of operation. This, under ordinary circumstances, is often exceedingly difficult, and unless the operator has the fullest confidence in himself, and is not too sensitive to the ridicule that may follow a failure, is more efficacious than the mechanical system.

The mode of Bernheim and others is to place the subject in a chair, and by conversation to suggest the sleep that is to come. The person, whose embarrassment and fear are dispelled, is told, after his mental equilibrium is restored, to look at the operator and to think of nothing but sleep. He is told that his eyelids begin to feel heavy, that he cannot keep his eyes open, and next that they are closed. Sometimes it is very curious how quickly the person accepts the suggestion, and how readily sleep actually occurs. It is a matter of only a few minutes with a willing subject, and children particularly very often pass almost immediately into a hypnotic state, becoming slightly paler, and breathing regularly and deeply. When the hypnosis is profound, it is commonly associated with a certain muscular rigidity, and at times with a peculiar condition which in some respects resembles catalepsy. When pressure is made upon certain motor-nerve points,—of the forearm, for instance,—the hand will assume a new position as the result of muscular contraction, which often lasts for some time. While in this state suggestions of many kinds may be made, and the person's conduct is influenced thereby.

I am not inclined to accept the extreme views enunciated by those of my profession who have looked with alarm upon the irresponsibility which attends hypnotic suggestion, nor do I believe that a person whose normal condition is one of moral integrity can be made knowingly to commit crimes, except as the result of an abstract suggestion in which he is ignorant of the nature of the consequences of what he is about to do.

While the indiscriminate production of the hypnotic state is to be deprecated, I cannot picture the horrors that have been incorporated in a bill introduced by a certain Senator from the Pacific coast; and I, moreover, do not believe that any really bad results can follow the proper use of this means of treatment by well-educated and intelligent medical men.

It will be remembered that during the Eyraud murder trial in Paris considerable stress was laid upon the hypnotism of Gabrielle Bompard, and a lively controversy was started. About this time one of the most intelligent students of suggestion detailed an interesting series

CATALEPTIC RIGIDITY.

of experiments which went to prove that it was extremely difficult to produce absolute moral obliquity. Several women were selected for experiment, some of whom were respectable, and others whose life had destroyed every vestige of modesty. Although both classes of patients were apparently in the hypnotized state, it was found impossible to make the decent women disrobe when they were told to do so, while the others showed no reluctance in obeying the commands of the operator.

So far as the proportion of people susceptible to hypnotism is concerned, it is generally agreed that it is very great. Hulst, an American physician, shares the views of James and others in regard to the large number of people susceptible to hypnotic influence; and Fetterstrand, in over three thousand cases, failed in only ninety-seven, while Fovel enunciates the doctrine that every sound individual is hypnotizable. My own experience, however, is less encouraging.

There seems to be a great difference of opinion in regard to the susceptibility of insane and hysterical patients, and a number of practical observers believe that it is with the greatest difficulty that patients who are insane can be influenced at all. It is quite certain that established insanity renders its victims unfit for psychopathic treatment, but this is by no means true with light mental disturbances. Cases reported by Booth, four in number, which comprised varying forms of nervous disease,— in which, however, hysteria figured mainly,— were cured in from seven to fifteen séances.

The varying susceptibility of the subject to the influence of suggestion makes the adoption of hypnotism as a surgical application an exceedingly doubtful measure, despite the stories that have been reported of operations that have been performed in France. With some persons who are trained and easily made unconscious, it is possible to burn the skin or introduce sharp instruments without evoking complaint. At La Charité, and elsewhere, teeth have been extracted without any suffering whatever.

There are some individuals who are able to bring about an autohypnosis by an effort of will, and every surgeon is familiar with this phenomenon, which is occasionally induced by those who refuse to take anesthetics, or are possessed of strong will-power. I can well remember the case of a stolid Irishman who underwent a protracted operation upon the face, involving the extraction of a tumor, and who quietly submitted to all manner of cutting and tearing without a single word of protest, apparently not suffering in the least. The method adopted by those who exercise a sudden expenditure of muscular force in grasping the dentist's chair suggests the production of autohypnosis in a minor degree.

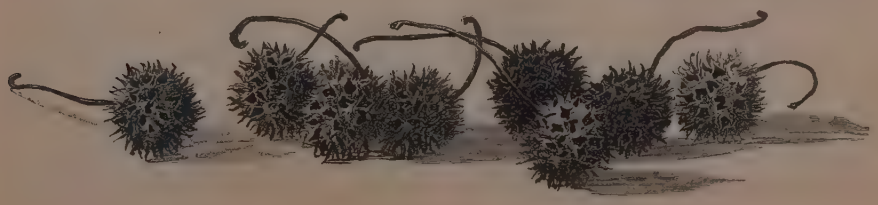
There seems to be a good deal of skepticism in regard to the value of suggestion-cures in Europe, and Dr. Ernest Hart is disposed to ridicule and pooh-pooh the claims of the Nancy school, quoting Babinski, who analyzed and disproved the cures that had been so universally reported. Of course the phenomena of hypnotism are expressed under so many conditions that the element of fraud must occasionally enter, but it is unfair to condemn all the students of this subject because certain of its exponents have been imposed upon. Dr. Hart's attack upon Dr. Luys, who had been deceived by his subjects, does not by any means disprove the large number of authenticated experiments, and the good work notably of Richet, Bernheim, Janet, Myers, and James.

There is undoubtedly a degree of enthusiasm, particularly in France, which brings with it a certain amount of credulity, and the experiments especially in regard to sensory transference can be viewed only with a great deal of suspicion. I have been informed by a well-educated and thoroughly responsible French physician of the details of an experiment which it certainly would take a stretch of the imagination to appreciate, and which is an instance of what I mean. Two subjects, A and B, were taken into separate rooms and thrown into the hypnotic state. B would volunteer the statement that his ear had been pinched, his face slapped, or that pins had been run into him. It subsequently transpired that these very things had been done to A at the same time that they were felt by B. It is quite probable in this instance that the subjects were of the class known to traveling mesmerizers as "horses," who are utterly dishonest and who very often act in collusion. Mr. Labouchère's recent exposé was evidently of a person of this order, who had trained himself to perform many of the tricks which are produced for the delight of the gullible.

To establish clearly the importance of adopting psychopathy as a means for the relief of disease, we must draw the line very sharply, and exclude the vast amount of dramatic nonsense which has found its way into the newspapers. The time has certainly come when this subject should be studied in a dignified and scientific manner, and honest physicians should separate it from every vestige of the claptrap and stage effect with which it has been invested for so many years.

The therapeutic use of suggestion is in its infancy, but there can be no doubt that ultimately its importance will be recognized by every thinking person, and it will be adopted as an important and legitimate aid.

Allan McLane Hamilton.



FAMOUS INDIANS.

PORTRAITS OF SOME INDIAN CHIEFS.

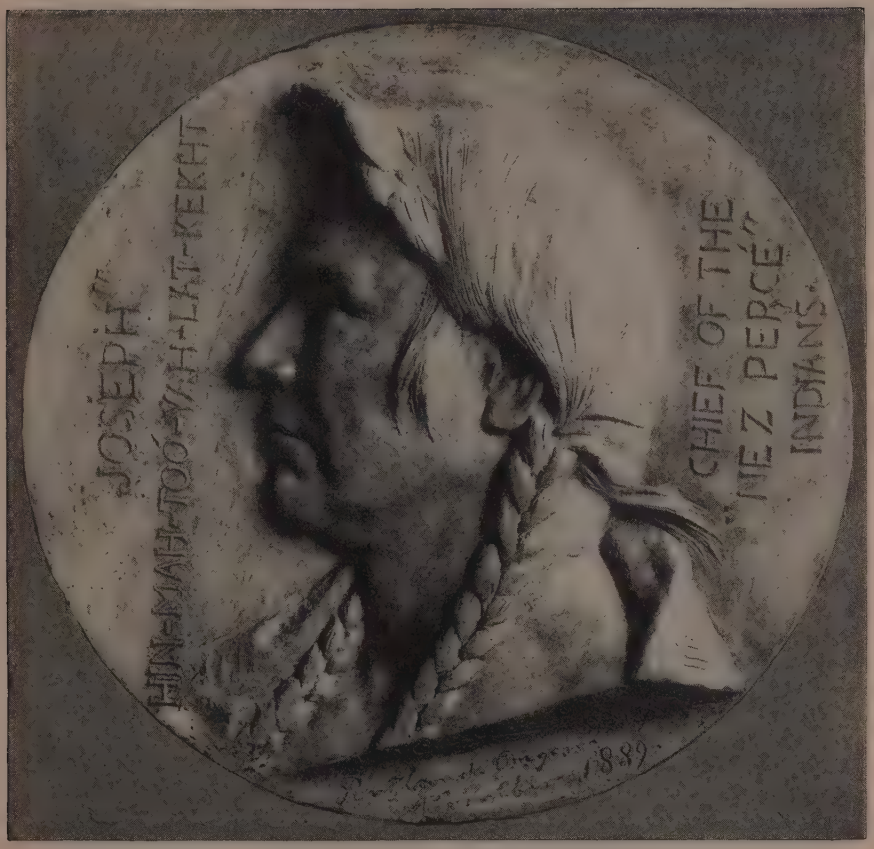
A FEW years ago the buffalo stopped the way of the Union Pacific trains, but to-day it is to be found only as a rarity in parks and menageries. The typical North American Indian is nearly as extinct. Judging from my own observation among them, the generation which is now passing away will be the last which will truly exhibit the finer qualities of the natural savage.

It would be foreign to the present subject to discuss the reasons for the decay of the Indian; it is enough to accept the fact that he receives from civilization little or nothing which benefits him. Morals are largely mere customs or habits of thought; the essential morality of life, which, broadly speaking, is truth and honesty, is known and valued among every people. The Indian always esteemed bravery, virtue, and truth, so I believe he has gained little or nothing from the white civilization, and has lost everything. He has lost the fine flavor of the wilderness, much of the simplicity and integrity of natural life, or "savagery," and has readily absorbed the pleasant vices of civilization. With drunkenness, disease, dependence upon a paternal government which is not paternal, and the annihilation of his environment, it has become as impossible for the Indian to exist as for the buffalo. Therefore, it is thought that the medallions here presented of some of the greatest Indian chiefs, men who are typical of all that was best in the original life of this people, will have great ethnological, as well as artistic, interest, and that the careful modeling of their faces by Mr. Olin L. Warner, an artist conscientiously realistic in his portraiture, yet subtly imaginative in his delineation of character, will prove a work of national importance.

The entire expedition, which, as a private enterprise, has preserved these valuable memoranda for the future generations of America, is perhaps worthy of extended comment; but only this will now be said — that the reader may appreciate the rare opportunity which placed such valuable material at his disposal. It was undertaken by Mr. Warner from a love of the subject, and was accomplished without aid from any one, except that he was fortunate in the sympathy of Mr. Edward McNeill, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, who lent valuable assistance. Indeed, one of the medallions — that of Seltice — was modeled in the car placed at Mr. Warner's disposal, and could not have been obtained in any other way, as Seltice's engagement to be at the camp of some of his people was of far more importance in his eyes than mere dabblings in mud; but he had no objection to the sculptor making what use he pleased of his features during the time he himself was being forwarded on his way. As I am not competent to speak for them, the reproductions of the medallions must speak for themselves; but no reproduction can do justice to the sculpturesque and poetic qualities of the original. Joseph was modeled life-size, the others about one half or two thirds life-size. One of the most noticeable traits of Mr. Warner's subjects was their personal indifference to his work. They obliged him by posing as an act of courtesy or hospitality, but it was evidently a great bore, and when they were notified that the work was done, they quietly walked away without even looking at it. Whether they really saw everything out of the corners of their eyes, as an Indian has a habit of doing, and whether this lack of interest in themselves was affected or not, I cannot say; but I am inclined to think it was genuine, for when they were asked to inspect the medallions and to give an opinion, they did so pleasantly and simply.

JOSEPH.

EASILY first among all the chiefs with whom I have a personal acquaintance, and, I believe, among the first of any whom our history records, is Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht, or, as he is generally known, Joseph. His remarkable retreat in 1877 from Camas Prairie, Idaho, to the Bear Paw Mountains, Montana, through the Yellowstone National Park, twice crossing the Rocky Mountains, and bringing with him for nearly two thousand miles the wounded, the aged, the infirm, and the children of his whole tribe, and within forty miles of his goal, from the middle of June to the beginning of October, fighting pitched battles with fresh troops at frequent intervals, and often with success, — this achievement gave him a standing as a great military commander; and his



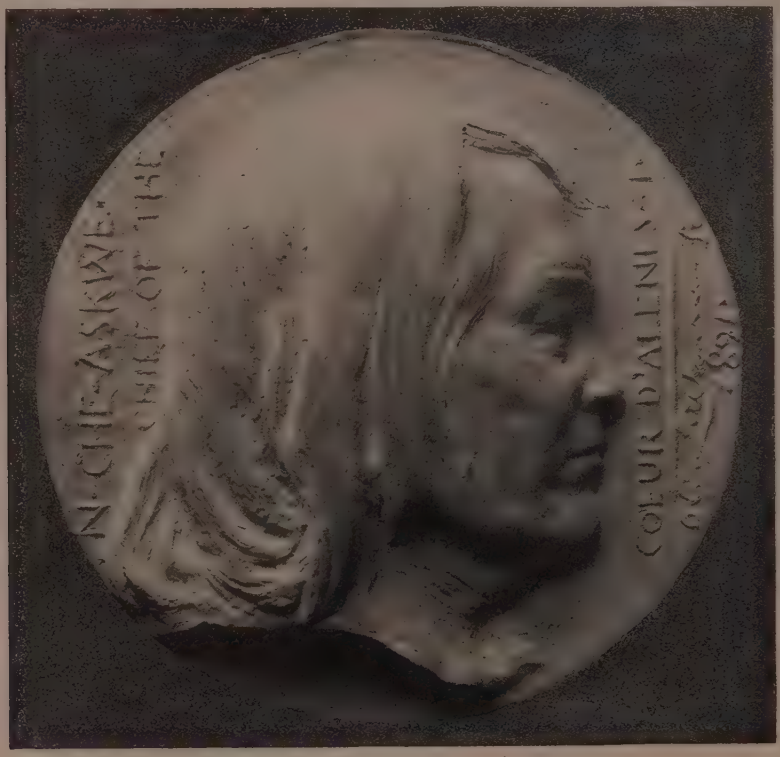
JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE "NEZ PERCÉ" INDIANS.

sparing of prisoners and setting free of women captured by his band, whenever the cases came within his personal control, form the first instance in all Indian warfare of such magnanimity. His features, as here modeled by the sculptor, present the man who surrendered in October, 1877. But at that time he looked much younger than the difference in the years would suggest, and was as lean as a hawk, with, however, the same dignified air and the same curiously gentle look in the eyes. He has faithfully kept his word that he would "fight no more forever," and though he has had opportunities since then to head malcontents, his efforts have been to restrain, not to inflame them. He has recently visited Washington in the effort to obtain permission to return among his own people on the Lapwai Reservation, and it may possibly aid that effort to repeat what has once before been said in this magazine, that his banishment from this reservation is only another instance of the uniformly bad faith with which the colossal machinery of our Government treats the insignificant Indian. At the time of Joseph's surrender, the general in command of our troops was already in receipt of orders from General Sherman and General McDowell to care for these Indians (if captured) in his own department,—that is, the military department of the Columbia, which included that part of Idaho inhabited by Joseph's band.

As the whole war had arisen from the attempt on our part to force Joseph's band of Indians, in violation of our treaty with them, upon this Lapwai Reservation, it was naturally supposed when he surrendered that the result of his defeat would be simply to compel him to enter upon those limits which he had rejected, and accordingly, in the preliminary negotiations for the surrender, it was substantially promised, in view of the orders just referred to, that he should return to Idaho, but that he must go upon the Lapwai Reservation. Undoubtedly he would have been at once returned to this district had the season permitted, but, as the order

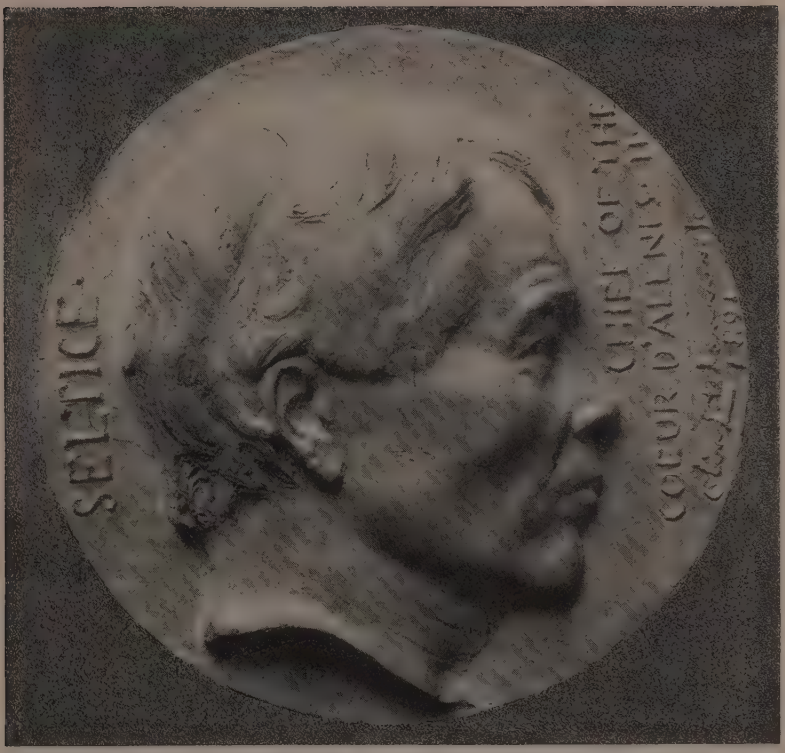
itself recited, the snow in the mountains prohibited travel, and Joseph was left in the charge of General (then Colonel) Miles, until the spring should open the mountain passes. But the Government, instead of performing its part, and returning him to Idaho as promised, transported him and his people to the malarial river-bottoms of the Indian Territory, which were fatal to most of them. After some years, the few survivors were finally permitted to return northward, and to go upon the Chelan Reservation in the State of Washington, but Joseph is still asking that the surrender stipulation of fifteen years ago be fulfilled. He speaks loyally of the President, who, he says, he well understands cannot trouble himself much with anybody so unimportant as himself. But it seems to others that there is a moral obligation upon that Government which, after depriving him of his native land, has penned him within prescribed limits, and left him a captive robbed by the fortunes of war of his horses and all his savage wealth, and has not furnished him or his people with a plow, a blanket, or a sack of flour. His best friends are those who have met him as man to man — General Howard, General Gibbon, and General Miles. He was chief of that large band of the Nez Percés known as the "Non-Treaty Nez Percés," and is still chief of the remaining handful, and is looked up to by the entire Nez Percé nation. He is the Indian of most authority and reputation in all the Northwest.

When on the expedition to obtain these medallions, we stopped for a while at The Dalles of the Columbia River to watch the gaffing of salmon by the Indians, and there heard that



ENCHEASKWE, CHIEF OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

a drunken Indian had shot Joseph. We asked some of the fishermen on the rocks about this, and they laughed and said: "Joseph lives a great way up north, but is a big chief, and no Indian would kill him; but if he were dead from any cause, every Indian in the country would know it right off, so you may be sure it is a lie," as it proved to be. His name means "Thunder Rolling in the Mountains." His father and his father's father were chiefs before him. He is about fifty years of age, temperate in his habits, quiet and modest in his demeanor, speaks in a low, sweet voice, which rises and falls in a melodious chant after the fashion of Indian oratory. He is so eloquent and imaginative as to be celebrated even among a race



SELTICE, CHIEF OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

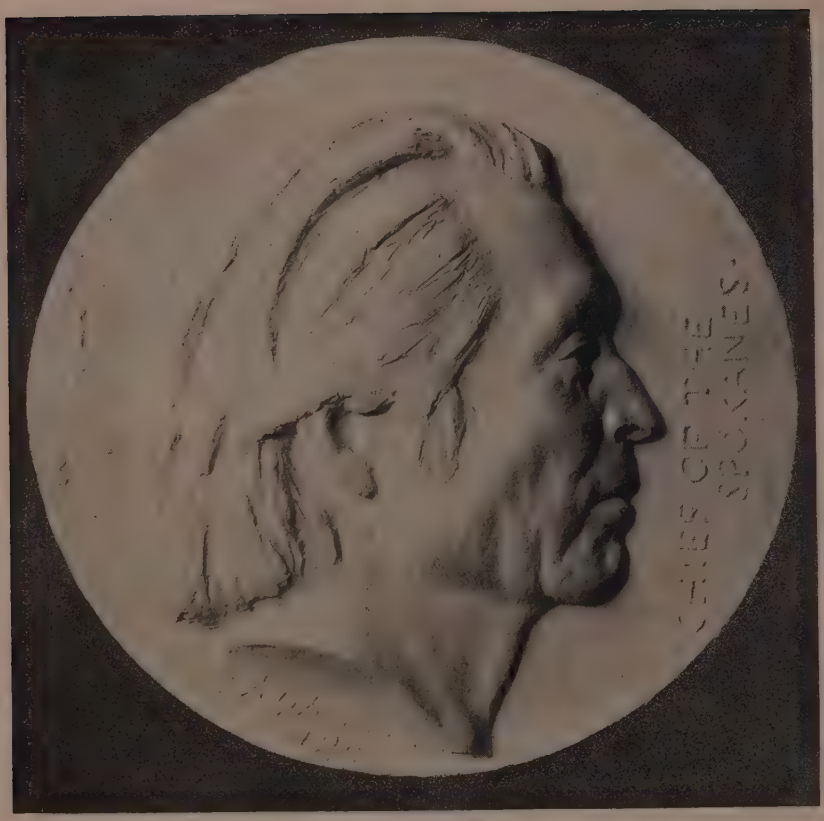
naturally eloquent; but probably he has never delivered a more truly heart-touching speech than the few lines in which he pictured the unhappy fate of himself and his people, and resigned his freedom forever. His camp was at that time a camp of wounded and sick, of women, children, and old men. His brother Ollicut had been killed. His own daughter was at that moment lost upon the prairie, whither she had fled in the confusion of the attack. The prairie was bleak and snow-covered. They had no wood save a few lodge-poles that they had saved, and were living on raw horseflesh. They had been a tribe comfortable, happy, and wealthy in horses; now they were burrowing in the earth for shelter, and had not robes enough to keep the children warm. Their horses were all gone. The preliminary negotiations had been completed during the day, and Joseph came to his surrender as a wintry sun was nearing the horizon. He said:

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before — I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-suit is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say "Yes" or "No." He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people — some of them — have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands I will fight no more forever!

Joseph has only one wife, and his youngest child, a daughter, was born during the heat of the fight in White Bird Cañon in 1877. He told me, however, when last I saw him, that his tepee was now empty and he was alone, for all his children were dead. He is a great Indian, a great soldier, and, more than that, he is a great man.

ENCHEASKWE.

If seniority were to determine the order of rank, Encheaskwe, or Vincent, chief of the Cœur d'Alenes, would stand at the head. He is one hundred years old, but with a mind to-day quick and intelligent. Always a celebrated orator, none of his powers of eloquence have diminished with age, for, as the reverend Father



LOT, CHIEF OF THE SPOKANES.

Mackin writes, Encheaskwe recently, at a general assemblage of the tribe, made one of the most brilliant and impassioned addresses to his people, "a masterpiece of eloquence." He is called by the Indians "Barsa," that being their nearest approach to the French pronunciation of Vincent. He is no longer the active head of his tribe, having voluntarily retired in favor of the Ulysses-like Seltice. Vincent was a brave or full-fledged warrior when the first white people crept into his country, and he was engaged in the earlier wars against them; but by the efforts of the Jesuit missionaries, at a later period, he gave his adherence to the whites, and his influence has since then uniformly been exercised in their favor. He is only one other illustration of the remarkable integrity and devotion to truth characteristic, as I think, of the high-type Indian in his natural condition. His name means "The Old Man with a Staff." His youthful name was Sellepstoe, or Barren Soil. His eyesight is nearly gone, and his hair is quite gray, but otherwise he seems to be in vigorous health, and is still ready to resent injustice in any form. His last campaign against the whites was in 1857, in the war known as the Steptoe campaign. During the succeeding, or Wright, campaign he remained at home, using his influence to quiet his people. I am glad to add to my slight testimony in favor of the generally honorable character of the Indian the better testimony of Father Mackin and Father Joset, the latter of whom has lived fifty years among these Indians, that Vincent is not only an ideal Indian in courage, honesty, truthfulness, and wisdom, but that he adds to this a certain magnanimous nobility which in their eyes, as they say, makes him an ideal man.

SELTICE.

SELTICE is also a Cœur d'Alene Indian, and is the successor in whose favor Vincent abdicated. His mother was a Spokane, the Spokanes and Cœur d'Alenes being tribes of the same stock. The name is a family or hereditary name, and I do not know its meaning. Seltice is about sixty years of age, and was

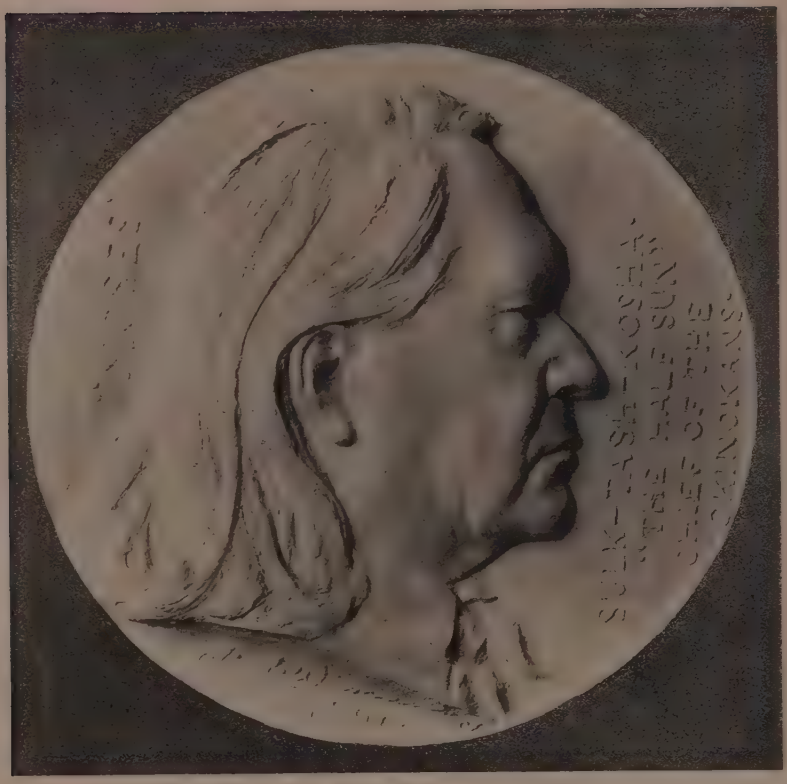
made a principal man or sub-chief of his tribe at Fort Vancouver, Washington, after his surrender to Colonel Wright. Seltice was engaged against the whites in both the Steptoe and the Wright campaign, but since 1857 has used his great influence in the interests of kindly relations. As he is a shrewd man, full of expedients and resources, having perfect control of himself and his emotions, he has, since his assumption of the chieftainship, and even before of never having injured a white man. A brave man himself, of a quiet, philosophic disposition, he seems to have recognized from the outset (probably from his observation of results upon his neighbors) that after resistance by the Indians, their last state was invariably worse than their first. By quiet persistence and by a firm adherence in discussion to what he believed were the rights of his people, he has managed to obtain for them as good treatment and as

"YOUNG CHIEF," CAYUSE INDIANS.

that time, successfully competed with the whites in all trades and negotiations, whether with the regular settlers or the authorities at Washington; in fact his great power comes from his recognized ability and tact as a diplomat, and his aid is always asked, whether by private parties, railroad corporations, or others, who desire assistance of, or concessions from, his tribe.

LOT.

LOT is chief of the Spokanes, and bears the enviable reputation (which Joseph and his whole tribe shared prior to the outbreak of 1877) complete recognition as the Government has given to any neighboring tribe. His home is on the Colville Reservation. I should think that he is about fifty-eight years old, though possibly older. His method of address is singularly quiet, his oratory being always of a persuasive character, delivered in low, musical tones. He is not so poetical and imaginative as some of the others. Lot also, like the others of the group here presented, has been to Washington to aid the negotiations with his people. The common conception of an Indian chief as a despot or autocrat is entirely erroneous. The office is not hereditary, but the chief is selected



MOSES, OR SULKTASH-KOSHA, CHIEF OF THE OKINOKANES.

because of his fitness for the place, and while naturally, among such a people, courage is a great virtue in the chieftainship, there must be added to this mental ability as well. If the chief's son has these qualities, he is very likely, under his father's influence, to succeed him; but not necessarily, and no chief can absolutely command the obedience of his tribe, or enforce a penalty for either tribal or individual disobedience except as any man may enforce obedience by his personal strength or mental power. Thus it will be understood what a compliment to the moral force of a chief it is that for a long number of years he should continue to be the leader of his people.

YOUNG CHIEF.

YOUNG CHIEF would have been chief of the Cayuses, if the office were hereditary, his father, Old Young Chief, having led the tribe during his lifetime; but at his death Yatiniawitz was elected, and a brief sketch of him will be given later.

Young Chief's father derived his name from the fact that at birth he had a small lock of white hair, and his son took the name as a hereditary one, a custom very common among the Indians. Under the recent legislation allotting lands in severalty to the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation, Young Chief has become possessed of a considerable ranch, part of which he lets to white men, and part of which he farms himself. Altogether he is a well-to-do and prosperous young man. He is one of the leading men of the tribe, and upon the death of Yatiniawitz may be elected chief. Since he arrived at maturity, the temper of the times has been such that he has had no opportunity to distinguish himself in any way, and so is without a record. His face was selected as being as typical of the high type of the present generation as any other which Mr. Warner could find. But he can never, in my opinion, equal the true men of the wilderness, his ancestors.

MOSES.

MOSES, or Sulktash-Kosha (the Half Sun), is chief of the Ilnamehin or Okinokane tribe, which is only a local branch of the great Nez Percé nation. Their present home is on the

Chelan Reservation, which special reservation Moses procured for himself, during Secretary Schurz's administration in the Interior Department, by methods of skilful diplomacy. The year following the campaign against Chief Joseph, there was a general outbreak among the Indians, beginning with the Bannocks at Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho, and extending northward, through the Pi-Utes, Snakes, and Cayuses, beyond the Columbia River, and enlisting malcontents from the Indians of the extreme north, near the British line, where Moses's authority extended. A family named Perkins was murdered in Moses's jurisdiction, and the settlers, who were exasperated by the outbreak of the year before and by the outrages of the present year, seized Moses with the intention of lynching him, but finally, unwilling to precipitate a war with his tribe, which as yet was at peace, confined him in the jail at North Yakima, Washington, to await the investigation of the Perkins murder. The agent in charge of the Simcoe or Yakima Reservation, a Methodist clergyman of remarkable force of character and ability known as Father Wilbur, succeeded in getting Moses placed in his own custody in the guard-house at the reservation, it being the desire and policy of Father Wilbur to use this imprisonment of Moses as the means of forcing him and his tribe to come upon the reservation and under civilizing influences, a pet project which Mr. Wilbur had for a long time unsuccessfully endeavored to accomplish. Meanwhile, General Howard, in command of the military department of the Columbia, had ascertained through the secret-service and other reports that Moses's influence had been steadily exercised for peace, and to restrain his tribe and the surrounding bands, and that his present confinement was having a very bad effect, arousing the suspicions of the Indians, and releasing the younger ones from the strong influence of Moses's personal presence. Therefore, as General Howard's aide-de-camp, I was sent with authority to release Moses and to order all legal proceedings against him to be quashed. Father Wilbur strenuously represented to me that he could bring Moses upon that reservation with his entire tribe, which would be an immense gain in the interests of peace. There was no possible doubt of this, and therefore I agreed to stand silent until Father Wilbur had exhausted his powers of persuasion. We spent the entire day in council, on the one side Moses, and against him Father Wilbur,—a man of indomitable character, and one of the shrewdest in the management of Indians I ever knew. It was one of the most interesting debates to which I ever listened, carried on in the true style of diplomacy, with exaggerated compliments on both sides. Moses had a reply ready instantly for every argument. To summarize, it was something like this: To the offers of money, house, and cattle, Moses replied that these were very desirable, and he would be glad to have them, and he certainly would accept now and without hesitation, but it would be no use for him to come and live upon the reservation alone; that he must consult with his people, and unless they were willing to follow him, he did not care to come. "Give me my gun and my knife, and I will go see them, and unless they are very

SABINA, DAUGHTER OF KASH-KASH, CHIEF OF THE WALLA-WALLAS.

foolish, they will be glad to receive all these benefits, and come and live in peace and plenty with so good a man as you." To which Father Wilbur would reply: "If I give you your gun and knife, you will be sure to encounter some white man, and he will shoot at you, and you, to defend yourself, will shoot at him, and whether he kills you or you kill him, then there will be a great war." To which Moses would reply: "That is true; you are very thoughtful. I will not take either the gun or the knife, but will go unarmed, which will show that I have peace in my heart; and I will keep to the secret trails in the mountains, that no white man travels, so that there will be no reason of this danger that you fear." To this Father Wilbur in turn: "But your tribe lives in the wilderness, and it will be very difficult for you to go unarmed, and very unsafe. You might possibly be caught in the snow." To which Moses: "Oh, these are small matters to an Indian. I think nothing of them; I will reach my people safely." Then Father Wilbur: "But it is better that you should stay here with me, and I will furnish you with messengers to send word to your people to come in and see you and have the council here." Moses answered: "Yes; that would do very well, perhaps, at another time, but not

now. They have heard of my arrest; they are all excited; it was all I could do when I was with them to keep some of them from going upon the war-path. Now, when they get your message, they will say: 'This is childish. Moses is a prisoner, and the whites are using his name only to lure us into captivity. If Moses were free, he would come to us himself, not send a messenger,' and so they might perhaps kill the messengers, but surely they would never come.

YATINIAWITZ, OR "POOR CRANE," CHIEF OF THE CAYUSES.

No; Father Wilbur, that is not a good plan: I must go to them myself." This, of course, was the final result of the council. Moses was set free, and that part of the country never saw him again. Instead of that, he so represented things to the military, and through them to the Department of the Interior, that the Chelan Reservation was especially carved out and set aside for him and his people. Moses in his younger days was a great fighter against the Sioux in annual forays. He early acquired chieftainship by his great mental ability. He has never engaged in hostilities against the whites, not, as I believe, from any great love for them, but because he had recognized the inevitable defeat of the Indians in every instance, and it has been purely a matter of shrewd policy with him; and he also has made his position as chief very profitable in the way of special salaries and gifts to himself. He has rented out the Chelan Reservation to cattlemen, himself pocketing the entire rental. From the striking resemblance between the two, he is often nicknamed Henry Ward Beecher. For shrewd diplomatic ability he is, in my opinion, the first Indian of the Northwest — greater even than Joseph, because Joseph has a most direct and ingenuous character, which Moses, in my belief, has not; and therefore, while I acknowledge the great ability of the man, who has always held his own in argument, no matter who has been pitted against him, I do not respect his character as a specimen of the magnificent manhood exhibited in Joseph. Moses has a keen

sense of humor, and is himself a great jester and mimic. The popular error that the Indian never laughs would be dispelled by a few moments' listening to Moses amusing his companions.

YATINIAWITZ.

YATINIAWITZ is chief of the Cayuses, and though not at all related by blood to the head family of the tribe, was elected chief at the death of old Young Chief, as has been mentioned in speaking of Young Chief. He and Joseph are, after all, I think, decidedly my favorites. They have a childlike simplicity of character, a quiet and yet absolutely reckless bravery, are perfect in their truth and honesty, and I rather respect them for the wars that they have fought in defense of what they believed their rights. Yatiniawitz is a fighter or nothing; he scents the battle afar, and would, I believe, be extremely unhappy to be shut out from the thick of the fight. A few years ago his hips were broken by his horse rolling down a cañon with him. Yatiniawitz was of course without surgical aid, and the consequence has been that he is now a cripple and can walk only upon crutches. In renewing our acquaintance, he said to me: "Don't you remember those days when we used to chase the Pi-Utes and the Bannocks down here on the Columbia, and up in the Blue Mountains? Those were fine times, were n't they? I wish the Great Father in Washington would call on me again, and, old as I am, I would go on these two sticks to fight. But I am afraid I shall die in my bed, just like an old woman. I am no good any more except just to work, same as a Pi-Ute."

Yatiniawitz has been engaged in every war or campaign since he was a young man, beginning with the Yakima war of 1855. He fought against Colonel Steptoe, and in 1857 against Colonel Wright. In this latter campaign they tell marvelous stories of his prowess in personal encounters with the soldiers; but after the Wright campaign, Yatiniawitz pledged himself as thenceforth a friend of the whites. That pledge he has faithfully kept. In the Bannock and Pi-Ute uprising of 1878, he joined our forces and laid the plan, almost incredible in its recklessness, for the capture of E-He-Gant, chief of the Pi-Utes. Under E-He-Gant's powerful influence and skilful leadership, the entire forces of the Bannocks and Pi-Utes had been united, the Pi-Utes even deserting their great chief, Winnemucca, who was in absolute chieftainship when Frémont first crossed the plains. They enlisted under the war-bonnet of E-He-Gant. He was an extraordinary Indian, tall, powerful, and intelligent. Yatiniawitz, with only a young warrior as his assistant, went into E-He-Gant's camp to talk with him about joining the hostiles, and as the horde of Indians were moving out in the morning upon their day's march, he said to him: "Come, we do not want to talk where these people can listen to us; let us ride ahead and talk by ourselves." In this way he induced E-He-Gant to advance about one half or three quarters of a mile beyond his camp, but in plain sight of the immense throng of his followers, who mottled the mountain-side, and threaded down it like a slender stream. E-He-Gant, either through suspicion, or for some other reason, having pulled up his horse, Yatiniawitz instantly threw his lasso over his shoulders, and, driving his heels into his own horse, jerked the hostile chief suddenly to the ground, and, by the tightening of the loop, pinioned his arms to his side. Urging his horse forward, he dragged his captive off the trail, and down the mountain-side into the timber; but E-He-Gant, having managed to get to his feet, caught the lasso and was trying to pull himself up on it, in order to loosen the loop, whereupon Yatiniawitz shot and killed him, and, taking time to cut off one of his hands, which was slightly maimed, brought it into our camp as evidence of his death.

Yatiniawitz has been a most valuable ally to the whites since he ceased fighting them, lending his fervid oratory, the poetical fire of which nothing can describe, to an advocacy of peace and friendship. He has engaged in their service against other Indians upon every occasion, and, as the record on his medallion recites, has been three times wounded in their behalf. His eye has in it something of the expression seen in Joseph's, the studied calm and quiet reserve, the contented consciousness of force, sometimes noticed in the eye of a lion; but with Yatiniawitz there is also in the restless movements of the eye a suggestion of the hawk. Tall, lean, and wiry, he deserves his name of "Poor Crane." He is truly the embodiment of the wilderness, a creation of nature, and it would be as impossible for him to cultivate the lands allotted to him in severalty, as Young Chief is doing, as it would be for a cougar to turn sheep-dog. He still keeps to the simple wants of the savage, still lives as he has always lived, accepting the good and evil of his life with fortitude, and above all things insists that a man needs only two virtues — bravery and truth.

C. E. S. Wood.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XX.

ON the next day Dorothy received the following note:

DEAR MISS MAURICE: I am leaving town tomorrow for a week. Will you give me, to take with me, the hope of an answer on my return? I won't bother you to say good-by.

Yours—whatever your answer, always yours,
JASPER DEED.

And to this temperate note she wrote, "In a week, then." It was like his invariable consideration to deny himself a word of farewell. Indeed, she could not help imagining in this intended absence a more intimate chivalry. It was a fine withholding of himself from so much as the color of seeming to influence her decision.

The truth was that Jasper had found a clue to his father's whereabouts through the Leadville lawyer to whom he had written the first day he had been allowed to sit up; and after a visit to Leadville he was going in pursuit of him.

The impulse of another man would have been to try to make sure of his future with Dorothy before leaving Maverick; but Jasper saw clearly that this course, to which everything save his discretion urged him, would only make sure of a failure which no after patience could retrieve. It was better to use a little patience now, and to go away. But he thought it worth while to have a little talk with Maurice, whom he found at the station, as he was boarding his train.

He took the sleeping-car for his destination with a cozy prophecy of success warming his heart. His reverence for Dorothy's instinctive purity and rightness of feeling, which was at the root of his love for her, consorted with his half-conscious habit of trading on these qualities in her, and he was estimating, as he stepped into the train, the construction of his departure which he could rely upon from her rectitude. He fancied her construing it almost precisely as she did, and as he settled himself in the smoking-compartment of the sleeper with his cigar, he experienced an inexpensive thrill of virtue at the thought of the nobility she would be imagining in him.

THE sun shone at Mineral Springs as it did at Maverick, though there was no snow at Maverick, and at Mineral Springs the snow lay hugely heaped as far as Deed and Margaret could see from the hotel portico. The snow, in fact, covered all the one-storied houses in the place to their roofs, and lay in the Pass at a depth which for over three weeks had cut off all communication with the outside world, and kept them prisoners. The stage had ceased running on the day of the snowfall, being caught in the Pass, and snowed up there out of sight. It was likely to lie there until the succeeding spring. The driver and his one passenger had ridden into Mineral Springs on the backs of the horses.

Mineral Springs was usually cut off from the outside world for three or four months in the year. At its altitude, and in its situation, approachable only by a narrow defile between close-lying hills, this was expected, and, as the inhabitants would have said, discounted. But the snow did not usually come so early.

Margaret had smiled with the wistful smile of happiness, which had made a home for itself about her mouth since the day of her marriage, at the intelligence which Deed brought her on the morning after their arrival, that they were "snowed in." And Deed had found an ambiguous laugh. Margaret said it was delightful. Now they could be sure of quiet. Now they should know that the disagreeable visitors to the Springs, whom she had feared when he first suggested the place, would stay away. Of course it was n't the season for them, anyway. She knew that. But those half-dozen stray people who sometimes came to such places late were worse than a mob. One could decently withhold one's self from a mob; but the half-dozen, if they were in the same hotel, demanded sociability, sat at the same table, wanted to organize excursions, to get up amusements, to talk at unpropitious times, to discuss—the women were the worst—the new stitch, and the children left at home, and the altitude.

When she found that there were no visitors whatever at the hotel besides themselves, she had a moment of bewilderment; but she said she liked that, too. The hotel, which was a large frame structure of three stories, built for the summer season, when it was crowded by invalids and tourists, was a building designed to shelter forty guests, and even Margaret found the great dining-room a little daunting for two. She went to the wife of the land-

lord,—a hospitable creature, largely planned like the hotel,—and begged that they might be allowed to dine in modified state. The landlady was glad to close up the big dining-room, she said; and after that she gave up her usual winter sitting-room to them, and Deed often wrote or read there while Margaret sewed. The hotel was set on a high hill above the town, and the windows of this room commanded an extraordinary prospect of the snow-covered mountains rising on the other side of the narrow valley. They called it a valley in the town, but it was, in fact, more like a slit in the hills, which plunged precipitously down on each side, fronting each other at a distance of less than half a mile.

They had stopped at Mineral Springs for the night, on the way to Burro Peak City, where Deed hoped to sell the "Lady Bountiful." Deed had not meant to take Margaret on, but to leave her at the hotel for the necessary day or two until his return. Then, he had said, they could remain at Mineral Springs, or go on to another place to spend the remainder of their honeymoon, as she liked. Ah, yes; with that money once restored to the bank, with that stock placed to the credit of his trustee account again, he did not care where they went. He had proposed Mexico to Margaret in the anticipatory relief of having made all that business straight, in the relief of feeling himself again in anticipation something more than an honest man by brevet.

And then the snow had come. The way to Burro Peak was blocked absolutely, and he could not even get back to Leadville to make a struggle for his good name, or to face the consequences, if necessary. To Burro Peak not even a post had ventured since the storm. The drifting snow had buried the narrow trail along the mountain-sides, which men took in midsummer with caution, to a depth where only the May sun would find it; and the people at Burro Peak City who had once wanted to buy the "Lady Bountiful" when Deed had refused to sell, might as well not have existed.

But it was probably too late to do any good now, if he could reach them; he believed Barney Graves, his fellow-trustee, would have made the quarterly examination of the affairs of the estate at his usual time, and he knew what must happen then. Graves lived at Red Cliff, and as he knew Deed to have been chosen by Brackett to be one of his trustees as a lawyer, while he knew that he himself had been chosen only as a friend, it had been his custom to leave the actual work connected with their common trust to Deed. In atonement for this seeming neglect of his dead friend's interest, it was his habit to come to Leadville quarterly to go over the accounts of the estate with Deed, note his investments, and, as a matter of form, to make a memorandum of the securities in his hands. Deed, who had rather relished the trust, on the whole, had been able to add largely to the value of the estate by judicious management of the mining properties forming part of it; and he recalled the satisfaction with which Graves had glanced over his last quarterly statement, with a miserable wonder as to his present thoughts. He made sure that Graves would have postponed the examination when he did not find him at Leadville, but his continued and unexplained absence could have had only one effect: it must long since have come to be believed in Leadville that he was dead, or that he had intentionally disappeared. In the latter case the course was obvious, notorious; the very children knew it from the newspapers. In a simpler state of society, he said to himself, scornfully, when a man disappeared his friends might imaginably organize a search for him; in his own world he knew very well that they examined his accounts.

The intolerable simplicity of the barrier which withheld him from even so much as the chance of making a fight for his reputation, goaded him at times beyond endurance. Each morning he waked to scan the sky for signs of a thaw, and each night cursed the royal setting of the sun, which had shone through all the day without diminishing the snow. Sometimes, in his walks with Margaret through the town, or out to the springs on the hill near their hotel, he would gather up a handful of the sparkling, fluffy, almost ethereal flakes which held him prisoner, staring at them in contempt, and flinging them away at last with a helpless shrug.

What he had done had seemed innocent to him, and at worst it was a potential wrong; the remorseless snow and the unwilling sun were making it a crime, day by day.

Margaret saw that he was troubled, and was grieved for him, but it was because of the chagrin of which she knew—the chagrin which was cause enough, it seemed to her, for any sickness of heart. She comforted him as she could about Jasper and Philip (she had, of course, Deed's version of the difference between Philip and himself), but she knew that trouble to be beyond any one's consolation. The double faithlessness and ingratitude, the sudden and absolute loss of both his sons, represented a pain to Margaret which she dared scarcely approach; she felt that she could not understand it. It was all that she thought it; and even in the face of the haunting fear which now lived in him, it had its way with his heart. He was sometimes almost grateful for that other trouble, which was at least superior in its

immediacy, and claimed a part of the thoughts which must otherwise, it seemed to him, have destroyed him. With the black misery of his real trouble — the thought of Jasper and Philip — he got along, for the most part, as strong men do with the grief of death. He said nothing, and ground his teeth, and did not suffer the less.

If it had not been for Margaret's presence, and for the happiness of their new relation, he must have been utterly overthrown. She helped him not only by her love, her kindness, her unfailing watchfulness, care, and sympathy, but in unconscious ways which she did not suspect. When she perceived that his sadness and abstraction persisted, she began to charge herself partly with it, in her own way — accusing herself of not knowing what to do for him — believing that another woman would have known how to comfort him. She tried not to let him see that she was searching her conscience for grounds of offense, but Deed surprised her in it, and blamed himself. After that he joked her steadily, as of old, and maintained before her always a gaiety of demeanor which finally almost helped him to forget the gulf at the edge of which he was living, even if he could not put away from him the corroding thought of his faithless boys.

When the fatality which lurked at his side like a shadow would take form before him, in spite of all the resources by which he denied its existence, he usually saw himself in the newspapers. He saw in shuddering fancy his "case" — it would become his case at once — treated in the usual newspaper fashion, picturesquely, lamentingly, speculatively, mock-sympathetically, high-virtuously, and all the rest of it. Then the State would have its wonder at this latest stainless name in the dust, and would have its talk, in which it would recognize the entire and cheering fallibility of every one else in a world where one could n't be as straight as one would like. His enemies would enjoy the realization of their prophecies, while his friends — ah, his friends! — he could not bear that thought. When it occurred to him, he would fall to teasing Margaret about something. They had discovered together an infinite number of points at which she could be teased, Margaret even learning to enjoy the exploration of her seriousness with him.

She felt that she owed him this; and she encouraged him to joke the seriousness which had come so near to wrecking their happiness, as a kind of expiation. It had also the advantage of being a refuge from the chivalrous gentleness and humbleness in which he now sued silently for her forgiveness. She could not bear that he should humiliate himself before her, as she had once said coldly to herself that he must; if there was any forgiving to be done, he must do it. She felt blessed in being forgiven, even if he had been at fault; she found it an odious attitude, as a wife, to be brought to book, and forced to forgive him.

For the most part they did not even impliedly discuss the question which had separated them, and had gone so near to parting them permanently. In the happiness of possessing each other, they could not wish to go back and live that nightmare-time over again, even in imagination; and it recurred as an actual question between them only when Deed, in their happiest moments, would question his right to such bliss — to the bliss which he had once thrown away, and trampled underfoot.

He made her many promises, in moods like this, that she should never know him again in the convulsions of passion which snatched him away from himself, and left him to do any evil — the nearest, the readiest — in the devil's mind which then replaced his own. Margaret would not let him talk of such things for long; and she would not suffer him to reproach himself since the hour at the hotel at Leadville when he had done penance before her in an abasement which would have satisfied even Beatrice.

In the long evenings they played at cribbage or bezique, or, less often, at chess. Chess was Margaret's favorite game; but seeing that Deed lacked patience for it, and pretended a pleasure in it only for her sake, she would not let him suffer at it, but won him back to the lighter diversions in which his lighter spirit expanded. Sometimes they would set the cards and the board before them for cribbage, and fall to talking, and forget, until the evening was over, that they had meant to play. Deed made her tell him, at these times, of her travels.

In the absolute confidence of their new relation, it was a curious pleasure to her to tell many things which she had hidden away in her soul as things impossible to tell any one. The budget of her adventures in the roaming life she had led before she met him, and even after, seemed exhaustless, and Deed was constantly calling for more. He roared with delight at the follies she confessed, the *gaucheries* she owned up to. He said it was a new revelation of her — this history of her independence. He urged her to admit that she had lost by the exchange; he said that she had sold herself into slavery; he did n't see how she contented herself.

"Don't you?" she asked, letting her eyes rest on him a moment.

"No," he said promptly. He leaned toward her and took her hand.

"Why, James, that 's just it! Neither do I!

But you see I do content myself. I 'm not planning an escape; I 'm not thinking of running away."

"Oh, that 's the snow," he said. "You could n't."

"No; that 's true. But you 'll see when it thaws. It will be the same." She said this earnestly. Even when she let herself go, Margaret held on a little.

"Ah, you say so. That 's like the bird that never shows a wish for the old freedom until you open his cage. Then—whisk! And away he goes! Margaret," he said seriously, "don't you sometimes—just a little bit—catch yourself longing for the old, free life? You remember your hesitation about marriage, and how you came and held back, and consented and refused, and ran away and took refuge in your wretched idea of independence, and sometimes would n't so much as look out to take a peep. Occasionally I used to think that you actually feared a future in which you would n't be allowed to take care of yourself."

"Yes, yes," she said. "I know. It was so. And now I like to be taken care of." She nestled up against him. "I *like* not to be free. I enjoy being *de*-pendent! Oh, I was foolish!" she whispered. "It seemed right—that life I was leading. It seemed good and natural. But it was n't. *This* is right!" She looked up at him.

Their love was good to them, and not the less good because they won from it the sane and tempered bliss of a man and woman past the dithyrambic joys of first youth. They had been parted by such a difference as might have risen between the hottest-blooded pair of young lovers who ever cried off with each other over a ribbon or a photograph; and they had come together no less eagerly and gladly, in the young-lover manner, as if nothing had ever been between them. But now that they had each other, their happiness was the quiet, full-bodied content of the long-married. To have surprised the glance of serene trust that would pass between them when their eyes met, to see the unafraid tenderness which had come to Margaret since her marriage, to see her lay her hand on his, or stoop to press a fleet kiss on his forehead, as she passed him during the day upon her errands from place to place, would have been to be taught a great kindness for the marriage state.

If he could have escaped the pain about his boys, which was always by him, and could have banished the threat hanging over him, Deed might have been continuously happy. As it was, he was very happy when he could forget; and Margaret, who had nothing to forget save her permanent trouble about his act against Jasper, of which she forbade herself to speak, was exaltedly happy.

They went upon walks within the valley over the beaten snow, where paths had been cut, amusing themselves in the town by the sight of the entombed houses sending up a pathetic slip of chimney into the air, out of which the smoke curled steadily. They liked, too, to see the nimble householder come out of his home through the roof, using the aperture prepared for such emergencies in building mountain houses. Once they went down at night and watched from the snow, ten feet above the sidewalk, the crowd which gathered nightly at "Mulvaney's" to hazard their earnings at faro and poker. Margaret disapproved of it, even as a spectacle; but she listened when her husband told her how, the night Philip had maddened him, he had gone to Pop Wyman's and lost a thousand dollars in an hour. He did not tell her how he had settled with Philip, of course; that might have involved the other.

The path to the springs, which gave the town its name and part of its prosperity, was one of their favorite walks. It ran along the mountain-side on which the hotel itself hung; but the spot at which the water bubbled warm out of the earth, and spread itself steamingly about, commanded an even opener prospect of the hills than they got from their window; and they were fond of coming here at sunset, to watch the great disk go palpably down behind the summit of White Face, scorching the snowy ridge with color.

The sun had set and left the air chill, and the evening was suddenly gray, as they turned one day from this spectacle, conferring pensively on their happiness, as people will who can keep their happiness at this hour. They saw the figure of a man coming toward them along the path, and began to abuse him to each other for poaching on the solitude. Then they saw it was Jasper.

XXI.

As Philip's train felt its way cautiously down out of the mountains into Lone Creek valley, on his return from Piñon some days after this, he was hoping that he should find Jasper well enough to see him. He meant to seek him at once on his arrival at Maverick, and to give up the "Little Cipher" to him. He had borrowed the mine from him, when he found it served his purpose, with the thought that Jasper had left it with him for a year, and could probably spare it to him for another week or two; and to himself had added that, if he could n't, he did n't care. It was the first good the mine had ever done him, and it was certain to be

the last. He took what advantage there was in the attribution of proprietorship during the ten days he remained at Piñon, reminding himself smilingly that he might considerably lengthen his tenure of the "Little Cipher," and still leave a good balance on the credit side of his account with Jasper.

But, as he drew near Maverick, he was seized with the desire to have the thing immediately off his hands. He did not like the suggestions that were bred of this seeming ownership; and since the bitterness of giving up his find to Jasper must come, he wished to have the business of the surrender over.

Philip's habitual choice of the comfortable issue from a difficulty sometimes led him (out of mere need for an untroubled mind) to march up to troubles which he loathed and feared with an unintentional effect of heroism. The idea of turning over to Jasper the mine he had discovered, staked out, and worked, was galling enough to be more comfortable as an accomplished fact than he could hope to make it as a prospect.

Now, too, that he knew what the surrender meant, since he had seen for himself the possibilities of this mine which he and Cutter and Vertner had made a jest of, the splendor of the prospect would sometimes thrust itself luminously before his eyes, in empty moments when he would let his gaze wander from the plain fact of Jasper's right to the "Little Cipher."

The ease with which he had, for the moment, reaped, without his will, the advantages of ownership at Piñon, polluted, every little while, the wholesome current of his thoughts. He put the fantasy from him, when it would recur, with the sense that he could not be well; it was in this way that murderous aberrations and the lunacy of suicide assailed men. And yet there would return upon him that air-born phantom of a thought, that the fiction of his ownership, which had lasted a week, needed no motion on his part to make it permanent; that he had only to keep silence.

The arrangement by which he had carried on the two mines in his own name lost its old naturalness as he found himself wishing heartily that Jasper had always known which mine was his, or, at all events, that some one person — only one — knew at this moment which was his, besides himself. He could easily have told Cutter in the Piñon days; but he was n't protecting himself against himself in those days, and he should n't tell him now. He could fancy even Cutter, with all his right-mindedness, palliating the obvious facts of the situation, or diminishing his clear obligation. The person he wished to tell, now, was Jasper. He could be depended on not to diminish the obligation. He would demand an account of every penny he had expended on the "Little Cipher" since the first pick was driven into the claim; and would ask for any stray bits of silver he might have brought away in his pockets. Jasper knew his rights. That he (Philip) had staked out both claims in the beginning as his own, was nothing. That he had mentally turned over the "Little Cipher" to his brother when Jasper had written asking him to see what a "flier" of $500 would do for him on Mineral Hill, was all that would interest Jasper. Bless you! he would n't care for the registry at the Land Office. If it had been the other way about, there might be some sense in showing by the Land Office books, the advertisements, and all that, that only one name had appeared in all the transaction, and that, legally, the two mines belonged to one person. But, in the present situation, Philip's mental cession of the "Little Cipher" to him plainly settled the question. Jasper could n't care to "go behind the returns," Philip said to himself, with a curl of his lip, as the spire of St. John's in the Wilderness came in sight, and he began to get his hand-luggage together.

The sight of the church recalled Dorothy to his mind, from which, in fact, she had never been absent since the memorable day of their last interview; and he said to himself that it was because he was unhappy, not because he was unwell, that the vile thought of the simple, the fluidly simple, course open to him dared dance about him beckoningly. If he had not wrecked himself with her, if he could think she could ever care for him, his normal state of cheerful spiritual health would come back to him, and such thoughts must find their proper place as nightmares.

"O Dorothy! Dorothy!" he caught himself crying inwardly. "Can't you see that I must have you! Can't you see that I can't live without you!"

As he left the train at the Maverick station, and went into the hotel, which stood on a level with the station platform, overlooking the arriving and departing trains, he met Maurice at the door, coming out.

Maurice's round, handsome face, which we know found a smile readily when the occasion seemed worthy of it, wrinkled into a beaming smile of welcome for Philip. He offered him his large, fair, fat hand.

"Why, my dear boy!" he exclaimed in his mellifluous accents. "Just returned, are you?" with a glance at the traps Philip was carrying in his hand. "It 's good to see you again. It 's a long time since you 've let us have a glimpse of you. Oh, I know, I know!" he exclaimed at Philip's deprecatory beginning. "We 've been hearing of your doings." Maurice spoke

with a benevolent smile. Philip wondered what he meant. He made a motion to walk by Maurice, whose considerable bulk blocked the narrow hotel entrance, with the purpose of depositing his luggage with the clerk of the hotel, whom he knew. But Maurice laid a fatherly hand upon his shoulder. "Don't do that. You are going on to the 'Snow Find' in the course of the afternoon, I suppose?"

"No," returned Philip, abruptly; "I 'm not. I am going on to 'The Triangle' to see my brother."

"Oh, indeed. He left town a few days ago, to be gone a week; so that what I was about to ask you to do holds good," he went on, without pausing to observe Philip's agitation. "You will be going on to your mine later in the day, as you can't see your brother, and you must come on to the house, and lunch with us, and take on your things from there."

"Why—" began Philip, confused and baffled by the news of Jasper's departure, and at a loss to understand Maurice's sudden warmth. This had hardly been his tone at their last meeting. Philip was about to say something which would have implied that Maurice was presuming on a relation between them which did not exist, when his companion broke in with:

"Ah, that 's good! I hoped you would. Well, that 's settled, then. You will want to get rid of the railway grime. We will go right on to the house, if you like. I was just returning home from some parish calls at the hotel. You know Mrs. Montgomery Bolton?"

Philip said he had seen her, as he walked on by Maurice's side, dazed and irresolute. He wished to see Dorothy, of course; would he not be a fool to quarrel with his luck; would he not be twice a fool to demand of Destiny, in Maurice's shape, the cause of this temporary amiability? He could have laughed, if he had been in a mood to laugh at anything, at the recollection of Maurice's cold and formal greeting at their last encounter. What intention toward him, what hope of service from him, was in the clergyman's mind?

XXII.

MAURICE did not leave him long in doubt. He congratulated him on his "strike" in the "Little Cipher," using the slang. He had heard of it from Cutter, he said. Was the assay as large as Cutter said?

Philip had begun to hate the word "strike," and in his loathing for the congratulations which had pursued him since the first day, he was much further gone. The very conductor of his train from Bayles's Park had wanted to smoke a cigar with him on the strength of his strike. He had ceased to start at these felicitations, but they were irritating. If anything could have increased his grudge against Jasper for being the man to whom he must surrender the "Little Cipher," it would have been that the circumstances of the case were things that one could n't explain to a man who wanted to smoke a cigar with you. It was a fact, if any one liked to put it in that way, that he was turning over to his brother a mine to which Jasper had no claim save such as existed in one conscience; but it was n't the sort of fact that one could mention as one observes that it rains.

It was impossible — he said this to himself when he found that he was not denying Maurice's congratulations in the first instant of hearing them — that he should expose his motives to the comment of every mind he met on his way to Jasper. It was n't decent; and, at all events, would be intolerable. Yet in the next moment he saw that he must tell Maurice, though he was the last man to whose eye he should care to submit the spectacle of his moral processes. The moment lengthened, however, and he did not tell him.

As the gate slammed behind them, and they stood in Maurice's front yard, Philip felt again that he must speak. It came upon him with renewed force that Maurice had a right to know, and that he would be wronging him in keeping silence. Maurice stood in an entirely different relation to the fact from any one else he had met since he knew it himself. To keep silence in Piñon, or before his conductor, might be a matter of taste; but not to tell Maurice was a kind of fraud, perhaps.

He had opened his lips on the door-step, with no notion of the way in which he should begin, when Dorothy appeared at the bay window, which jutted out into her flower-bed in the yard. Philip had a vision of a black skirt, and an electric blue blouse on amiable terms with the fair face above it. She waved her hand gaily to her father with a gesture in which Philip might include himself or not, as he liked. It seemed a very long time since they had spoken together; it was a fortnight since he had seen her. The apparition at the window filled all his senses. He did not go on with what he was saying.

The stainless white brow of Ouray, visible from the door-step, fantastically seemed to be wrinkling itself in reproach as he went in with Maurice.

Maurice opened the door into the parlor far enough to say to Dorothy that Mr. Deed would stay to luncheon with them, and to ask when it would be ready; and then led the way up-stairs to his own bed-chamber, where Philip got rid of the railway dust, and did what he could by way of freshening the effect of the miner's dress in which he had hastily set out for

Piñon, a fortnight before, lacking one day. He wondered how she would receive him. He braced himself for the reception, which he feared, and which he felt he had probably earned.

She received him, however,—as he might have guessed,—as a hostess, not as a woman. Her expressionless cordiality, her meaningless courtesy, daunted him. He would rather have been snubbed outright. Her father, who had taken up his stand with his back to the wood fire in the grate, smiled on the meeting. A moment later he was called from the room by information from the servant that his sexton, Sandy Dikes, was waiting to speak with him.

"Miss Maurice—" began Philip, entreatingly, as the door closed behind her father.

She stopped him to ask if the room was not too hot for him. Philip was going hot and cold by turns, but the temperature was not at fault. He said it was not too hot for him, unless—"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head.

Her smooth tones, her conventional smile of good society, began to madden Philip. He felt like an unpractised skater slipping impotently about on new ice.

The passive rôle assigned to women, which puts them under so many disadvantages, certainly has its moments of triumph. Philip wondered if women must always use them as cruelly as Dorothy was using them, out of a willingness to avenge themselves on the other moments of helplessness to which the rôle condemns them.

At last he looked into her eyes, and asked, without preface, "Is there boiling oil in *all* your punishments, Miss Maurice?"

"I don't know," she returned politely, with the same glittering and correct effect of having said nothing.

"Because if I might choose the quality of my mercy, I should like it strained. I suppose I am not worthy of the unstrained. At all events, the steady drip, drip of it does n't soothe me as it ought to. Please strain your mercy, Miss Maurice. What I need, I see, is open cruelty."

She stared at him a moment, in doubt how she should answer this. "I am glad you think that," she said seriously, at last. "But you must look to some one else for it."

"You mean that it is enough to have deserved such a punishment from a person without asking her to be at the pains of administering it?"

"I think you are much in the wrong."

This time there was no mistaking her earnestness. "Good heavens, Miss Maurice! have I been guilty of other crimes besides those I know?" He paused nervously, observing to himself how beautiful she was in the sudden pallor for which he blamed himself. The fair hair curling spontaneously about her high, white brow; those melting gray eyes, dashed with the whimsical thread of brown; the delicate little mouth, which he had set vaguely quivering now; the poise of her exquisite head—seized him with an irrelevant and fruitless yearning.

"You know best about that," she said, and he saw she was answering a question he had forgotten the purport of. In an instant, however, he remembered.

"O Miss Maurice," he cried, "are you fair? I give you my word I don't know what you are talking of, unless you are still thinking of the wickedness I know of; and I can't believe that it 's only that."

"No; it is n't that," she told him, a little wearily.

"Is it *anything* to do with that—with my brother?" he asked desperately.

"Yes."

"I might have known it! Well, what, Miss Maurice?" he demanded, in unconscious rudeness. "I have borne pretty much all I am able from Jasper. Has he been telling you how I have wronged him?"

"Do you think that would be like your brother?" asked Dorothy, with an implication in her voice which nettled Philip beyond control.

"No; I don't, Miss Maurice. He probably told you how finely I have been behaving toward him, and you guessed the other thing from a combination of your knowledge of me, and your certainty that Jasper would always have a chivalrous word for his enemy."

"Now it is you who are not fair," she rejoined.

"I don't mean to be unfair," he said, and there he stopped. "Did he tell you of his visit to the 'Snow Find'?" he asked suddenly. "Is that it?"

"No," she returned tremulously. "I guessed it; I forced it from him; I surprised his confidence. And, after all, he would tell me nothing; I would not let him tell me anything. But I understood."

"Ah," exclaimed Philip, bitterly, "you understood!"

She rose haughtily. He saw that he had gone too far.

"Oh, I am abominably rude! Pardon me—or, don't pardon me; tell me to go. But if you knew, Miss Maurice—"

"Tell me," she begged. She put forth her hand. Philip seized it, and dropped it instantly. He turned away.

"No, no; I can't," he cried. "Somebody ought to tell you, perhaps. But I can't. It is n't—it is n't decent." He clasped his arms

despairingly behind his shaggy head as he walked from her toward the window and stared out at the long backbone of the Sangre de Christo range.

She guessed this for the pride it was; but she had no information which could have enabled her justly to estimate the obscure and multitudinous motives which made it up, and she was far from guessing the rightness of feeling which actually lay at the root of it.

"But there *is* something I can tell you, Miss Maurice," he said, turning suddenly, with a new light in his eyes which awed her. She shrank from him, and sat down hastily. "Perhaps it will explain for me — not this precisely, but everything; and if it explains nothing, why I shall be content that you should not understand my relation to Jasper, either, because nothing will matter then. I have no right to tell it to you, though you have a right to know it. But I can't tell you unless you promise me to understand that it asks nothing of you, that it has no relation to you except as your knowledge of it may help you to — to understand — I love you. That is all. I love you."

She dropped her eyes.

"I wanted you to know," he said, in the silence that fell.

"Yes," she whispered, in assent to this.

"But I did n't want — I don't want the fact to exist for you, except as it may help you to think more kindly of me; to — to understand." Philip believed that he meant this. "I have no right to speak of it — and absolutely no right to found anything further on it." He did not say it in the hope that she would contradict him; but a pang shot through him when she did not. He should not have told her any more, he said proudly to himself, whatever she might have urged against this statement; but her silence whetted the pain at his heart. He rubbed the two half-dollars left over from his journey to Piñon against each other in his pocket, and thought how the actual occasion of his forbearance lacked dignity; it really was n't as noble as it seemed, perhaps, for a beggar to refrain from a proposal of marriage. When the beggar happened to be as much in love as he, however, it was hard.

"Well," he went on, as she still kept silence, "there 's nothing more to say." He came over to her, and offered his hand in farewell. "Good-by, Miss Maurice. If you ever give me a thought after this, remember, please, that whatever you have to think of me, it was in this way that I thought of you — that I shall always think of you."

She still said nothing, and he turned to go.

"But," she called after him, raising her head now, with a smile in which many emotions played, "you are going to stay to luncheon, Mr. Deed?"

He turned at the fancy of a note between roguish and caressing in the sound of her unsteady voice, and started toward her, withholding himself instantly. Then he remembered what she had asked him, and could have smiled for the absurdity of his unhappy lover exit arrested by the banality of a luncheon engagement.

"No — no, I must n't," he found himself saying; but he heard the door-knob turn in Maurice's firm clutch, and knew that he must.

Maurice came in upon them, rubbing his large hands in smiling hospitality, and abandoned the amiable commonplace he had ready for Philip, to glance sharply at the two. He concealed adroitly his sense of having interrupted an intimate collision; but he followed them into the dining-room, after having asked Philip to give his arm to Dorothy, with a look of grave satisfaction on his face.

XXIII.

THE luncheon lagged, though it began with salmon, and went on to escalloped oysters, to quail on toast, and finally to a California fruit that none of them knew. Dorothy said she had forgotten its name; it grew in a tin can — like the oysters and the salmon. They ate, save Maurice, as if the quality of the luncheon alone concerned them. Maurice talked beamingly about a host of subjects, in the full, orotund voice which sounded so well from the pulpit. He made all the talk. Philip was silent and ill at ease; Dorothy answered her father and kept him going. She flushed when Philip once looked her way. After that they avoided each other's glances.

When they were alone with their wine and cigarettes,— Maurice kept up the customs of a higher civilization jealously,— the clergyman told Philip the history of his purchase of the claret he was drinking with the deliberation which characterized his talk. Philip writhed inwardly. He longed to get away.

Maurice seemed to have plenty of leisure, however, and made no move to rise. He left inviting gaps in the conversation when he had done his story of the wine, as if he expected Philip to take it up, and Philip had begun dimly to divine an intention in this, when Maurice finally said himself:

"I think, Mr. Deed, we may deal with each other quite frankly." He cleared his throat, caressing his wine-glass meditatively.

Philip bowed politely across the table, not knowing what was coming, but feeling the assumption to be a safe one. He had always

been on his guard in his few conversations with Maurice. He did not trust him. He found himself constantly wondering what he was up to, what purpose underlay the obvious meaning of the things he said.

"Yes; so I thought," continued Maurice in response to his nod. He offered him cigarettes. Philip took one, and struck a match. As Maurice lighted his own, he glanced at his companion through the smoke, and asked, as if it were a casual question, "May I ask if I rightly infer that you have a more than common regard for my daughter?"

Philip flushed. He was wholly at a loss for an answer.

"I need not say that it is not to challenge such a regard if it exists, nor to question your action in any way, that I speak," continued Maurice in a conciliatory tone, anticipating the resentment of his inquiry which he began to see rising in Philip's face. "I should not ask if I had not good reason — the best of reasons. You will quite agree with me, I am confident, when you understand what they are. But first, as to the main question. I need not repeat it?"

"No," said Philip, and was going on angrily, but stopped himself. "Yes; you are right. I love Miss Maurice."

He remembered that he was talking to her father, who, after all, had an excellent right to question him.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I have long believed as much. May I ask — it is my last question — if I am right in supposing that you have made Dorothy aware of this?"

Philip remembered the scene on which the clergyman had just come in. He had hoped that it might never be known to any soul; least of all did he like to talk it over with Maurice. But he said helplessly and a little savagely, "It is true. Yes. But —"

"She has refused you, then?"

Philip frowned. "I don't know why you assume —" he began.

"Mr. Deed, we shall get on in this delicate matter only if we understand quite clearly that I speak as your friend," interrupted Maurice. He sipped slowly at his claret. "I know that I may not always have seemed so; but I have learned — some things have come to my knowledge."

Vaguely and doubtfully at first, and then surely, Philip had seen for himself that Maurice's inclination toward him was friendly.

From whatever cause, out of the coldness he had kept for him hitherto; out of the warm and friendly association with Jasper of which every one in Maverick knew; out of the old liking for the match broken off by Dorothy, which Philip suspected in him; and, at all events, out of the open favor he had lent the new relation between Jasper and Dorothy, this was the issue. It was strange, but he did not doubt it, and if he had doubted it, Maurice's next words must have been convincing.

"I have heard the truth about you and your brother, and I have reason to believe that Dorothy is still in ignorance of it. You are aware of the feeling I have had toward Jasper. I have liked him — we have liked him, and Dorothy still does. It is because I believe that Dorothy's proper understanding of some things, just at this moment, may deeply affect her future and yours, and — mine, that I wish to offer you a friendly word."

"You are very good," murmured Philip, plunging about in his imagination for a final meaning beneath this.

"No. If I am good, it is to Dorothy — to myself. You may believe that I should hardly be speaking to you in this way if it were not of vital concern to me that I should."

He judged it unnecessary to enter with Philip into the facts he had lately learned regarding Jasper's present tenure of the ranch. The injunction against Snell had become town talk within two days of Jasper's departure, and had set all Maverick agog for the painful but interesting story which must be lurking behind this action of Jasper's. Maurice had heard the entire story from Cutter, who saw no reason to withhold the truth when Maurice questioned him at the post-office on the day he heard the rumor of the injunction.

"I shall speak plainly, Mr. Deed, for both our sakes," the clergyman pursued. "I think it right you should know that your brother has proposed to Dorothy."

"Jasper!" cried Philip. He fronted Maurice abruptly, perusing his face with an estranged regard.

"Have you not known?" exclaimed the clergyman.

"Known!" repeated Philip, with a haggard face. "Yes; oh, yes." And, after a moment, "He has offered himself. He has been accepted. Why do you bring me here to tell me this?"

"He has offered himself," assented Maurice, passing over Philip's tone with dignity, "but he has not been accepted. Dorothy has promised him his answer within a week. The week will be at an end to-morrow." Philip opened his lips with a passionate impulse, but swallowed back his words, grinding his teeth. "What his answer shall be depends, as I believe, upon the way in which you may receive what I have to say."

"For God's sake, man, go on! I 'm listening."

Philip bit his lip, and waited for what might follow, with his eyes fixed on the line of low-

lying hills opposite Ouray, which were visible from the dining-room window.

"Quietly, if you please, my dear young sir. This matter, let me remind you, concerns me at least as much as it can concern you. Dorothy is my only daughter. My life goes with her happiness. But we can gain nothing by haste." Philip made an impatient gesture of apology. He stared at Maurice restlessly, across the table, with his chin in his hand, as he went on.

"What I am about to say," continued the clergyman, "is most intimate. It touches a subject which I had hoped never to be obliged to reopen to any person living. Circumstances have ruled otherwise, and I have now only to add, in disclosing certain facts, that I shall look to you to regard them as communicated under the most sacred seal of confidence."

These cautious guards and defenses, these precautions against one knew not what, by turns tortured and sickened his companion. He found his perception reeling giddily every little while before the clergyman's abominable flow of language, which seemed one sheen to him, like the glaze on paper.

"I don't know whether you know precisely the circumstances attending my departure from Laughing Valley City?" said Maurice, interrogatively. He tried for a parody of the importance of the name in his voice; but his anxiety came uppermost.

Philip turned toward him quickly and said: "I am glad to have the opportunity of letting you know, Mr. Maurice, that I *do* know rather more than it seemed a kindness to Miss Maurice to mention in the cave that day. I have never felt quite right about that. But it seemed to Cutter and me that she would not care to know that we had seen what passed on the hillside above the cañon the day of the storm. If I had imagined that it could make a difference to you, I should have spoken long ago. It was Miss Maurice who was in my thoughts," he confessed.

"Ah, I am glad of that—yes," mused the clergyman; "glad, because it will help you to understand a feeling of mine about that—that circumstance. I have never told Dorothy the actual—the exact occasion of that scene on the hillside." Maurice leaned over toward Philip, and questioned his face closely. "Do *you* know it?" he asked.

"No," said Philip.

"Ah, well, perhaps that is as well, too. You will believe, when I tell you this, that I am concealing nothing from you. The Vigilance Committee"—he gave them the title with a curl of his large, handsome lip, from which he stroked away his jaunty mustache—"thought me in the wrong in refusing to go and read the funeral service over two men who had died at Laughing Valley of smallpox." Maurice's face worked, and for a moment he did not attempt to go on. "The right or wrong of that we must leave to a higher tribunal," continued he, dismissing the ethical question with a gesture. Philip shuddered. "What immediately concerns us is that Dorothy has never known why I was forced to depart from the place."

"She must never know," said Philip, huskily. A vicarious sense of shame for the clergyman would not let him lift his eyes to look in his face.

"Exactly. She must never know. But there is another matter of which she must not know."

He turned a doubtful eye on his companion as he paused. Philip turned cold, wondering what worse thing this man could have done to shame his daughter.

"It is, in a way, all the same matter," Maurice was saying, while his companion dumbly waited and wondered. Philip drew a breath of relief. "Information reached me a week since through a good friend of ours—of hers, of yours; in point of fact, through Mr. Messiter, that—"

"I beg your pardon. Is Mr. Messiter back in Maverick? I heard that he had returned to his mine at Laughing Valley."

"So he has," responded the clergyman, with the ghost of an indulgent smile for Philip's transparent impulse of jealousy. "He came here a week ago, for the day only, to see me—in point of fact, to warn me. He had heard rumors at Laughing Valley that some of my enemies there had been inciting the bishop, when he visited the place a fortnight or so back, to take some action founded on this—this accusation against me; and like the dear, good fellow he is, knowing what that must mean for Dorothy, he had posted down to Denver, without stopping to consult me, in the hope of inducing the bishop not to move in the matter." Maurice sighed. "It was good of him, but it was useless. Once brought to the ears of the bishop, I have always known what must happen." Philip saw the green hills outside the window swim before his eyes. "And—well, the end of it is that I have this morning a letter from the bishop—generous and temperate, even fatherly, but quite plain—suggesting that it would be convenient if I should let him have my resignation of my charge here."

Philip took the letter he handed him, as he started up with an inarticulate groan on his lips. He carried it to the window, and stared at it for a moment helplessly; the words refused to relate themselves to one another, and he finally turned and gave it back to Maurice, in silence. The clergyman shrank from the

look on Philip's face as he put forth his hand to take the letter.

"Yes," owned he; "it 's bad. It is a blow. I won't deny it. And yet not an unbearable blow to me. I have expected it, for one thing; and I see, now that it has come, that I have long been half willing." He looked at Philip sharply. "I was not made for a clergyman, Mr. Deed."

"Oh, don't say that, man!" The cry was torn from him. "For heaven's sake, don't say that!" The ignominious, the disastrous fact seemed to connect itself intolerably with the thought of Dorothy; it seemed to leave two lives in ruins. If it had been the clergyman alone, one would have seen only the tragic waste of a career. But as the fact involved Dorothy, Philip could not face it.

Turning toward Maurice, he saw that a ghastly pallor had stolen over his face, which was sunk upon his breast. He went over to him, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Come!" he said gently, with an indescribable mingling of contempt and pity pulling at his heart. "Take this! You will feel better." He poured a glass of the wine Maurice had been discussing in that moment of after-luncheon talk which seemed now so far removed. The clergyman snatched it, and drank it off.

Philip was ashamed to be a witness to his recovery of himself. He turned his back, and went to the window, within sight of which a rider was endeavoring to break the spirit of a bucking pony. There was a large open space behind the house, and untamed broncos were often brought here from the neighboring livery-stable for this purpose. The tiresome iteration of the seesaw motion with which the brute was viciously endeavoring to throw his rider renewed Philip's restlessness.

"You must go away from here," he heard himself saying to Maurice, as he turned in the need of action, or the suggestion of action. "You must go at once."

Maurice shook his head with the sadness of superior knowledge.

"No, no! It is ended. I shall never preach again."

Philip was appalled.

"Oh, my dear sir, shake this off! For your daughter's sake,—for Dorothy's sake,—shake it off!"

Maurice looked up at him with a mournful smile. "Shake it off! My dear young man, I have been dismissed. I have been disgraced. Oh, my God!" he cried, breaking down suddenly, and burying his face in his hands.

Philip bit his lip. For a moment there was silence in the room. Then there came a ring at the outer door, and a knock at the door of the room in which they were. Philip darted to it, with the fear in his throat that it might be Dorothy. It was the servant, come to say that Mr. Vertner was in the parlor. "Say that Mr. Maurice will see him presently," Philip said.

"Do you mean to say that you could not secure another parish?" he demanded, as he returned.

Maurice, who had risen at the knock, and was restlessly pacing the room with his hands in his pockets, stopped before the table, littered with the remains of the meal, and absently took a bonbon from a plate.

"Secure it? Perhaps. Keep it? No. This story would rise. Oh, I 'm not degraded from my office; I 'm not unfrocked, as they used to call it!" He laughed scornfully. "It 's simply a story—the most powerful, the most subtle, the deadliest, the most pitiless enemy a man can know. If I were younger, or—let me say it all—if I cared for my calling as I once did, if I could be back at twenty-five again, fresh from the seminary, a young divinity student, with the old fire, with the old feeling that the priesthood was the holiest, the noblest, almost the only possible vocation in the world—ah, then I might go on and fight it out. I might try to live it down. But I don't care! I have learned to live another life. I have always wanted to do other things, and even when I cared most for my work, I have done them. I have done them, at last, so much that they own me. I don't *care*," he repeated in a kind of cry of pain, and stopped short in his march from end to end of the room, to add, looking Philip in the eyes—"except—*except* for one thing."

Philip framed her name with his lips. Maurice nodded. "For Dorothy I would give all that remains to me of life; for Dorothy I would go on in this work of mine, if they would let me, always. *She* cares for it. To see me give it up will be a shock to her. To see me forced to leave it in disgrace would kill her."

"She must not know it," said Philip, setting his teeth.

"*Must* not," repeated Maurice. He stopped again, and faced Philip. "Ah, I hoped you would say that! I knew it. You understand, then, my purpose in telling you. You can see, now, how it is that the man who is to marry Dorothy should share this purpose with me?"

"To keep the knowledge from her?" asked Philip, quietly. He divined with contempt how Maurice must be doomed to long with all his cowering soul that Dorothy should never come to know him as he was; but he forced himself to do justice to the impulse of love which had

the same need. Maurice loved his daughter; he forgave him much for that.

"To keep the knowledge from her," repeated Maurice. "Perhaps you can also understand how it is necessary that he should be *able* to keep it from her."

"Able?"

"If I give up my calling, Mr. Deed, I give up the only means I know of earning a living. I can stay in it, and fight, and she must know; or (the question of livelihood being done away with) I can leave it apparently of my own will, and she need not know. I must stay in it, if I must go on earning my living; I must leave it, if she is not to know."

Philip regarded him in amazement. The words sang through his head backward and forward. He made nothing of them.

"Yes," he assented, without knowing to what he assented.

"A week ago I should have been saying this to your brother. I know him now. It is impossible that I should any longer wish his marriage with Dorothy. And yet it may still have to be. You know Dorothy's relation to Jasper. Why not say it frankly? You know that she once cared enough for him to engage herself to him." Philip bit his lip. "You can judge whether it is unlikely that she will accept Jasper to-morrow when he comes, if nothing happens."

Philip clenched his hands. "Likely? It is certain! You don't know!"

"I do know," rejoined the clergyman, quietly. "I have gathered my own impressions — from Dorothy, from the discontinuance of your visits to us, from other things. I know what Dorothy thinks; and I know, now, that she is wrong. It is because of that I speak." Maurice looked at him keenly. "I *wish* something to happen," he said.

Philip felt himself choking. "Do you mean — Speak out, man! Do you mean that — that you think I have a chance with her?"

"Ah, I must not say. I recommend you not to be discouraged."

"Oh, if I thought it!" cried Philip.

"I only ask you to remember my situation — hers — what we have said."

"Tell me," exclaimed Philip, fiercely, with a sudden thought, "have you told all this to Jasper, and has he refused to listen?"

"No," returned the clergyman, without offense, and with the sad calm that remains to the purposes of a broken man; "I have spoken first to you. I shall state the necessities of the case to him only if you force me to."

A wild joy played through Philip's veins. He turned away to hide his unhoped-for happiness, with its perfect mingling of a satisfied, a richly satisfied debt. He drank deep of the pleasure of holding Jasper's fate in his hands before he would turn and face Maurice again. It was worth while to have borne what he had borne from Jasper for this moment.

"You will see now — I may say it frankly, since you understand, now, that it implies no reflection on you — how, in my present situation, in Dorothy's situation, I could not let her think of a poor man, even if she were inclined to."

Philip started. He remembered his old, his rooted distrust of Maurice. Was it possible that all this story was devised — cooked up? But, if it was, what was its object? He had nothing to give Maurice; he could do nothing for him. Surely he was the type of poverty.

And then, in an instant, he saw. He perceived that he stood on the brink of a precipice, and realized that he had brought himself to it. It was not Maurice. Beside him the clergyman was a man of truth and justice and honor.

"That is so," he heard the clergyman going on, "because the man who marries Dorothy must be able to make it practicable for me to leave the ministry, now, at once; and, naturally, without the scandal which would kill her." He paused. Then, after a moment: "But if Dorothy should listen to you," he added, "it must be so for another reason. If Dorothy should engage herself to any one but your brother, it is right to tell you that I must be prepared to find a considerable sum at once."

Philip's eyes fell. The clergyman studied his face attentively.

The younger man raised his eyes at last, and gave back Maurice's look.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Because I owe your brother rather more than five thousand dollars."

"Jasper? Why? How?"

"The larger part of it was a loan from him to enable me to take a share in Vertner's paper, 'The Kalendar.' The rest is made up of smaller sums, borrowed before and since. It began with a trifling loan to assist me in escaping from certain difficulties rising out of my Church School of Music in Michigan. You may have heard of my failure there. I have always been grateful to him for that. And from time to time I have wanted money. I have never been able to make my tastes harmonize with my income. I think you know how that is, Mr. Deed."

Philip winced at this home-thrust, and winced even more at the association of himself with the pitiable man before him. "Things which to a certain order of mind seem luxuries, to us — to me are necessities. Jasper has found his account in this. When I have wanted

money, he has always pressed it on me. He has had his purpose. But he has not let me feel it. A week ago, after he had spoken to Dorothy, he sought me at the station. He reminded me then."

"Cad!" exclaimed Philip under his breath; but his mind was already far away. A thousand thoughts went racing through his head, grouping themselves odiously, and dissolving again in strange and alluring shapes.

His companion did not respond, and the conversation fell.

Philip sat staring moodily at the stove, which, in this room, replaced the usual open fire. A kettle hummed on it, purfling on the air its leisurely cloud of steam. The cat, lying before the stove, purring regularly, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel made the silence hideous. Philip knew that his hope of Dorothy, his future, and his honor lay on the other side of this silence.

In the swift, final moment of temptation, if a man may be said to think, it is at least not his present thought which decides. The thoughts already allowed himself; the trivial consents; the reasoned compliances gone before, determine for him. He may even find himself bound by his silences. And for Philip, casting about in the blind fever of his hope to save himself, the right and wholesome thoughts which he could still conjure to his aid were answered not by another and an evil thought, but by a feeling — a sweet, strong ecstasy, that gripped and held him, and seemed to have its own sacredness.

Maurice's secret — was it likely that Jasper would keep it from Dorothy beyond the moment in which it served his interest to guard it? Had not he, Philip, the preëminent right of reverence, of tenderness, over a future that must always be threatened by the knowledge of what Maurice had told him? And he loved her. Did Jasper love her as he loved her? A passionate belief in the supreme right of his love filled him.

Yet all the rectitude of a life unspotted by an act of wrong rose in protest. Little impulses mingled with the big. A certain pride which he had always kept about his final integrity in money affairs, in the midst of the looseness about them of which every one knew, caused him to smart in imagination. He seemed to see that he could not do this thing; not for any happiness the earth could hold, not for Dorothy.

He opened his lips to tell Maurice that the "Little Cipher" was Jasper's, and that, if he sought a man strong in the strength that wealth gives, it was to him that he really must turn; but the silent shaping of the sentence in which he should tell him, gave the whole story of his real relation to Jasper back to his memory.

Was it more or other than a fair exchange — the ranch for the mine? It was ever Jasper's taunt that he did not pay his debts. There was a debt he would pay. The accumulations, the additions, the compound interest of insult and offense, now gathered themselves in his mind into a single bulk, in the face of which all scruples grew absurd.

He would pay the debt; and if he overpaid it, there was always the obligation his father owed Jasper. The balance could be credited to that account. As he thought of his father, the savage impulse of hate which had caused him to gloat a few moments earlier in the knowledge that Jasper's future lay in his hands, sent a sweep of exultant yearning for vengeance through him.

He saw that in all his forbearance toward Jasper, in his softening of his father's wrath, in the just course he had tried to walk with his brother since Jasper had wronged him, the black hate which now rose in his heart had its part. It must always have lain crouched there. It seemed now to spring out from him into an awful aloofness, where, with a beast's instinct, it had the will, if he would let it, to rend and tear.

Was he to give this man a fortune? Was he to beggar himself for him? He was ready to do that. He meant to do it. But how if to impoverish himself and to enrich Jasper was to lose the new hope of Dorothy, thrilling along his pulses like wine? Could he bear it? Perhaps. But to lose her that Jasper might win her? He shook his head with a gentle smile of scorn.

"Well?" inquired Maurice.

Philip rose suddenly. A light shone in his eyes.

"May I speak to Miss Maurice?"

The clergyman glanced at him in surprise. But he rose, and went to the door with him.

"Yes."

Philip passed out into the hallway with the flicker of a smile on his set lips.

XXIV.

THE sun was dyeing the paper stained glass in the hall windows to a similitude of the costly beauty they imitated as Dorothy went to the front door at sound of the bell. Through one of the palest lozenges of glass she discerned a figure which she knew for Vertner's. His hand was on the bell when she opened the door to him.

"Oh, are you back, Mr. Vertner?" she said, offering him her hand.

"Yes. You just saved yourself. In another

minute I should have started that slam-bang gong on its errand of destruction." It was one of the gongs, set in the door itself, which explode a clangor through the house, sending a shiver to the remotest nerve of the structure. "There would be bells in your landlord's house if we had the building of it, would n't there? We 'd have them in the window-sashes; they 'd go off when Cozzens opened his bureau drawers; they 'd be concealed in chairs; we 'd pave the house with them; he 'd go to sleep to a weird whir from the cellar, and wake to the unmerciful buzz of one of the things by his bedside. I think we could fix him out. How 's your father?"

Dorothy smiled, and changed the subject with his own facility. "Papa is very well. Would you like to see him? He is at luncheon with Mr. Deed, but he will be in in a moment." She opened the door into the little parlor at the front of the house.

"Don't disturb him," said Vertner, as he walked briskly over to the plant-stand on which Dorothy kept her winter flowers, and put his face down into a geranium. "You made out with the cactus, did n't you? You must show Beatrice. No; it was only a little matter."

"About the paper?"

"Well, partly. I 've got a new idea about 'The Kalendar.' But I think I must have wanted to see you as much as anything. We have n't talked 'schemes' for a long time, have we?"

It had been a joke between them since the day of their conference about the paper that Vertner must always discuss a new scheme with Dorothy before finally committing himself to it. He pretended to defer to her advice, and Dorothy pretended she believed that he did.

"Oh, no," assented Dorothy. "What is the new one, Mr. Vertner? Is it a bonanza or a gold-mine? I 'm sure 'some one is bound to go into it if you don't,' and that it will give you the 'cinch on the whole business,'" she said, parodying his phrases fearfully; "but do you think we ought to go into it? Should we 'come in on the ground floor'? That 's the important point for us to consider, is n't it?"

She made these suggestions absently. She was thinking of something else.

"Well, I don't know," rejoined Vertner, gazing at the blooming cactus, while he swung his hat between his legs. "Don't you think we ought to make sure first whether Schlesinger will sell?"

Dorothy brought herself back to give this question the advantage of her judgment, and they laughed together as Vertner explained his plan of forming a syndicate to buy up the entire municipality of Spesiana, a deserted city in the mountains, which had enjoyed its boom, but had not lived through it. Vertner meant to organize another boom. Schlesinger had bought most of the city lots on speculation, but he would sell, now, if he was approached right. The boom would begin after the sale. He said he could work the newspapers.

Vertner noticed that Dorothy's attention wandered. She usually listened to his schemes intently; and guessing that something interested her more at the moment, he changed the subject with, "So Jasper is back?"

"Mr. Deed? No; it is Mr. Philip Deed who is with papa."

"No? Is it? I want to see him. I want to congratulate him. You heard, of course?"

"About his mine? Oh, yes; Mr. Cutter told us."

"You don't seem very glad," he said, glancing at her.

"Glad? Oh, yes."

"Well, then, not enthusiastic."

Dorothy regarded him studiously a moment without speaking. Many thoughts were going through her mind, many considerations; and at last a resolution seemed to enter it, for she said suddenly, and with an effect of bracing herself:

"Mr. Vertner, do you know Mr. Philip Deed very well?"

Vertner was instantly serious. "Yes; Miss Maurice. Very well. Why?" he asked kindly.

"Because — You will know of a difference he has had with his brother — a quarrel, I — I don't know what. I have n't liked to ask. But I must ask some one, now. And you — you will know."

The uncharacteristic hesitations, the tremulous advances and retreats, seemed to Vertner to call on his chivalry.

"But surely you have heard —" he began blunderingly.

"I have heard of the injunction which Mr. Jasper Deed has secured against his brother — something about his ranch. Yes. He has had to defend himself, at last."

"Who?"

"Why, Mr. Deed."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maurice, but which?"

"Mr. Jasper Deed, of course."

"Jasper?"

She nodded.

"*Jasper?*" he repeated. "Jasper defend himself, and 'at last'? O, Miss Maurice! Why, would you mind telling me how much you *do* know of this?"

She shook her head in rueful bewilderment. "I don't know."

"Well, you know how things stood when he went away. Let 's find a basis, Miss Maurice. This hurts my poor head."

"But you don't suppose he would tell me,

surely? You know him, Mr. Vertner. Does it seem likely that he could condemn his brother to me if—if he had suffered from him? You don't know. Even if it were likely, it would have been impossible to him, to any one, as—as things have been."

"Would it?" asked Vertner, in a daze. "Oh, yes; of course it would!" And then, "To whom?"

"To whom?"

"Yes; whose impossibility? who could n't? Yes; that 's what I mean?"

"Mr. Jasper Deed," she said quickly. "Who else could I mean?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" cried Vertner, beating back an imaginary army of conjectures with his outstretched palm. Then falling sober again, "Philip, for one, I should say, Miss Maurice."

"Before *he* went away, did you mean?"

"Well, yes," drawled Vertner.

"But—"

"And did he never tell you how things stood in this case of Deed *versus* Deed?"

"Ah, you expect him to have condemned himself? So did I. I thought him strong enough. I believed he would rather condemn himself than let me doubt his brother wrongly. Oh, if he had been strong enough for that, I should have believed in him always! I should have known. He did not believe that I would know. He would not believe that I should understand how his brother could be maddening, and he—he hot-headed."

"And do you mean to say—?" cried Vertner. "Oh, no, no! I knew the boy was a wild and roaring unicorn on some subjects, but I never supposed he could go and be such an ass. And you have been thinking that *he* was the one to blame in all this row with Jasper! Oh, that 's very pretty!" He paused a moment to contemplate the beauty of the idea. "And you never knew that Jasper had done his brother out of his share in the ranch by a foul trick, and broken his father's heart by the same operation, and sent him to— You never knew all that!" he exclaimed, breaking off suddenly. "And you 've been thinking—oh!" Vertner exclaimed. "Why, you must keep up with the news of the day, Miss Maurice," he told her, when he could speak. "You must n't let these facts of contemporary human interest get by you in this way; though, come to think of it, I don't know how you could have heard about it, unless Phil had told you. Except Deed and his wife, who have taken their knowledge off to heaven knows where, no one knows anything about it but Philip and myself. Jasper knows about it. But he did n't tell you? No; naturally. There *has* been one other—the fellow who bought the ranch—Snell. But he 's been keeping it dark. *I* don't know what 's possessed *him*."

"Bought the ranch?" gasped Dorothy. "Mr. Snell?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. That 's just a little bit from this picturesque muss. You shall have the rest if you like the sample."

"Tell me the whole, please, Mr. Vertner. Tell me everything," cried Dorothy in a brave voice that died away in a quiver.

When Vertner found himself in the street a little later, after telling her the whole story, including Deed's and Margaret's share in it, he turned toward home, cursing himself roundly. He did not like to see a woman cry.

Dorothy stood with her face pressed against the pane, looking out desperately toward the big, uncaring mountains. She felt Philip by her side, and could not turn her face. They stood together in the window, for a moment, in silence.

"Would it matter if I said—" began Philip, in a low tone. But at the sound of his voice she turned her streaming eyes upon him, and he stood gazing into them.

"Don't!" she begged brokenly. "Don't!"

He shrank. It was like a ghostly voice crying out on him to stay his purpose.

"No; you must listen!" he had said incoherently, before he knew. He did not know what he meant to ask her to listen to.

He seized her hand involuntarily. She caught it away. "No!" she cried. "No! You don't *know!*"

His conjecture darted instantly to her father. Had she heard? Was the little leaven of another's good to fail his act? Was she to suffer, notwithstanding? The flux and influx of his will about the odious thing he was doing went on in him subconsciously in the face of his resolve to take his right, to use the mine which was not his, to square accounts with Jasper, to deal with him as he had been dealt by.

The thought that he should not benefit her daunted him. He seemed now to himself to find his only warrant for his act in this little note of right, of kindness, or of love which sang within it somewhere.

"I have wronged you, Mr. Deed," he heard her saying, as all his resolve seemed sucked away from him in the sudden outflow of his will. "Oh, I have wronged you bitterly!"

He looked up. "Wronged me?" he cried.

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes! We can't speak of it. There 's nothing I can say or do that could make you know how—how I feel to have—to have—"

He saw the tears start in her eyes with a shock of shame. "I hope there is n't, Miss

Maurice. Don't try to say anything like that! Pray, don't. I could n't bear it."

"But I must. Your silence — I misconstrued it. I thought —"

"And you don't think so now? I 'm glad of that." He took her hand, and this time she let him keep it a moment.

"But — you don't know what I have thought of you."

Philip frowned, but he said with a smile, "I don't care; or I sha'n't if you 'll tell me what you think *now*." He bent over her, looking into her eyes. She dropped her gaze to the carpet.

"Look up!" he said. She obeyed him slowly. They let their eyes rest on each other, and melt and mix in a glance that taught them each other. Then he stooped shyly, and kissed her.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

A VOICE FOR THE PEOPLE OF RUSSIA.

A REPLY TO "A VOICE FOR RUSSIA."

THE article entitled "A Voice for Russia," signed by Pierre Botkine, Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington, and published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, seems to me to be one of the most striking and noteworthy evidences that the world has recently had of the power of the press and the force of public opinion. When an independent and autocratic government like that of Russia finds it necessary or expedient to come out from behind its wall of silence and indifference, enter the arena of public discussion, and defend there the policy that it is pursuing toward its own people, there can be no doubt that it feels to some extent the world's disapprobation, that it recognizes dimly the controlling influence of ideas in the world's history, and that it admits, at least by implication, the power of the world's press.

Never before, I believe, has the Russian government taken official notice of foreign criticism relating to its own domestic affairs, and never before has it published in a foreign journal an authorized defense of its own internal administration. Mr. Botkine's article, therefore, is significant as an evidence of official sensibility, even if it be unimportant as a contribution to the literature of the subject; and regarded from that point of view, it seems to me to be full of inspiration and encouragement. If the Russian minister of the interior, who certainly approved and who perhaps inspired this article, will only pursue consistently the path upon which he has entered,—if he will discuss in THE CENTURY the questions of public policy that he dares not discuss or allow to be discussed in his own periodicals,—we, the friends of Russian freedom, will show him why the winds blow "foaming waves of the sea of public opinion over our bridge of sentiment" which is supposed to exist between his country and ours, and will show, moreover, to him and to the world, who it is that "misrepresents" facts, and who are the real "enemies of Russia."

It is my purpose in this paper to review Mr. Botkine's diplomatic apology for despotism, to subject some of its unsupported assertions to critical examination, and then to consider briefly the question whether there is, or ought to be, any "bridge of sentiment" between the United States and Russia, and, if so, whether the transatlantic end of that bridge should rest upon the throne of the Russian autocrat or upon the hearthstones of the Russian people. I shall be compelled, I fear, to deepen the "disagreeable impression" which was produced, Mr. Botkine says, by my earlier articles; but I hope not to be "disagreeable" to Mr. Botkine personally, and I do not mean to overstep the limits of fair and courteous discussion.

The article with which I have to deal is entitled "A Voice for Russia." This title naturally suggests the question, What is "Russia"?

Does it consist of the Czar, a few governor-generals, and an army of soldiers and police? Or is it the great nation of men and women who stand back of the Czar, who give him all his wealth and power, who support his army and his navy, and who earn, painfully and by the sweat of their brows, everything that he eats, wears, or possesses? The question is not a difficult one to answer. Even a cursory perusal of Mr. Botkine's article suffices to show that "Russia," in the sense in which he uses the word, means the Czar and the Czar's bureaucracy; or, in other words, the Government. It is the Government that maintains the prisons which Mr. Botkine defends; it is the Govern-

ment whose intolerant attitude toward religious dissenters he palliates and excuses; and finally, it is the Government that hopes, with the aid of extradition treaties and "bridges of sentiment," to establish closer "bonds of sympathy" with the United States. The article under consideration, therefore, should be entitled not "A Voice for Russia," but "A Voice for the Russian Government." My "Russia" is not Mr. Botkine's "Russia," and in order that there may be no uncertainty as to the point of view from which I regard Russian questions, I have entitled this paper "A Voice for the People of Russia."

The points that Mr. Botkine endeavors to make in his defense of the Russian government may be stated briefly as follows:

(1) That Russia and the United States "are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy."

(2) That the present Government of Russia is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which "is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States," and which results in general contentment and prosperity.

(3) That Mr. Julius M. Price, and certain unnamed members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, have come to conclusions with regard to the Russian penal system which are quite contrary to those at which Mr. Kennan arrived.

(4) That the persecution of the Jews is not really a persecution at all, but merely "an effort to relieve the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development."

(5) That, in matters of religion, the orthodox Russian church allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," and "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

In view of the surprising, not to say extraordinary, nature of some of these assertions, Mr. Botkine's readers may reasonably and properly inquire, "Where are the proofs?" Does the "Voice" that is raised for "Russia" give us any extracts from the reports of Russian governors, or the investigations of Russian *zemstvos*,[1] to show the contentment and prosperity of the Russian people? Not an extract. Does the champion of the holy orthodox church make any citations from the Russian penal code, the reports of the holy synod, or the "Laws concerning Stundists," to illustrate the "amplest freedom of faith and of practice" which that church allows? Not a citation. Does the apologist for medieval persecution offer any selections from the periodical literature of Russia, or any statistics from the annals of Russian trade and industry, to show the danger of allowing a Jew to earn a living, and the necessity of relieving the Empire from his obstructive traits of character? Not a selection, nor a line of statistics. The whole case for the defense rests upon Mr. Botkine's unproved and unsupported assertions. What are the reasons for this complete absence of proofs? Is Mr. Botkine ignorant of the facts set forth in the political and economic literature of his country? Has he omitted the facts because the facts are not in harmony with his statements? Or does he suppose that Americans have become tired of facts and are longing for a few good round assertions? I shall not undertake to answer these questions, pertinent although they may be, because I do not know to what extent Mr. Botkine is responsible for the article that bears his name. In the revision to which it was subjected at St. Petersburg it may have been materially changed or modified, in which case it would be unjust, of course, to attribute its deficiencies to its nominal author. All that I shall undertake to do is to show that the statements contained in this official apology for despotism are not only unproved, but incapable of proof, for the reason that the facts with regard to which the "Voice" is silent contradict the assertions to which the "Voice" gives utterance.

Waiving, for the present, a discussion of Mr. Botkine's first point, viz., the alleged sympathy of the United States with the Government of Russia, I shall examine his other assertions in the order in which they are made.

(1) Is it true that the present Government of Russia is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which "is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States," and which results in general contentment and prosperity?

One of the surest signs of contentment and prosperity in any country is the absence of extraordinary and exceptional legislation, and particularly of legislation intended to silence criticism, to prevent discussion, and to repress all forms of political activity. If the people of a country are satisfied and prosperous, there is no necessity for severe repressive measures, because there is no popular discontent to repress. Is this absence of exceptional legislation characteristic of the present situation in Russia? It appears, from the semi-official journals of civil and criminal law in St. Petersburg and Moscow, that a large part of the Em-

1 Provincial assemblies established by Alexander II.

pire, including its most thickly settled provinces and nearly all its large cities, has been in a state of siege (*usilenoi okhrana*), or, as we should say, under martial law, ever since the present Emperor came to the throne. It appears that, throughout a period of nearly twelve years, Russian governors, governor-generals, and chiefs of police have had authority to issue "imperative orders" (*obyazatelnikh postanovlenie*) with regard to all matters that concern the maintenance of public tranquillity, or the safety of the state; to prohibit all public, social, or even private meetings and assemblies; to direct the closing of all commercial and industrial establishments; to remove cases from the civil to the military courts whenever, in their opinion, such a course is necessary; to arrest and imprison without judicial warrant and upon mere suspicion; to make searches and seizures in all dwellings, factories, foundries, etc., without exception; and finally, to recommend the banishment to Siberia of any person whose character seems to them obnoxious, or whose presence is regarded by the police as "prejudicial to public order."[1]

Will Mr. Botkine be kind enough to explain the reasons for the existence of such extraordinary and exceptional legislation as this in a country whose government is "natural and satisfactory," and whose happy and prosperous people regard their "peaceful and beneficent sovereign" with "ever-increasing affection"? Martial law, in civilized countries, is not a permanent institution; it is a last resort in time of war, tumult, or disorder, when the comparatively slow and formal processes of the civil courts are not adequate to meet the dangerous and swiftly arising emergencies of the hour. But martial law has existed in Russia for twelve years in a time of profound peace, and seems likely to last for a quarter of a century. What are the reasons for it? Is Russian society in such a state of tumult or disorder that the civil courts can no longer control it? Mr. Botkine assures us that such is by no means the case. "The political agitation," he says, "which years ago disturbed the peace and prosperity of the country has ceased; and I believe I make no mistake in asserting that at present there are fewer anarchists in Russia than in any other area of equal population in the civilized world."[2] And yet the annual proclamations of martial law continue. What do they mean? Lest Mr. Botkine should find some difficulty in answering this question, I will suggest an answer myself; and an answer, moreover, which is not a mere assertion, but which rests upon a solid basis of incontrovertible facts. The annual proclamations of martial law in Russia mean that the Government of the Czar cannot control by ordinary methods the spirit of discontent which is abroad in the Empire, and that it resorts to martial law as the best, if not the only available, means of silencing criticism, crushing opposition, and maintaining a deceptive semblance of tranquillity and contentment.

The people of Russia are neither happy nor prosperous. On the contrary, tens of millions of them are desperately unhappy and wretchedly poor. In an article entitled "Some Truths about Russia," published in a recent number of an English review, the condition of a large part of the Russian people is described by "A Former Resident of Russia" as follows:

> The conditions of Russian peasant life may appear ideal and idyllic to an enthusiastic tourist from the window of a railway carriage; but to the careful observer they seem what they really are — intolerable and inhuman. The peasants are financially ruined; the worst of them are dying — literally dying — of hunger, while others have scarcely anything to eat or drink, or the wherewithal to protect their bodies from the cold; and yet their last cow — that fed their children, innocent of mother's milk — is distrained for taxes, and they themselves flogged in order to extract from them the money requisite to keep the administrative machine in motion. In very many places which I could name, the peasants, who have hitherto managed to keep body and soul together, are now reduced to living on bread made partly of rye, partly of the husks of rye, and often mixed with the worm-eaten bark of the oak, or

1 "Journal of Civil and Criminal Law" (a monthly review and the official organ of the St. Petersburg Bar Association), St. Petersburg, November–December, 1881, pp. 154–161. The original proclamation of martial law was made by virtue of an ukase dated at Peterhoff, August 14, 1881. It included the provinces of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkoff, Pultava, Chernigoff, Kiev, Volhynia, Podolia, Kherson, and Bessarabia; the districts of Simferapol, Eupatoria, Yalta, Teeodosia, and Perekop, and the city of Berdiansk in the Taurida province; the city and district of Voronezh, the city of Rostoff-on-the-Don, and the city of Mariupol in the Ekaterinoslav province; and the cities of Odessa, Taganrog, and Kertch. This proclamation, with some changes from time to time in the boundaries of the proclaimed areas, has been renewed annually in August ever since the present Czar came to the throne — that is, throughout a period of nearly twelve years. A notice of the proclamation for last year (1892) may be found in the Russian magazine "Northern Messenger," No. 11, November, 1891, p. 123.

2 As a matter of fact, there are no anarchists in Russia at all. The revolutionists have never been an anarchistic party; and in their famous letter to Alexander III., written immediately after the assassination of his father, they said: "We declare solemnly, before the people of our native land, and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the decisions of a National Assembly elected in the manner above indicated, and that we will not allow ourselves, in future, to offer violent resistance to any government that the National Assembly may sanction." (See "Siberia and the Exile System," Vol. II, p. 503.)

the dry and powdered bark of the pine-tree, which stills, without satisfying, the cravings of hunger.[1]

That the statements above made are applicable to all, or even to a majority, of the peasants in the Russian empire, I should not venture to affirm; but that they describe accurately the life of many millions of the Czar's "affectionate" and "devoted" subjects there can be no doubt. Any one who has studied the reports of the Russian zemstvos, or has even followed the discussion of economic topics in Russian periodicals, knows that the condition of the peasants for a quarter of a century has been going steadily from bad to worse. In 1871 the well-known political economist Prince Vassilchikoff estimated that Russia had a proletariat that amounted to five per cent. of the whole peasant population. In 1881 — ten years later — the researches of Orloff and other statisticians from the zemstvos showed that this proletariat had increased to fifteen per cent.,[2] and in 1885 it was asserted by competent authority that there were thirty million people in European Russia who were living from hand to mouth; that is, who possessed no capital, and had not land enough to afford them support.[3]

The progressive impoverishment of the Russian peasantry was frankly admitted as long ago as 1882 even by the Government officials themselves. A prominent Russian senator, who made a "revision," or, as we should say, "an official tour of inspection," that year in the central provinces of European Russia, reported upon the condition of the people as follows:

> Among the indisputable evidences of progressive impoverishment among the peasants are the decreasing stocks of grain in the village storehouses, the diminishing number of farm animals, the deterioration of buildings, the exhaustion of the soil, the destruction of forests, the arrears of taxes, and the struggle of the people to migrate. . . . In almost every village the penniless class is constantly growing, and at the same time there is a frightfully rapid increase in the number of peasant families that are passing from comparative prosperity to poverty, and from poverty to a condition in which they have no assured means of support.[4]

A striking proof of the impoverishment of the Russian peasantry is furnished by the official statistics with regard to the number of farm animals in the Empire, and particularly the number of horses. Every American farmer knows that he would find it extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to work his land without the aid of a horse; and that the complete absence of horses on a farm is an unmistakable evidence of extreme poverty and destitution. What is the condition of the Russian peasant when tried by this test? In the year 1882 there were in the village communities of European Russia 9,079,924 peasant households. Of this number 2,437,555 households, representing a population of perhaps 14,000,000, and constituting twenty-seven per cent. of the whole agricultural class, did not own a single horse.[5] Of course these 14,000,000 people had not always been without horses. They had lost them, partly through contagious diseases, which they knew not how to combat, partly in forced settlement of debts to money-lenders, which they were unable to pay, and partly as the result of the ruthless and short-sighted policy of a Government that sells the last horse of a poor peasant farmer for taxes, and thus renders it almost impossible for him ever to pay taxes again.[6]

Mr. Botkine refers in his article to the recent famine in Russia as a calamity that gave the American people an opportunity to show their sympathy with the people of Russia. I wonder whether it ever occurred to him that the calamity to which he refers was permitted, if not caused, by the "beneficent sovereign" whom he defends; and that the distress which called forth our sympathy was the work, in large part, of the very Government that he describes as "natural and satisfactory." The famine of 1891–92 was not one of the sudden, unforeseen, and unforeseeable catastrophies that are described in bills of

1 "Moscow Gazette," March 29 and April 10, 1888. This, it will be observed, was before the beginning of the recent famine.

2 See the article entitled, "The Village Proletariat," in the St. Petersburg newspaper "New Time" (*Nóvoe Vrémya*) for June 13, 1886.

3 See the article entitled, "Thirty Million Proletarians," in the Russian journal "The Week" (*Nediélia*), No. 32, August 11, 1885, p. 1113. "The Week" fills in Russia something like the place that is occupied in the United States by the New York "Nation."

4 See the article entitled, "The Economic Condition of the Peasants," published in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice" (*Gólos*), No. 283, October 18, 1882, p. 2.

5 See the article entitled, "Statistics of Peasant Economy" (*Itogi Khrestyanskaho Khozaistvo*), in the legal review "Juridical Messenger" (*Yuridicheski Vestnik*), Moscow, November, 1892, p. 438. The "Juridical Messenger" is the official organ of the Moscow Bar Association. The figures are from the Government census.

6 The Russian minister of the interior has issued two circular letters since 1881 directing the administrative authorities to "proceed with caution" in the collection of taxes by distraint; but the local officials, anxious to make a good showing, and to acquire a reputation for energy and efficiency, have paid little attention to the minister's instructions, and have continued to seize and sell the last horse or the last cow of a delinquent taxpayer, after the old fashion. (See "Gatsuk's Gazette" [*Gazéta Gátsuka*], Moscow, September 16, 1890, p. 628.)

lading and insurance policies as "acts of God"; neither was it due solely to the unfavorable meteorological conditions which brought about a failure of the harvest. It was the result, in large part, of the oppression and maladministration to which the people had been subjected, and was merely the culmination of a long-threatened crisis. The economic condition of the peasants in the famine-stricken provinces, and particularly in the provinces lying along the Volga River and its tributaries, was almost hopeless before the harvest failed. The distress and destitution which prevailed, for example, in the provinces of Saratoff, Samara, Viatka, and Kazan, were well known to the Russian government, and to the Russian public, long before the failure of the crops added the last straw to the burden of the struggling peasantry, and forced it to its knees.

In the volume entitled "Statistical Information Concerning the Province of Saratoff," published by the Saratoff zemstvo in 1882, it was shown that in the five *volosts*, or cantons, covered by that volume, the average amount of land owned by a peasant family was only nine tenths of a *decetine*, or two acres and seven tenths; and that twenty-one per cent. of the peasant farmers had neither horse, ox, nor cow.[1] In 1888, two years before the failure of the crops to which the famine is attributed, the distress of the people in this same province of Saratoff had become so alarming that the provincial governor, General Kosach, addressed a circular letter to all officials and public institutions within his jurisdiction, in which he said that he "observed everywhere proofs of the economic disorganization of the population," and that this disorganization had become "so serious as to demand the immediate adoption of measures to remedy it." Such measures, however, could not be taken, he said, until the reasons for the unfortunate state of affairs had been ascertained; and he therefore begged his subordinates to tell him frankly what, in their opinion, had brought the province into such an unsatisfactory economic condition, and what means were likely, in their judgment, to change it for the better. The governor's circular was apparently well meant, and his desire to do something for the relief of the distressed peasants of his province was probably sincere; but the evils the existence of which he recognized and deplored were too closely interwoven with the social and political framework of the Empire to be removed by any measures that he had power to adopt.[2]

A correspondent of the "Volga Messenger," writing from the province of Viatka in the autumn of 1886, said:

> In the course of the last few years the situation of our agricultural population has changed greatly for the worse. Some have become so poor that it is doubtful whether they can save themselves from ruin, unless the zemstvo and the educated class come to their rescue, and adopt more or less radical measures to improve the economic condition of the country. One meets now in our villages with not a few peasant farmers who have neither horse nor cow, and who are hopelessly in debt to local money-lenders. . . . Before spring the greater part of the population will have to get along as best it can with what God sends.[3]

An official report of the bureau of statistics in the province of Riazan, published in 1882, shows that in two districts of that province which, taken together, had a population of 230,000, thirty-five per cent. of the peasant proprietors had not a single horse, and twenty-five per cent. had neither horse nor cow.[4]

The state of affairs in the province of Samara was worse rather than better. In 1883 the permanent board (*uprava*) of the Samara zemstvo made a report to that body in which it was stated that the condition of the peasant farmers in many parts of that province was deplorable. More than half of the agricultural villages in the district (*uyezd*) of Buguruslan were in a state of economic disorganization; seventeen villages in the district of Buzuluk had become so impoverished that it was doubtful whether they could save themselves from ruin; and the arrears of taxes in these and other districts amounted to six or eight times the annual assessment. With all this economic distress there was an immense amount of suffering throughout the province from the bad sanitary conditions of life, and the preventable diseases resulting therefrom. Scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and measles were epidemic; 18 villages of the Nikolaievsk and Novouzensk districts were suffering from diphtheria, and 11 villages of the Buguruslansk district were infected with smallpox. In the peasant village of Mishutkina there were 102 cases of the last-named disease, and 63 deaths in a single day (December 1, 1883).[5]

In the province of Kazan, more than a year

[1] See "Saratoff Correspondence," in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice" for December 18, 1882.

[2] The "Siberian Gazette" (*Sibírskaya Gazéta*), No. 22, Tomsk, March 20, 1888, p. 3. The text of the governor's letter is quoted by the "Siberian Gazette" from the St. Petersburg newspaper "Citizen" (*Grázhdanín*).

[3] The "Volga Messenger" (*Volzhski Vestnik*), No. 190, Kazan, September 4, 1886.

[4] "Statistical Reports for the Province of Riazan," Vol. II, part i, p. 255, and part ii, p. 189, Riazan, 1882.

[5] Samara correspondence of the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice," January 19, 1883.

before the failure of the harvest to which the famine is attributed, the uncollectable arrears of taxes amounted to nearly three times the annual assessment,[1] and Mr. P. K. Kuprianof reported to the Kazan Provincial Assembly, of which he was a member, the case of 200 families, numbering about 1000 persons, who were entirely without food, and who were living upon bread made out of the weed called "goosefoot," mixed with bark, husks, and bran.[2]

But it is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to refer, even in the briefest and most casual way, to the proofs of popular distress and destitution which are to be found in the periodical literature of Russia for the past twelve years.[3] The evidence is not only complete, it is overwhelming, and no one who has attentively studied it can fail, I think, to see that millions of the Czar's subjects are engaged, and have been engaged for years, in a desperate, heart-breaking, and almost hopeless struggle for a bare existence. What, meanwhile, has been the attitude toward them of the Russian government? Has it endeavored to lighten their heavy burdens by cutting down the army and navy estimates, and thus reducing their taxes? Has it treated them with merciful consideration when they could no longer pay taxes that amounted, in many cases, to more than the whole net product of their lands?[4] By no means! The taxes, instead of being reduced, have been increased; and have been collected with merciless rigor under the lash. "Everybody knows perfectly well," says the Russian publicist Priklónski, "that with us corporal punishment is employed by the police as one of the commonest means of collecting taxes; but it is a disgrace, nevertheless, to our native land. The torture of the human body by authority of law exists as a fact before our eyes; while we, conscious of our inability to prevent it, can only say with the permanent board of the Taurida zemstvo, 'It is hard to defend a punishment which kills a man's honor and destroys his self-respect.'"[5] I have not space in this article to illustrate Mr. Priklónski's statement by describing the barbarous practice known in Russia as "threshing out the arrears"; but I will cite a few cases, almost at random, to show how the officials of Mr. Botkine's "beneficent sovereign" collect the money by which his "natural and satisfactory" Government is maintained.

In the year 1878 there were flogged for non-payment of taxes in two peasant villages of the Slobodski district, in the province of Kazan, no fewer than 618 heads of households.[6] Between the years 1878 and 1881 there were flogged for the same reason in the single canton of Kaigorodsk, also in the province of Kazan, 797 heads of peasant households out of a total number of about 1200.[7] In the year 1884, 178 delinquent taxpayers, out of a total number of 414, were flogged in three villages of the Yampolski district in the province of Kiev.[8] Between May 16 and June 23, 1885,—that is, within a period of less than six weeks,—there were flogged for non-payment of taxes in ten villages of the Novo Ladoga district, in the province of St. Petersburg, 224 heads of households out of a total number of 517.[9]

If we picture to ourselves in imagination the poverty, misery, and despair represented by these statistics of corporal punishment, we have no reason to feel surprise when we read in "The Week" of St. Petersburg that a newly appointed tax-collector committed suicide rather than assume the duties of his office,[10] and that a poor peasant of the village of Pola, in that same unfortunate province of Kazan, sold his last cow in order to pay his taxes, and then, having neither money nor food, cut the throats of his three motherless children and hanged himself.[11]

If, in view of the facts and statistics above given, Mr. Botkine continues to maintain that the Russian government is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which results in general contentment and prosperity,

1 See the report of the Government comptroller in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Government Messenger" (*Pravitelstvenni Vestnik*) for December 13, 1892.

2 "Gatsuk's Gazette" (*Gazéta Gátsuka*), Moscow, January 12, 1890, p. 13.

3 Mr. Botkine will find a very recent and very careful discussion of the economic condition of the Russian peasantry in an article by P. Golubiof, entitled "The Reasons for the Decadence of the Rural Population," etc., published in the Moscow law review "Yuridicheski Vestnik" for October, 1892, pp. 194–247.

4 Professor J. E. Yanson, of the University of St. Petersburg, one of the ablest statisticians in the Empire, showed in 1877 that in many provinces of European Russia the taxes of the peasant farmers amounted to from 100 per cent. to 176 per cent., and in some extreme cases reached 465 per cent., of the whole net income of their lands. The difference between this net income and the amount of their taxes they made good by going to the nearest cities in winter and working in factories, while their wives and children devoted themselves to various cottage industries at home. (See "An Attempt at a Statistical Investigation of the Peasants' Landed Property and Taxation," by Professor J. E. Yanson, pp. 35, 36, and 86.)

5 "Sketches of Self-Government," by S. A. Priklónski (St. Petersburg, 1886), p. 173.

6 "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 354.

7 "Annals of the Fatherland" (*Aléchestvenia Zapíski*), a monthly review, St. Petersburg, May, 1882, p. 159.

8 "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 356.

9 "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 354, and also Novo Ladoga correspondence of "The Week" (*Nedélia*), St. Petersburg, August 28, 1885, p. 1081.

10 "The Week," February 24, 1885.

11 "The Week," January 20, 1885, p. 127.

I am ready to continue the argument, and shall be glad of an opportunity to use more of my proofs. For the present, however, I must leave this branch of the subject and take up the next point.

(2) Mr. Botkine says that "Mr. Kennan, to whom our Government hospitably opened the darkest corners where it must keep the evil and pernicious of its subjects, has been pleased to paint our penitentiaries in the blackest colors"; but that "other foreigners, to whom we have as readily opened our prisons for inspection,"—namely, Mr. Julius M. Price, and the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress,—"have come to conclusions quite contrary."

Mr. Botkine, apparently, has not yet learned from controversial experience how dangerous it is to quote an author without having read him. A mere newspaper notice of a book may be enough to base conversation upon in society, but a careful perusal of the work itself is absolutely indispensable if one intends to quote it as proof of a statement. Mr. Botkine would not have called attention, I think, to the interesting book of Mr. Julius M. Price[1] if he had taken the trouble to read the latter's account of the two Siberian prisons that both he and I visited. In his description of a *kamera* in the prison of Krasnoyarsk Mr. Price says:

> What astonished me most in the whole place was the married prisoners' quarters, for in the large dormitory there were at least 200 men, women, and children, of all ages, herded together indiscriminately. No words can fitly describe the scene. The evil faces, the babel of voices, the crying of children, and clanking of chains, and above all the indescribable stench which seems inseparable from the Siberian prisons, all combined to make as hideous an impression as could well be imagined. . . . The heat of the place, which appeared to be without ventilation, was, as usual, fearfully oppressive, and many of the men and women were in the very scantiest of attires, for decency did not appear to affect them much, and the sight of so many poor little innocent children in such surroundings struck me as being particularly horrible.[2]

I could hardly desire a more complete confirmation than this of the statements that I made with regard to similar kameras in the forwarding prison of Tomsk, which, by the way, Mr. Price did not see.[3]

Of the Irkutsk forwarding prison Mr. Price says:

> The halls and dormitories, on account of their overcrowded state, were in a filthy condition, and little better than human pigsties. Every spot was occupied, and the stench was awful.

The "secret" cells, where political prisoners are confined, he describes as follows:

> We then went back to the prison, as I expressed a wish to see the prisoners in the *sekretni* cells. This was the only part of the building which was really like a prison, and very gloomy and depressing was it. No less than three heavily barred iron doors had to be unlocked before we reached the corridor where these cells were situated. A warder is on duty here, I was told, night and day, for there are several political prisoners, and the rest were the most desperate characters. In each door was a little hole, about the size of a sixpence, through which could be seen the interior of the cell. I had a peep into all. It was almost like looking at some caged wild beasts, the clanking of the heavy chains on their hands and feet heightening the illusion. Some of the prisoners had, I was informed, been there for years, and were only allowed out for exercise for an hour a day.[4]

Mr. Price seems inclined to take a favorable view of the life of political exiles in the larger Siberian towns, and refers to several who were living in comparative freedom and comfort; but he admits, nevertheless, that

> in the case of a well-connected and educated man sent from, say, Moscow, St. Petersburg, or some other important city in Russia, for a long period, to some remote Siberian village, the punishment must be a severe one. From the little I have seen of these villages on our way up the river, I can imagine no fate more dreadful than to be shut up alone, among a lot of unsympathetic and ignorant peasants, with no books to read, and entirely out of touch and hearing of the civilized world. Better, almost, to be buried alive![5]

If, after reading the above quotations from Mr. Price's book, Mr. Botkine is still of opinion that they controvert my statements, his ideas as to the nature of rebutting evidence require revision and adjustment. He might have found passages in my book that would have answered his purpose much better than anything contained in the work of Mr. Price.[6]

[1] "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," by Julius M. Price. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1892.

[2] See "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., pp. 147, 148.

[3] "Siberia and the Exile System," Vol. I, pp. 302–321. As Mr. Price came into Siberia by way of the Arctic Ocean and the Yensei River, and went out of it at Kiakhta, he had no opportunity to inspect the forwarding prisons of Tomsk and Tiumen, which were among the worst that I saw, and he did not visit any of the penal establishments in the East Siberian province of the Trans-Baikal. Out of the forty or fifty prisons that I examined he saw only two; viz., the forwarding prisons of Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk.

[4] "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., p. 205.

[5] "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., p. 114.

[6] See, for example, the favorable description of the Alexandrofski Central Prison, the favorable description of the Krasnoyarsk forwarding prison, and the complimentary references to prison officials on pp. 345 and 346 of Vol. I, and pp. 207, 331–334, 346–350, 366, and 405 of Vol. II, of "Siberia and the Exile System."

As for the unnamed members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, who have come, Mr. Botkine says, to conclusions quite different from mine, I can only say that they had neither experience enough nor knowledge enough to justify them in coming to any conclusions whatever. They were not acquainted with the Russian language, nor with the history of Russian penal institutions; they did not go, I believe, outside the limits of St. Petersburg and Moscow; and they certainly did not visit Siberia, which was the field of my researches. I do not know how many prisons they personally examined, but probably not more than half a dozen out of the whole number of 871 which the Empire at that time contained. If they supposed that a casual inspection of half a dozen show prisons in St. Petersburg and Moscow entitled them to express an opinion with regard to the Russian penal system as a whole, if they believed that the condition of the half-dozen prisons which they did see represented fairly the condition of the 865 which they did not see, they were ignorant of the very first principles of scientific investigation.

As a matter of fact, the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress had no opportunity — at least in an official capacity — to make any investigation whatever. They were indirectly warned, at the outset, by Mr. Gálkine Wrásskoy, chief of the Russian prison administration, that "if they attempted to broach the Siberian prison scandals in the International Congress they would make a great mistake."[1] In view of this warning, there was nothing for them to do but adhere, officially, to the program that had been drawn up for them, and seek, privately, for more trustworthy information than that for which the program provided. But they did not even do this. If the reports that reached me from St. Petersburg are to be believed, the congress devoted much more time to banquets, complimentary speeches, and excursions than to the investigation of Russian prisons. Professor N. D. Sergeiefski, a well-known writer upon Russian criminal law and penology, did not hesitate to say in his magazine, "Juridical Annals" (*Yuridicheskaya Letopis*), that "the congress indulged itself unnecessarily in feasting and enjoyment, when there were grievous questions to be decided, and when the remarkable book of George Kennan upon Siberia was still fresh in the minds of many of its members."[2] Perhaps if the delegates whom Mr. Botkine quotes had devoted less time to "feasting and enjoyment," and more time to the "grievous questions" of which Professor Sergeiefski speaks, they would have come to conclusions in harmony with mine, and would not have expressed "their astonishment at the extremely humane treatment of convicts on the part of the Russian authorities." Finally, if they had manifested any sincere desire to learn the real condition of Russian prisons, and had applied for information to Professor Sergeiefski, Professor Foinitski, Mr. Nikitin, or any Russian penologist of recognized reputation, they would have been furnished with a translation of two remarkable articles upon Russian prison methods which had just been written by a Russian expert, published in a legal journal of the highest character, and expressly dedicated to the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress.[3] The picture of Russian prison life presented by the author of these articles is painted in colors as black as any that I have ever used. Mr. Botkine will find it reproduced, in part, in the article entitled "The Truth about Russian Prisons," by E. B. Lanin, published in the "Fortnightly Review" for July, 1890, page 20. It was this black picture of Russian prisons — painted, be it observed, not by a foreign traveler, but by a Russian specialist — which inspired Swinburne's fiery poem in defense and justification of tyrannicide.

If Mr. Botkine will read attentively these two articles in the "Juridical Messenger," and an article entitled "Prisons of the Lena Region" (*Tiurmi Prilenskaho Kraiya*), by Vladimir Ptitsin, published in the St. Petersburg magazine "Northern Messenger" (*Sieverni Vestnik*) for December, 1889, he will be convinced, I think, that the artists who use the "blackest colors" in depicting the penal institutions of Russia are not travelers from the United States, but Russian prison experts.

(3) In the argument by which Mr. Botkine attempts to justify the persecution of the Jews in Russia there is the same fatal weakness which invalidates his defense of autocracy, and renders worthless his apology for Russian prisons; viz., complete absence of proof. His case against the Jews is not supported by a single fact, nor by reference to a single recognized authority, nor by a line of statistics, nor by a paragraph of history, nor by a section of law. It is a bare statement of personal belief, which would not have the slightest weight in a court of justice, and which ought not to exert the least influence upon public opinion. If Mr.

1 St. Petersburg correspondence of the London "Times," March 14, 1890.

2 "The Juridical Messenger" (*Yuridicheski Vestnik*), Moscow, January, 1891, p. 144.

3 "Prison Methods (*Tiuremni Poriadki*): Notes and Observations dedicated to the Members of the Fourth International Prison Congress," by S. T. Kh., "Juridical Messenger," Moscow, February, 1890, p. 356, and April, 1890, p. 622.

Botkine wished to justify and defend the treatment of the Jews in Russia, he should have made an attempt, at least, to show, by a presentation of facts, that the means adopted by Russian Jews to earn a living are prejudicial to the interests of a civilized state. If he believed, for example, that Jewish lawyers are dishonorable tricksters and pettifoggers, he should have given us some information with regard to the number of Jewish lawyers disbarred for unprofessional conduct. If he wished to maintain that there are more Jewish usurers and money-lenders in proportion to the whole Jewish population than there are Russian usurers and money-lenders in proportion to the whole Russian population, he should have supported his assertion with figures. If he was of opinion that Russian Jews are parasitic non-producers, who devote themselves to trade and money-lending, and who will not work with their hands, he should have given us statistics as to the number of Russian Jews who are engaged in trade and money-lending, and then, on the other hand, the number who are working in factories, the number who are cultivating farms, and the number who are employed as teamsters, porters, dock-hands, etc., in arduous manual labor. Finally, he should have furnished us with trustworthy information, supported by proofs, as to the nature and trend of Russian legislation with regard to the Jews, in order to show us that the latter have as good a chance to become good citizens as the Russians have, and that their alleged bad behavior is a manifestation of innate depravity, and not a result of unjust legislative discrimination against them. Instead of doing this, he has offered us a series of unproved and unsupported assertions which, if I understand them rightly, may be summarized as follows. The Jews are obnoxious in Russia not on account of their religion, but on account of their character. They are not "homogeneous" with the Russians; they have no faculty for "adapting themselves to sympathy" with the latter; they do not desire "solidarity" with them; they are "not an integral part of the community"; they are "guests without affinity"; they are too numerous; and finally, they are "superior to the Russians in education," and therefore "obstruct the progress" of the latter "along their own lines of natural development."

Mr. Botkine's explanation of the hostility of the Russian government toward the Jews reminds me of the rhymed translation of Martial's thirty-third epigram, in which Tom Brown expressed his feeling for the dean of Christ Church:

> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Stripped of verbiage, and reduced to the simplest possible form of expression, the feeling of the governing classes in Russia toward the Jews would seem, from this explanation, to be a feeling of personal antipathy blended with race prejudice. If there is any other reason, Mr. Botkine does not state it; and upon this presentation of the facts any dispassionate judge would not hesitate to dismiss the case without even hearing argument from the other side. Granting the truth of all that Mr. Botkine asserts, the persecution of the Jews in Russia is still unjust and unjustifiable.

It is not my purpose, at present, to discuss the Russo-Jewish question. The literature of that subject, in the Russian language alone, makes a bibliography of nearly ten thousand titles; and it is obviously impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to deal satisfactorily with a question of such magnitude and complexity. All that I aim to do is to show that Mr. Botkine has added nothing, except his own personal opinion, to our knowledge of the subject. Readers who wish to know how the Russian government "restricts the activity" of the Jews, and by what means it relieves "the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development," will find full information in a recently published report of Colonel Weber and Dr. Kempster to the Secretary of the Treasury upon the personal investigation of the Russo-Jewish question which they made on the ground in the summer of 1891.[1]

(4) Mr. Botkine asserts, but does not attempt, of course, to prove, either by citation of law or by reference to facts, that the orthodox Russian church allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," and "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

When I turn to the Russian penal code, and read, in "Title II," the sections that relate to "Crimes against the Faith," I am forced to the conclusion that Mr. Botkine is either forgetful of the laws of his country, or unconscious of the full significance of the English words that he uses. When we, in America, say that our Government allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," we mean that every citizen of the United States is at liberty to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own con-

[1] "Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury transmitting a Report of the Commissioners of Immigration upon the Causes which incite Immigration to the United States." Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1892.

science; and that if any man feel disposed to change his religious faith, to criticize the doctrines of the churches, or even to found and preach a religion of his own, he has a perfect right to do so. This is what we understand by "freedom of faith and of practice," and if Mr. Botkine uses the words in this sense he ignores or contradicts almost every section of the Russian penal code. To the great mass of the Russian people the orthodox church allows no freedom whatever. Section 188 of the code provides that if any person shall leave that church, even to join another Christian denomination, he shall be turned over to the ecclesiastical authorities for instruction and admonition; his minor children shall be taken into the custody of the Government; his real estate shall be put into the hands of an administrator; and until he abjures his errors, he shall have no further control over either. Section 196 declares that all persons who shall be guilty of aiding in the extension of existing sects, or who shall be instrumental in the creation of new sects hostile or injurious to the orthodox faith, shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life either to Siberia or to the Trans-Caucasus. Section 184 says that if a Jew shall induce an orthodox Christian to renounce the true church, and become an adherent of the Jewish faith, he shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than eight nor more than ten years of penal servitude.

It would be easy to fill pages with illustrative examples of the unjust and oppressive character of Russian penal legislation in the field of religious crime. Every paragraph of "Title II" fairly bristles with threats of "imprisonment," "exile," and "penal servitude," and the whole title seems to breathe a spirit of medieval bigotry and intolerance. Everybody knows how these laws have recently been enforced against the Lutherans and the Stundists. For two years or more it has been almost impossible to take up a religious newspaper, in England or the United States, without finding in it an account of the suspension or exile of a Lutheran pastor for having trespassed upon the spiritual preserve of the orthodox church, or the banishment of a peasant family to the Trans-Caucasus for having abandoned the worship of "miracle-working" images, and returned to the simpler and purer faith of the first disciples.[1] The Russian Stundists, in their faith and in their practice, probably come nearer to living in accordance with the spirit and the precepts of Christ than do any other people in the Czar's dominions; and yet they can meet to read the New Testament and to pray only in secret, and if they are discovered gathered together in the name of their Master, they are arrested, imprisoned, and finally banished to the Caucasus or to Siberia.

Mr. Botkine asserts that the orthodox church "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'" It would be a truer statement, and therefore a less irreverent statement, if I should say that "Where two or three Russians are gathered together in the name of Christ, there is a police officer in the midst of them." If the Saviour himself should appear, poor and unknown, in a Russian peasant village, as he appeared in Galilee nineteen centuries ago, if he should speak to the people the same words that he spoke in Galilee and that are recorded in the four Gospels, he would not be at liberty twenty-four hours. He would first be handcuffed and sent to the pale of settlement by etape as a Jew, and then, if he continued to teach, he would be rearrested and thrown into prison. If he finally escaped crucifixion at the hands of the holy orthodox church which bears his name, it would be only because crucifixion has been superseded in Russia by exile, incarceration in the "heretic cells" of remote monasteries,[2] and deportation to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

Mr. Botkine declares that "Russia and the United States are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy."

If we investigate carefully the nature of the sympathy which draws the despotic Government of Russia toward the free popular Government of the United States, we shall find that it is not a sympathy based upon similarity of institutions, nor upon affectionate esteem and good will, but rather a sympathy based upon a feeling of hostility for the Government of Great Britain. It is a sympathy founded primarily upon hatred. The interests of Rus-

1 See, for examples, "The Canada Presbyterian," Toronto, August 14, 1889; "The Independent," New York, August 15, 1889; "The Religious Intelligencer," Fredericton, N. B., August 14, 1889; "The Presbyterian Observer," Philadelphia, August 8, 1889; "The Christian," London, England, August 29, 1890, and also the "Times," London, November 15, 1889; The "New York Times," November 15, 1889; the "New York Tribune," March 31, 1891, and May 31, 1891; and the "New York Times," January 24, 1892.

2 A correspondent of the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice," living at Suzdal, in the province of Vladimir, discovered, in the year 1880, that in the prison connected with the monastery at that place there were living two bishops and an archbishop of the dissenting sect known as the "Staroverstsi," or Old Believers. One of the bishops had been in solitary confinement in this monasterial prison 17 years, the other 22 years, and the archbishop 26 years. For merely making this fact known to the public, "The Voice" was deprived for a month of the right to print advertisements.

sia and Great Britain have always conflicted both in Europe and in Asia; and, unfortunately, the interests of the United States and Great Britain have also conflicted on the Canadian border and in the North Pacific. As a natural result of this state of affairs, the two powers opposed to Great Britain have been drawn, at times, into a half-political, half-sentimental alliance against their common enemy; and each, in turn, has looked to the other for moral if not physical aid and support. That this was the view of Russo-American relations taken by the Emperor Nicholas in 1838 there can be no doubt. The United States and Great Britain seemed at that time to be on the brink of war. Sir Francis Head, in attempting to crush an insurrection in Canada, had attacked on the Niagara River the American steamer *Caroline*, said to be in the service of the insurgents, had killed her crew within our jurisdiction, set her on fire, and allowed her to drift over Niagara Falls. This incident and the frontier skirmishes that followed it caused great popular excitement in the United States, and a strong feeling of hostility was manifested there toward the Government of Great Britain. The Emperor Nicholas was well aware of this hostile feeling, and before it had had time to subside he took occasion, in a conversation with Mr. George Mifflin Dallas, United States minister in St. Petersburg, to discuss the relations between his Government and ours. Mr. Dallas reports the conversation as follows:

> He [the Emperor] then recurred to our political relations, was happy to know that between him and the United States there could exist no sentiments but those of the most friendly character, and hoped that I went away under the same impression. I told him that my attention to the subject had produced a conviction that our highest interests as a nation were identified with those of Russia. "Not only are our interests alike," said he, "but [with emphasis in his tone] our enemies are the same."[1]

The Emperor's last words furnish the key to what might seem the inexplicable mystery of friendship and sympathy between the most absolute of monarchies and the freest of republics—"our enemies are the same."

In the darkest period of our civil war, when the ruling classes in England were openly hostile to the Government of the United States, and when it seemed likely that Great Britain would intervene in behalf of the Confederacy, Russia saw another opportunity to strengthen her tacit alliance with the United States as against her European enemy England; and she therefore sent her fleet with sealed orders to the port of New York. This action, however, was not taken as a means of showing her sympathy with American institutions, nor as a proof of her desire that the crucial experiment of republican self-government should succeed. It was simply a movement on the great chess-board of diplomacy to threaten the adverse Queen. Great Britain seemed likely to acquire, by means of armed intervention, an amount of power and influence in the New World which the Russian government regarded as excessive and dangerous. If, by sending a fleet to New York, Russia could prevent this intervention and acquisition of power on the part of Great Britain, and, at the same time, gain the friendship and gratitude of the people of the North, who were likely to win in the struggle, she would score two points against her traditional enemy. Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, virtually admitted this in an interview which he had with Mr. Bayard Taylor, our diplomatic representative at St. Petersburg, in 1862. "What Russia fears," he said, "is the ultimate exhaustion of the two sections of the Union, which will leave them helpless to resist the encroachments of hostile powers. The political equilibrium which she sees in the maintenance of the Union in its original strength would thus be destroyed."[2]

It appears from this statement that Russia's action was controlled, not primarily by friendship for the people or the Government of the United States, but rather by considerations of enlightened self-interest. She desired, for reasons of her own, to maintain the existing "political equilibrium," and to prevent Great Britain from acquiring such a preponderance of power as would render her a more dangerous enemy than ever. That Great Britain was the power against which this move was made, and that the Government of the United States was well aware of the fact, appears clearly from the nature of the service that our Secretary of State proposed to render Russia in return for her aid and support. This service was the sending of a special mission to the court of Persia with a view to furthering the aggressive plans of Russia in Central Asia. "It was conceived," Mr. Bayard Taylor says, "that this friendship [between Russia and the United States] could be sealed more completely if the United States were to enter into diplomatic relations with Persia; since it was clear to statesmen that the movements of Russia, in the future, would be on that frontier; and any *moral support* which

[1] "Diary of George Mifflin Dallas, while United States Minister to Russia," etc., J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1892, p. 209.

[2] "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1884. Letter of Mr. Taylor to Mr. Seward, dated St. Petersburg, November 12, 1862.

the United States, *as an English-speaking people*, might thus grant to Russia, *would be of peculiar value.*"[1] The significant reference to the "peculiar value" which the "moral support" of an "English-speaking people" would have for Russia, when she should begin her "movements" along the Persian frontier, shows clearly that it was against Great Britain that such movements were to be directed. The Government of the United States virtually said to the Government of Russia, "You supported us against Great Britain at a critical moment in our history, and now we will support you against Great Britain when you begin your march toward India—'our enemies are the same.'"

From this brief recital of the facts of the case it will be seen, I think, that the attitude taken by Russia toward the United States in 1862–63 was dictated by self-interest rather than by friendship. But even if it were not so, even if Alexander II. and the group of men who constituted the Government of Russia at that time were actuated by the most generous and disinterested motives, the debt of gratitude which we should owe to them would not be payable to Alexander III. and the group of men who constitute the Russian government of to-day. The rulers of Russia thirty years ago were comparatively liberal and enlightened men, and they were engaged, at that very time, in a work of regeneration and reform which promised to bring happiness and prosperity to their people. The rulers of Russia to-day are oppressors, religious bigots, and reactionists, whose chief aim seems to be the complete destruction of all the liberal institutions that their predecessors founded. We might properly have felt sympathy with the reforming Russian government of 1862; but with the reactionary Government of to-day, which gags the provincial assemblies, limits the right of trial by jury, persecutes the Jews and the Stundists, flogs the people by thousands for non-payment of taxes, and maintains itself by the rigorous enforcement of martial law, we can have nothing in common. If there is to be any "disinterested alliance" between the United States and Russia, it should be based upon some nobler feeling than hostility to Great Britain. If there is to be any "bridge of sentiment" between the Republic of the West and the Empire of the North, it should stretch not from the State Department to the throne of the Czar, but from the hearts of the American people to the hearts of the men and women beyond the Vistula who share our love of freedom, but are unable to attain it, and who look to us for sympathy while they wait for the dawn of a brighter day. Russia will not always be a despotism. Sooner or later the authority of the autocrat will give way to the authority of the people; and when that time comes I hope we may be able to say to the free citizens of a free Russia that if, in their time of need, we did not give our moral support to them, we at least withheld it from their oppressors. As for me, my sympathies are with the Russia of the people, not the Russia of the Czars; with the Russia of the provincial assemblies, not the Russia of the secret police; with the Russia of the future, not the Russia of the past.

George Kennan.

[1] "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor," Vol. I, pp. 411, 412. The italics are my own.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Origin and Growth of the Spoils System.

MR. CARL SCHURZ, in his interesting address at the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in April last, gave some very instructive facts about the attitude of Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams toward appointments to and removals from office. He showed that Jefferson during his two terms made only thirty-nine removals, that Madison during his two terms made only five, that Monroe during his two terms made nine, and John Quincy Adams during his four years made only two. Because the number of Jefferson's removals was four times as great as that of any other President during the first forty years of the Government, he has been accused of introducing the "spoils" system into American politics. There is little or no foundation for this charge. The spoils system was in full operation when he became President, and although his election brought a new party into power, and although the offices were filled almost entirely with members of the defeated party, he made very few removals except for good cause, and resisted strong importunities to make what is known as a modern "clean sweep." His utterances, as Mr. Schurz showed in his address, were strongly in favor of what are now the recognized principles of civil-service reform, and in all but an insignificant portion of his removals and appointments he lived up to his utterances. Of Madison's five removals, three were of defaulters, and the other two were for good cause. Monroe, coming into office, like Madison, without party change, and coming in also under the mollifying influence of the so-called "era of good feeling," had no excuse for making many changes, and all his nine removals were for good cause.

With the second Adams the case was quite different. He had been subjected to bitter personal opposition, and had been elected under such peculiar political

conditions,—owing his success mainly to support from an opposite political party,—that he had strong provocation for using public office to build up what he needed very much—a personal following. He offered his chief cabinet positions to men who had either been his opponents or had voted against him, and his chief diplomatic appointment to a man who had never been his friend. From the beginning to the end of his administration he was actuated by what he had written in his memoirs five years before becoming President: "There is something so gross and so repugnant to my feelings in this cormorant appetite for office, this barefaced and repeated effort to get an old and meritorious public servant turned out of place by a bankrupt to get in, that it needed all my sense of the allowances to be made for sharp want and the tenderness due to misfortune to suppress my indignation." He refused to take advantage of the four years' limitation law, and to introduce the principle of rotation in office, and sent messages to the Senate renominating every officer whose term was expiring. His rule of conduct as set down in his diary was, "I determined to renominate every person against whom there was no complaint which would have warranted his removal." And, later, "I have renominated every officer, friend or foe, against whom no specific charge of misconduct has been brought." His two removals were for good cause.

The spoils system had no foothold whatever in national politics at the close of Adams's term. The public service was not filled with men of one political party, but with men of opposite political creeds who had been retained because of their fitness. There was no excuse for removals in order to establish an equilibrium between the parties, for such equilibrium existed already. But Jackson waited for no excuses of any kind. Under pretense of reforming the service, he began to make removals by wholesale, conducting the first "clean sweep" the country had ever seen. Miss Lucy M. Salmon, Professor of History in Vassar College, in her valuable "History of the Appointing Power of the President," to which we are indebted for most of the information contained in this article, says: "It was impossible to obtain official record of the changes made. No one knew whose turn had come, whose turn would come next. Clerks who had been appointed by Washington and Jefferson, and had grown gray in the service, were dismissed without warning. There had always been an understanding that so long as an officer was faithful and capable he should retain his position. Clerks were now told that no complaint had been made against them, but that their places were desired for others." The collectors of customs at the leading ports of the country, most of whom had been long in the service, were removed, and partizans of the President were put in their places. The subordinates were changed also, and at the same time new "places" were created. In the post-office department there were 491 removals, the greater number of them in districts where the service had been especially good. The department had been self-supporting under the previous Postmaster-General, but soon after the changes were made it was announced that there would probably be a deficit of $100,000 during the first year. In all, it was estimated that two thousand removals were made during Jackson's first year, and the places thus vacated were filled, in nearly all instances, with extreme partizans, few of whom had any fitness. During Jackson's first two years no fewer than fifty-five editors of partizan newspapers—"editors of the foulest press," Adams styles them in his diary—were given office.

When Van Buren succeeded Jackson the same policy was continued, and the fruits of it were beginning to be harvested. "At the close of Mr. Adams's term," says Miss Salmon, "a deficit of two thousand dollars in the accounts of a treasury assistant had branded the officer as a criminal, and in the eyes of the opposition the President became a sharer in the crime. Now, mismanagement and corruption in every department of the government service formed a painful contrast to the general honesty and purity of the pre-'reform' period." The people demanded a change, and General W. H. Harrison came into office pledged to give it to them, but he died too soon to have it known whether or not he would have been able to keep his promises. He made many removals, but these were made necessary by the fact that the service was filled so largely with dishonest and incompetent persons. It is interesting to note that the "rush for office," of which we have had such sad accounts in recent years, began as the first fruit of Jackson's policy. Seward, in writing of the inauguration of Harrison, says in his autobiography: "At the White House, the office-seekers literally took possession, some, it is said, even sleeping in the halls and corridors, in order to have the first chance in the morning. Day and night Harrison was besieged by the crowd." Tyler made few or no efforts to resist the spoilsmen when Harrison's death put him in power. He made as "clean" a "sweep" as Jackson did, removing by wholesale, appointing partizans and editors, and toward the close of his administration using the offices openly to insure his own reëlection.

Polk came into office as an avowed spoilsman, and conducted himself accordingly, making more than two thousand removals in the post-office department alone. Taylor followed a similar course, for the spoils theory had now become thoroughly established, and new Presidents were no longer expected to make opposition to it. Public sentiment itself had become so demoralized that it supported the view that the offices of the Government were the just perquisites of party victory.

What civil-service reform is doing in our day is the restoring of public sentiment to the healthy condition it was in during the first forty years of the Government, before General Jackson began his work of perverting it. As Mr. Schurz pointed out, the reform agitation has resulted in removing more than one quarter of the 180,000 officers now under the National government from the reach of partizan control by placing them within the classified service, where they are subject to civil-service regulations. *Public sentiment not only sustains this progress, but demands far more.* At no time since Jackson's day has there been so little popular support as there is at present for a "clean sweep," or for a loot of all the offices, because a new political party has come into power. On the contrary, one sees on every hand a deep popular disgust with the quadrennial "rush for office," and a general contempt for persons engaged in it. The spoils system has lived through two generations, but before a third passes away the

last traces of it will be eliminated from our national politics. Public sentiment will compel this reform in spite of the opposition of the professional politicians and spoilsmen.

Compulsory Public Service.

CERTAIN students of the problem of municipal government have lately advanced, among other remedies for its defects, compulsory voting and compulsory office-holding. It is urged in support of these remedies that since one of the chief reasons for municipal misrule is the abstention of the "best men" from active politics, and their refusal frequently to accept nominations for office when requested to do so, compulsion in these two directions would be certain to bring the much-desired reform. Failure to vote in an election, or refusal to stand for office, would be punished by fine, and possibly other penalty, compulsion being enforced as it is in the jury system.

Both forms of compulsion were tried in small communities in the early history of this country. Governor Hill of New York, in his annual message of 1889, cited one of the civil laws in force in the town of Southampton, Long Island, in 1643, in which it was decreed that every man in the town should "give his vote and suffrage either for or against" every matter submitted to the public for approval, and should "not in any case be a neuter." In New England towns, in the early days, compulsory office-holding was in force, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in an address which he delivered at the anniversary exercises at the close of the first century of the town of Quincy, cited the experiences of his own ancestor, John Adams, who was confronted with the choice of accepting the town-meeting nomination for surveyor of highways or paying a fine. In small communities both forms of compulsory public duty were easy of enforcement, but it is noticeable that both were abandoned when the towns became larger.

It is not our purpose at this time to enter upon an exhaustive discussion of the merits of these proposals, or to consider the probabilities of their success in practice. The great difficulties in the way of enforcing compulsory voting in large communities are obvious to the most superficial observer. It would be necessary in the first place to compel every citizen to register, and again to compel him to go to the polls. To do this in New York city, or Boston, or Chicago, would require an army of officials. Then, when the unwilling voter had been brought to the polls, and put in the voting-booth with his ballot, he could not be compelled to vote. He could deposit his ballot blank, and nobody could punish him for it, since it would be a violation of the secrecy of the ballot to ascertain how he had voted. It would be the old story of leading the horse to water.

As for compulsory office-holding, our municipal troubles do not come so much from the refusal of good men to accept nominations as from the refusal of the political machines to offer them. It is true that in some instances nominations are declined by men who would make most efficient public servants, but theirs are exceptional cases, and even if we were to force them into the public service, we should still be a long way from a thorough and lasting reform of our municipal government evils.

It seems to us that the true remedy lies not in forcing the "best men" into a defective and often bad public service, but in reforming the service itself, and making it attractive to the "best men." Once make your public service a desirable and permanent calling for men of ability and character, and there will be no need of compulsion to induce men to enter it. In the model cities of Europe,— Berlin, Glasgow, Birmingham, and others,—the municipal service offers inducements which are equal to those offered by any private profession. A young man of character and intelligence, who seeks a calling which will give him permanent employment, with a prospect for comfortable living, and perhaps a competence, finds it in various branches of the municipal service; for he sees that in that service expert ability is sought after and rewarded with handsome remuneration and life tenure.

Our municipal service offers nothing of this kind. It offers a brief and most uncertain tenure, and it offers, usually, a higher reward for incompetence than for expert ability. Few young men who desire to live lives of usefulness, to win livelihoods for themselves and families by perseverance and industry, choose the public service as their calling. They go into business or the professions, because they find therein the inducements which attract them. Sometimes, it is true, an excellent young man who is in some way related to a powerful boss will get into municipal office through "influence," and make a good record; and sometimes circumstances do bring other scrupulous and honorable men into civic offices. But it is too often the case that the idle, shiftless, more or less unprincipled men, who have neither the ability, nor the character, nor the inclination to compete for a livelihood or supremacy in business or professional life, go into politics and the public service, because talents of their kind are best rewarded there.

So long as this is true, it seems to us that compulsory office-holding would be not only an inadequate remedy, but that it would involve also an injustice to the citizen. Why should a man be forced to accept a public position for a brief interval only, when to do so he must sacrifice his private interests and incur possibly serious loss? What right has the public to compel this sacrifice? And when it has been compelled, and the term of service is ended, what guarantee does the public have that his successor will be a fit man for the place? What kind of private business could be well and successfully conducted by the process of forcing one man after another in the community to take charge of it for a brief period?

It is the old question of conducting public business upon the same simple principles as those upon which every successful private business is conducted — that is to say, the old question of civil-service reform. When we get our municipal service thoroughly and surely established upon that basis, we shall need neither compulsory voting nor compulsory office-holding to give us intelligent, economic, honest, and creditable government. The only way by which to get good men into the public service, and to keep them there, is to make it worth their while to go there, and that can be done very easily by giving them assurance of permanent employment and just reward for ability and faithfulness.

Hostility of Foreign to American Labor.

IN the preceding article of this series, on the American boy's right to learn a trade, we discussed the passing of the apprentice system, showing that one reason, though not the chief one, for its decadence was the hostility of the trade-unions. We purpose to show in the present article that this hostility extends to manual-training and trade schools as methods of teaching boys the trades which they can no longer learn as apprentices, and that what it really amounts to is a determination upon the part of the foreign workmen who control all the trade-unions to exclude American youths from American trades. Most of the evidence which we shall cite on this point will be drawn from official sources, and mainly from the utterances of the members of trade-unions.

In his annual report for 1886, Mr. Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of Labor for the State of New York, presented a large collection of views, obtained from labor-unions in all parts of the country, on the subjects of apprentices, manual-training, and trade schools. We quoted some of his conclusions on the apprentice evidence in our preceding article. The substance of them was that the trade-unions have adopted such regulations in regard to apprentices as to make it practically impossible for American boys to learn trades in shops controlled by trade-unions. We shall now show from his report that the same hostility that is exhibited toward American boys as apprentices is exhibited toward them as graduates of manual-training and trade schools, and that the reason of this hostility is a desire to maintain possession of the labor field in America for the exclusive benefit of foreign workmen. We quote first some opinions obtained by Mr. Peck in response to inquiries as to the attitude of trade-unions toward trade and technical schools. The secretary of the State Finishers' International Association wrote:

> I believe in all journeymen and apprentices being connected with the unions. If a boy become a full-fledged mechanic in a technical school, he would not know anything about unions, nor would he have any sympathy with their objects and regulations. I believe in thorough labor organization.

A carpenters' union of Memphis, Tennessee, made this response:

> No, we do not favor manual training, as it would give the boy an idea, and there are too many ideas now. We want them to know the trade, and then we will not have so much trouble.

A carpenters' union of Ithaca, New York, took a like view, as follows:

> We are not in favor of upholding or of approving manual-training, trade, and technical schools. Boys, after a course in the schools, think they know it all, and it is a damage to the trade-unions.

A local assembly of Knights of Labor, composed of printers, said:

> A technical trade-school would be a menace at all times to the trades. Not that a boy could learn a trade theoretically to the damage of the skilled workmen, but that the employer would be able to tide over strikes, etc., by the aid of this half-educated labor. We have already had too much technical knowledge. We want practical mechanics.

The committee of a bricklayers' union wrote:

> We believe that the present manner of producing mechanics through the instrumentality of trade organizations and foreign immigration is fully adequate to the demand.

These are all extreme views, and are selected from a large mass, many of which are favorable to the trade and manual-training schools. But the favorable views come largely from individuals, and do not represent accurately the attitude of the trade-unions as a whole, though they do so represent a few of the less powerful of them. The general attitude of the labor organizations is unquestionably one of hostility. This was shown in a striking manner by the action of the Bricklayers' Union of Pennsylvania in going before a committee of the legislature last spring to oppose a bill making an appropriation for the establishment of a trade-school in the State Reform School, giving notice to the committee that, through the trade-unions of the State, they would endeavor to defeat the bill. It was shown also in some comments, published in 1888, which prominent labor leaders made upon Colonel Auchmuty's trade-schools and their graduates. These speak sneeringly of both the training of the schools and of Colonel Auchmuty's motives. Thus Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, dismissed the whole question of the American boy's right to learn a trade, in spite of the trade-union's prohibitive apprentice rules, by saying:

> The great trade and labor organizations which dot the land decided long ago that the limitation of the number of apprentices was the best method of meeting the question. The opinion of the myriads of men and women who belong to these organizations, I submit, is entitled to a little more weight than Mr. Auchmuty's *ipse dixit*.

Edward Conkling, of the Progressive Painters' Union, said:

> I doubt if Mr. Auchmuty takes as much interest in the "American boy" as some people think. He represents a certain class who abhor labor organizations. They care very little about the American boy or his father. Their plan is not to fit the American boy for the trades, but to fill the market with a surplus of indifferent workmen who may be used as a club against organized labor. That is their policy.

In October, 1890, National District 210 of Paper-Hangers, Painters, and Decorators, in New York city, condemned the Auchmuty trade-schools because they "turned loose a lot of incompetent and cheap workers."

In commenting upon the unfavorable replies in his report, Mr. Peck says that a "very unpleasant and prominent feature of them is the avowed objection to bringing the boy into competition with adults. It will be noticed by reading between the lines that the great difficulty to the trade-unions is as to where all the boys and youths are ultimately to find work, the men finding it difficult to obtain it now. This trouble extends to all organizations which are strong enough to limit apprentices."

It is just here that the anti-American aspect of the hostility we are discussing most clearly reveals itself. The trade-unions, which all authorities agree are controlled by foreigners, object to apprentices, and to trade and manual-training schools, on the ground that there is not sufficient work now for the men in the trades, and that to increase the number of laborers by allowing boys to learn trades will be still further to deprive the men of work. Yet these same trade-unions admit

freely all foreign workmen who come into the country, and admit temporarily hundreds and thousands of such who come here to remain only during the busy season, returning to Europe at its close. If they are not opposed to the boys because they are Americans, why do they not refuse admittance into their alleged crowded ranks to these foreign recruits? Why they prefer foreigners to Americans is revealed with sufficient clearness in the replies which we have cited above. They are afraid of American independent ideas in their unions, knowing, as they do, that American workmen are not so servile, and not so easily led, as the more ignorant foreign workmen. This fear shows itself plainly in all the replies. One of the most experienced and thoughtful observers that we have in this country upon this and kindred labor questions, who has devoted many years of earnest and painstaking study to the question of methods for teaching American boys useful trades, says:

> Only one reason can be found for this hostility of the unions, or rather of the union leaders, to our young countrymen, and that is that Americans are not wanted in the trades. They, particularly if well educated, would not obey orders unless convinced of their wisdom, or pay assessments without an accounting. A union under American control would become a miniature republic, instead of being, as it is at present, a one-man-power affair.

As direct evidence on this point, coming from the trades themselves, we cite the following from the large collection of opinions published by Mr. Peck in his report for 1886.

From a master carpenter of New York city:

> Under the present régime they [foreign laborers] object to teaching our young men trades; therefore we must go abroad to find labor, while our young men are growing up in idleness and filling our prisons.

From a printer of New York city:

> Artistic and skilled native workmen are becoming scarce, and foreign mechanics are taking the lead in our workshops.

From a carpenter of Marinette, quoted in the "Report of the Wisconsin Labor Bureau for 1886":

> We poor native-born citizens are just pulled around same as dogs by foreign people. We do not stand any show, and it seems as though everything is coming to the very worst in the near future unless immigration is stopped.

Finally, as a last word on this subject, let us quote the following testimony of a Hungarian (cited by Mr. Peck in a chapter on foreign labor in his report for 1885) who had been giving an account of the fortunes which his countrymen made in America by coming here to work for a few years:

> I go back to Hungary a rich man. There I live like a baron. I get married and enjoy myself for all my trials here. America will soon make laws to stop immigration. So many foreigners come in to work cheap that American workingmen after a while will be so poor they will come to the level of foreign workingmen. Capital in America wants protection. America had better protect its native-born poor workingmen. I have got enough for myself. Now I can tell the truth. I don't care.

The evil is not merely one of immigration, but of allowing the immigrants to control the labor field against our own sons. If the latter were admitted to the field, and were occupying it with their more intelligent, superior, and orderly labor, there would be less inducement for the foreigners to come in. As to the character of those who come, their complete control of the labor-market through the unions, and their influence for evil in our national affairs — these are subjects which we shall discuss in future articles of this series.

OPEN LETTERS.

Who Wore the Laurels.

WERE our judgment of the poets laureate of England to be based upon the current opinion of them and their work in literature, we should be inclined to consider that it was their great misfortune not only to be poets laureate, but that fate imposed upon them any compulsion to be poets at all. Since the death of Tennyson more attention has been paid to the past history and to the probable future of the English laureateship than ever before. The explanations of the origin of this important office which have been given in the daily press have, however, been conflicting, and much confusion has been thrown into the discussion. But upon one point the majority of those who have written about the poets laureate agree, and that is in sounding a note of disparagement in regard both to the office and those who have held it.

But what these laureates have suffered at the hands of the critics of the present time is not to be compared to the abuse which was lavished upon them by their contemporaries. The literary history of England is full of the records of the burlesques, the lampoons, the coarse wit and satire, which have been directed against any poet who has struggled into notice, and won distinction above his fellows. The poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were especially exposed to these satirical assaults.

The prevailing opinion is not always the true or the just one, though, of course, it has a measure of truth and of justice as its foundation. The prevailing opinion in regard to these poets of England who were crowned with the laurel is more often based upon the satires and lampoons of which they were the occasion, than upon the nature of their own poetical work. People read Dryden and Pope instead of Shadwell and Cibber; but the Colley Cibber of the "Dunciad," and the Thomas Shadwell of "MacFlecknoe" are not the true Cibber and the true Shadwell. The laureates have been more assailed by satire than other poets, and this not because they were necessarily poor poets, but because their very position excited envy. Though men like Gray and Scott refused the appointment of the laureateship, the position was often eagerly sought. When the unfortunate Richard Savage failed to receive the appointment for which he sued with so much servility, he called himself the volunteer laureate, and in that capacity wrote a number of odes for the queen, services which she liberally rewarded.

Being appointed a poet laureate did not always in the

past, nor would it at the present time, imply that such a poet was greater than his fellows. To suppose this is to misapprehend the nature of the office. It must always be remembered that the laureateship was a court appointment, an office in the gift of the Government. Hence the laureate was a court poet, and one who of necessity must be in sympathy with the monarch and all monarchical measures. That this misapprehension of the laureateship is very common is proved by the numerous newspaper remarks upon the subject. A recent writer, in expressing the usual cant about these laureates being such sorry poets, says, "Think of Southey being laureate while Byron was alive!" We might retort, "Think of Byron, the poet of revolution, writing a 'Vision of Judgment' in which an infamous king was canonized; or Byron being in a position where odes like Southey's on the negotiations with Bonaparte, or the visits of the king to Ireland and Scotland, were expected!"

In 1619 — some authorities say 1616 — James I. granted to Ben Jonson letters patent making him poet laureate. Charles I. had been king five years when he reconsidered this appointment of his father. He issued new letters patent to Ben Jonson, which for the first time made the laureateship a permanent institution. Since then there have been fourteen poets laureate in unbroken succession. Of these fourteen only two or three could be called true poets. When the Restoration came English poetry received a blow from which it took over a hundred years to recover.

The Augustan age of Anne, which gave us Pope and Swift and all that brilliant circle, though it was rich in prose, produced no great inspired, natural poet. Inspiration, naturalness, and a high poetic ideal seem to have vanished until Cowper and Burns appeared. Dryden, with all his facile skill, his command of the resources of language, and his brilliant wit, produced no work which was the outcome of an exalted mood. His work lacked dignity and moral strength, and was wholly without those finer influences which tend to inspire and elevate humanity. Warton, noble poet as he was, stood half-way between the school that was going out and the school that was coming in. He scarcely felt the force of the tide which was bearing English poetry on to new regions of thought. For twenty-three years Henry James Pye wore the wreath of laurel; but the new revelation which had come to men like Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley, the new spirit which was animating English poetry, touched the laureate lightly.

In many accounts of the laureateship there is not sufficient distinction maintained between those poets whose claim to the title was shadowy and intangible, and those who had authentic right to the honor. Some authorities, in speaking of Chaucer, or Skelton, or Spenser as laureates, often neglect to explain just how they came to be so called. The idea of the laureateship appears to have assumed form gradually; but this much is certain, that, as it now exists, it began with Ben Jonson. It was not until 1630 that it became a definite and permanent institution. It was then that Charles I. ratified the appointment which had been conferred upon Jonson by James I. The annual pension which had been given before was increased to one hundred pounds, and a butt of wine from the king's cellars. When this great poet and dramatist was thus formally recognized as an officer of the royal household, he undoubtedly occupied the first place in the world of letters. Before Ben Jonson's time, however, there were court poets who sang the praises of their sovereigns, who celebrated in heroic verse the victories which exalted the nation, and who were rewarded for their services with pensions and emoluments.

It had been from very early times the custom in Italy, Germany, England, and even Spain, to crown certain poets who were considered preëminent. Virgil and Horace were both crowned with the laurel wreath. There seems to be considerable uncertainty in regard to the origin of the term poet laureate as applied to a member of the royal household of England. Warton asserts that the universities conferred the honor as a degree upon those graduates who excelled in rhetoric and Latin versification.

Warton describes several interesting instances of these degrees in versification being conferred at Oxford. One student received the laurel on condition that he compose a Latin comedy and one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university. We see in this perhaps the beginning of the custom of linking to the honor of laureation certain conditions which made it somewhat like a mercantile transaction. Caxton, in a work printed in 1490, mentions "Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the university of Oxenford." Skelton had been crowned with the laurel probably in 1489, and four years after he was permitted to wear the same badge also at Cambridge. This is the cause of Skelton's signing himself "Poeta Skelton Laureatus."

It had been the custom among the ancient Greeks to crown their poets with a wreath symbolical of both appreciation and reward. The Romans imitated the Greeks of course in this as in so many other things. The universities of the middle ages must, in their turn, have derived their custom of laureation from the well-known crowning of Petrarch by the Roman senate. Many universities on the Continent blended with the poetic distinction a reference to theology quite characteristic of the age.

Thus in the early times there were many poets laureate. They were not court poets, but the custom must gradually have arisen for English monarchs to choose from among these laureates one who would be present at court, and would on stated occasions sing the praises of his country and his king. Many times this poet was called simply king's versifier, and there are a few instances on record of this king's versifier being chosen when he had never received from Oxford any laureate degree; though, as a rule, the appointment was conferred because the recipient had already received the laurel crown for skill in Latin versification. It was customary also for the court poets to write in Latin, as the English language was regarded with universal contempt. Warton is of the opinion that the royal laureate did not begin to write in English till the Reformation had begun to diminish the veneration for Latin.

Chaucer, by his close relationship to John of Gaunt, to whose influence he owed some official appointments, has often been styled poet laureate to Edward IV., but there is no evidence whatever that he had any right to the title. He was simply a great poet who was often at court, and who received certain rewards for definite political, not poetical, services. After Richard II. met

Gower rowing on the Thames, and asked him straightway to book some new thing, Gower called himself the king's laureate; but Skelton, while praising both Gower and Chaucer, said "they wanted nothing but the Lawrell." We hear of John Kay, a court poet who lived over fifty years later than Gower, addressing himself to Edward IV. as "hys humble poet laureate." But the title was wholly self-given. Henry VII. is said to have granted to Andrew Bernard, poet laureate, a small salary till he should obtain some employment which would insure him the same sum; but there is nothing very permanent in this. Skelton aspired to be court poet as well as the laureate of Oxford. By his keen and pungent satire he must have been a power in helping on the Reformation. He was connected by the whole scope of his literary purpose with the reign of Henry VIII., and in that reign the idea of religious liberty became manifest with irresistible power.

The portrait of a great poet — the immortal Spenser — has been placed recently in a periodical beside that of Chaucer, and both are called poets laureate of the past; but there is no evidence whatever to justify the statement. Edmund Spenser was pensioned by Queen Elizabeth, but there are even doubts whether this pension was paid more than once. When Southey was appointed laureate he wished to magnify his office, and he thereupon wrote some poetry about it, and by poetic license spoke of that

> wreath which in Eliza's golden days
> My master, dear, divinest Spenser wore;

but in plain prose Southey admitted that none of the poets of whom he sang had, with the exception of Ben Jonson, any right to the title of laureate. It was given to them, he says, not as holding the office, but as a mark of honor to which they were entitled. Among these volunteer laureates whom Southey thus praised were Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton. Daniel held important posts at court, and was much beloved there; but when the courtiers of James I. began to concern themselves with the production of the masques which were becoming so popular, it was considered that Ben Jonson was the poet best fitted to be responsible for their management. Daniel therefore retired from court. Drayton's portrait has come down to us, his brow encircled by the wreath of laurel. This is owing to the poet's secret wish, and was also the tribute of his friends. We find in every case that, prior to the era of Ben Jonson, the claims of any poet to the title of laureate cannot be sustained, unless that poet had received the honor from the University of Oxford.

Kenyon West.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—The following is a list of the poets laureate:

Ben Jonson	1630–1637	Colley Cibber	1730–1757
William Davenant	1637–1668	William Whitehead	1758–1785
John Dryden	1670–1688	Thomas Warton	1785–1790
Thomas Shadwell	1689–1692	Henry James Pye	1790–1813
Nahum Tate	1693–1715	Robert Southey	1813–1843
Nicholas Rowe	1715–1718	William Wordsworth	1843–1850
Lawrence Eusden	1719–1730	Alfred Tennyson	1850–1892

How Shall We Educate the Children of the Dependent Poor?

THE dependent poor, in New York as in London, are one tenth of the population. Not a large proportion of these are hereditary paupers; not many of them are willingly dependent until they become trained to pauperism by charity or sink into it from discouragement. For the most part they are people who would work if they could, and who did work until some untoward physical or industrial event interfered. Even under existing conditions it is possible, in almost any given case, to do away with this dependence, as the history of friendly visiting, the world over, shows; but the conditions remaining, a new supply of dependents unfailingly appears. We want to do for the children of that entire working-class which is only one week away from dependence what the friendly visitor may do for the individual — so educate them that they may find themselves, in this regard, superior to conditions.

No one who knows anything of tenement-house life can wonder at the inability of those who share it to cope with the emergencies of life. That first necessity of human endeavor — a true home — simply does not exist. There is no room in a tenement apartment for the expansion of love, for the growth of sympathy; there is none for the practice of the common arts of life. Gregarious to the limit of existence, these people are essentially solitary; they have no community of interest with their neighbors, and therefore no realization of the solidarity of society. Their recreations are as little fitted to reveal it to them as is their home life, for their recreations are eminently unsocial, notwithstanding the large numbers who may share them. This is no less true of the children than of their parents. It is pitiful to see, as those who lately opened the first children's playground in New York did see, how early these little ones lose the faculty of play; it is a fact most awful, when we consider what it means, that these children are never blithe, gladsome, unconsciously happy, as it is the nature of young creatures to be. They are boisterous, boorish, destructive, or they are apathetic, listless, dull, taking their pleasure not sadly, but brutally or stolidly.

Children lose far more than happiness in losing the faculty of play, though happiness no one can afford to lose. They fail of that habit of sustained endeavor which develops into industry, of that spontaneity which becomes versatility, of that tact and insight into character which lay the foundation of the art of living with others. Children learn these things through play, and these things, important to all classes, are to the working-class most important. It is the lack of the power of sustained industry, far more than a lack of skill, which peoples our almshouses; it is a want of versatility which plunges men and women into dependent poverty the moment their one vocation feels the touch of industrial disturbance. It is ignorance of the art of living with others that — to give an instance well known to friendly visitors — forbids two widows, or an aged and a younger woman, to save rent and release the time of the more active or competent from household care to bread-winning, by occupying one apartment together. It is for want of courtesy, that key to social difficulties, that a skilled workman out of employment (and this is often the case, whatever economists may say) cannot be established in a home industry which shall be beneficial to his neighbors, and thus a source of income to himself. The end of all such arrangements is sure to be a quarrel, if not a fight.

The essential needs of the dependent poor, it thus appears, may be summed up in one word — character.

Where is the school that will give them this? It must be done in their earliest years, before they have come under the fatal fascination of the streets, or have been forced by necessity into some catchpenny industry; it must be done, too, while yet they are susceptible to teaching. By the time these children are six or seven years old the experiences of the street and of the tenement-house have made them at once restless and dull. They can neither be kept quiet nor roused to interest. They have lost that faculty of grave attention which is so enchanting an attribute of childhood, and with it that susceptibility to impression which is its prophecy of future power.

Their salvation, then, must be found in the kindergarten. If the kindergarten is the luxury of the children of the rich, it is the vital necessity of the children of the poor. Its personal touch is the best substitute for that which home ought to give them, but cannot. Its methods develop individuality, its occupations train to dexterity, and awaken that solemn joy of duty done which is the best guarantee of persevering industry. Its plays teach the control of impulse, develop imagination, and ally it with conduct, as Matthew Arnold has taught us that the social order requires. More than all, these plays are a revelation of joy, that divine experience without which perfection either of conduct or character cannot be attained. And what shall we say of those sweet affections, those mutual forbearings, those glad ministrations, that simple reverence for things holy, which are the very soul of the kindergarten system? Simply these alone are exclusive of that kind of dependence which is unworthy of human nature.

Here, then, in the kindergarten we find a ground of hope for the child of the tenement-house: an awakened intelligence which, better than all truant laws, will secure his further education; a delight in duty which will keep him steady at his work; a stability of character which will fortify him against temptation; a warmth of heart which will keep him true to family and social pieties; a sense of obligation which will make him a conscientious citizen; an awakening to joy which restores to him his birthright as man. Not that life will thereby become an easy thing. Life, for nearly all the children of the poor, must continue to be a bitter struggle until the children of the rich awake to a sense of the obligation of privilege. But the struggle for an independent, self-respecting manhood will no longer be against desperate odds. For the three years of kindergarten, with the subsequent training which they alone make possible, are enough to awaken to life that character which makes a man master of himself and of the conditions that environ him.

Louise Seymour Houghton.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

In the Wings.

THE play is Life; and this round earth
The narrow stage whereon
We act before an audience
Of actors dead and gone.

There is a figure in the wings
That never goes away,
And though I cannot see his face,
I shudder while I play.

His shadow looms behind me here,
Or capers at my side;
And when I mouth my lines in dread,
Those scornful lips deride.

Sometimes a hooting laugh breaks out,
And startles me alone;
While all my fellows, wondering
At my stage-fright, play on.

I fear that when my *exit* comes,
I shall encounter there,
Stronger than fate, or time, or love,
And sterner than despair,

The Final Critic of the craft,
As stage tradition tells;
And yet — perhaps 't will only be
The jester with his bells.

Bliss Carman.

Biography.

"The great Mississippi of falsehood — biography."

SHE was envied and courted and fêted,
Her portion was genius and fame,
Her newest bon mot was related,
And "poet" affixed to her name.

She died, and they gave her the glory
And tribute were due to her worth;
They heaped her with praise, and her story
Was told from the day of her birth.

Too busy to dream of a lover,
Too deep in her work and her art,
No one of them all might discover
The secret she hid in her heart.

No one of them guessed she had given,
As only the best of us can,
Her love and her heart to be riven
By one shallow, commonplace man.

For who of them all could have thought it,—
The marvelous womanish whim,—
Her verse and the passion that wrought it,
Its pathos and strength were of him!

And he, as he idled in Baden,
And smiled well content with his lot,
Read her death, took a turn in the garden,
Thrice murmured her name — and forgot.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

Grimalkin.

AN ELEGY ON PETER — ÆTAT 12.

In vain the kindly call; in vain
The plate for which thou once wast fain,
At morn and noon and daylight's wane,
O king of mousers!
No more I hear thee purr and purr,
As in the frolic days that were,
When thou didst rub thy velvet fur
Against my trousers.

How empty are the places where
Thou erst wert frankly debonair,
Nor dreamed a dream of feline care,
A capering kitten;
The sunny haunts where, grown a cat,
You pondered this, considered that,
The cushioned chair, the rug, the mat
By firelight smitten!

Although of few thou stood'st in dread,
How well thou knew'st a friendly tread,
And what upon thy back or head
The stroking hand meant!
A passing scent could keenly wake
Thy eagerness for chop or steak,
Yet, puss, how rarely didst thou break
The eighth commandment!

Though brief thy life, a little span
Of days compared with that of man,
The time allotted to thee ran
In smoother meter;
Now with the warm earth o'er thy breast,
O wisest of thy kind and best,
Forever may'st thou softly rest
In pace, Peter!

Clinton Scollard.

About Sunrise.

The dew were like the seeds of glory,
The apple-leaves were glos'trin' waxed and green,
The crickets grindin' out their squeaky story,
The roses blowin' red 's you ever seen.
A redbreast were a-whistlin'
Down where the corn were glistenin'.

The jays were jabb'rin' over in the russet trees,
The saucy cats kept up their jawin' shrill,
A hummin'-bird was flick'rin' round amongst the honey-bees,
And prairie-hens acrost the lot were rumblin' like the mill.
Up in the apple's tallest peak,
All buttoned up, and trim and sleek,
And dandy as two fightin'-cocks,
There sot a pair of singin' mocks.

There 's them thet thinks they never heard
Good music, 'ceptin' mockin'-bird
Performances, in wanin' spring;
I ain't the one what 's got a word
Ag'in' it, if you care to hear them sing.

A tinklin'
Of silver bells
Thet kind of tells
The play 's begun.
A little din
Of sweetness first, before you get the run.
Then pretty pictures floats
Up from their throats,
Along with one
Of them old tunes so sweet
It seems as good to eat
As meller fruit.
And now a shoot
'Way up so high
You almost touch the sky.
A suddent turn thet makes you seem
A-loafin' in a dream,
Where you can see
The noddin' tree
Laze in its own
Cool shadders, thrown
To kiver lovers' bowers,
'Midst blushin' flowers
By flirtin' breezes blown,
Thet give a hint
Of bubblin' mint.
Now rollin' in the grinnin' grass,
You feel the honeyed air
Thet over bloomin' orchards pass
A-playin' in your hair;
And snoozin' so,
The wind begins to blow
As awkerdly as if there 's room
To take and swing a cyclone-broom.
You hear the saplin's thrash,
The fallin' timber's crash,
The thunder's ugly growl,
Above the blizzard's howl;
And while you shiver,
Away they sliver,
And warm and bright
The soft sunlight
Comes flashin' out,
And 'fore you know
What makes your singer go,
You join the happy shout —
The song without the words —
Sung by the mockin'-birds.

I ain't got no ear for singin',
So I jest kept on a-flingin'
Clods up in the apple-tree,
Until I could n' nowhere see
A bird within a mile of me.

Doane Robinson.

A Literary Order.

The thought most optimistic that
Doth come to me these days
Is this,—and how I laugh thereat! —
That pessimism pays!
Why, only yesterday I wrote
A poem full of light;
I sent it out, and got a note
Returning it ere night.

"These lines are nice," the writer said;
"They show a dainty touch:
But you our paper can't have read,
We think, so very much.
This happy stuff is out of date;
Depression is the thing,
And verses now must growl at fate
To have the proper ring.

"Declare that life is wholly grief,
That all on earth is wrong;
Make 'every man 's a fool or thief'
The burden of your song.
Drop gladsomeness, drop all your mirth,
Drop sunshine and fresh air,
And send us in ten dollars' worth
Of gloom and dark despair."

John Kendrick Bangs.

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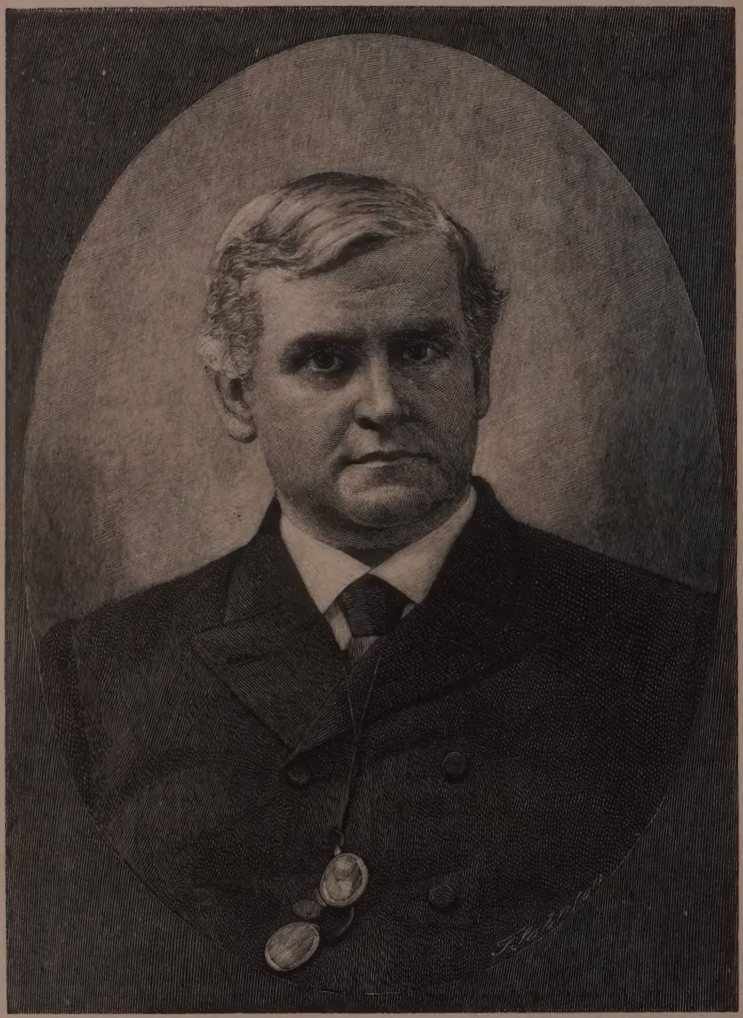

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Phillips Brooks